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NE DOLLAR
MARCH 27, 1978

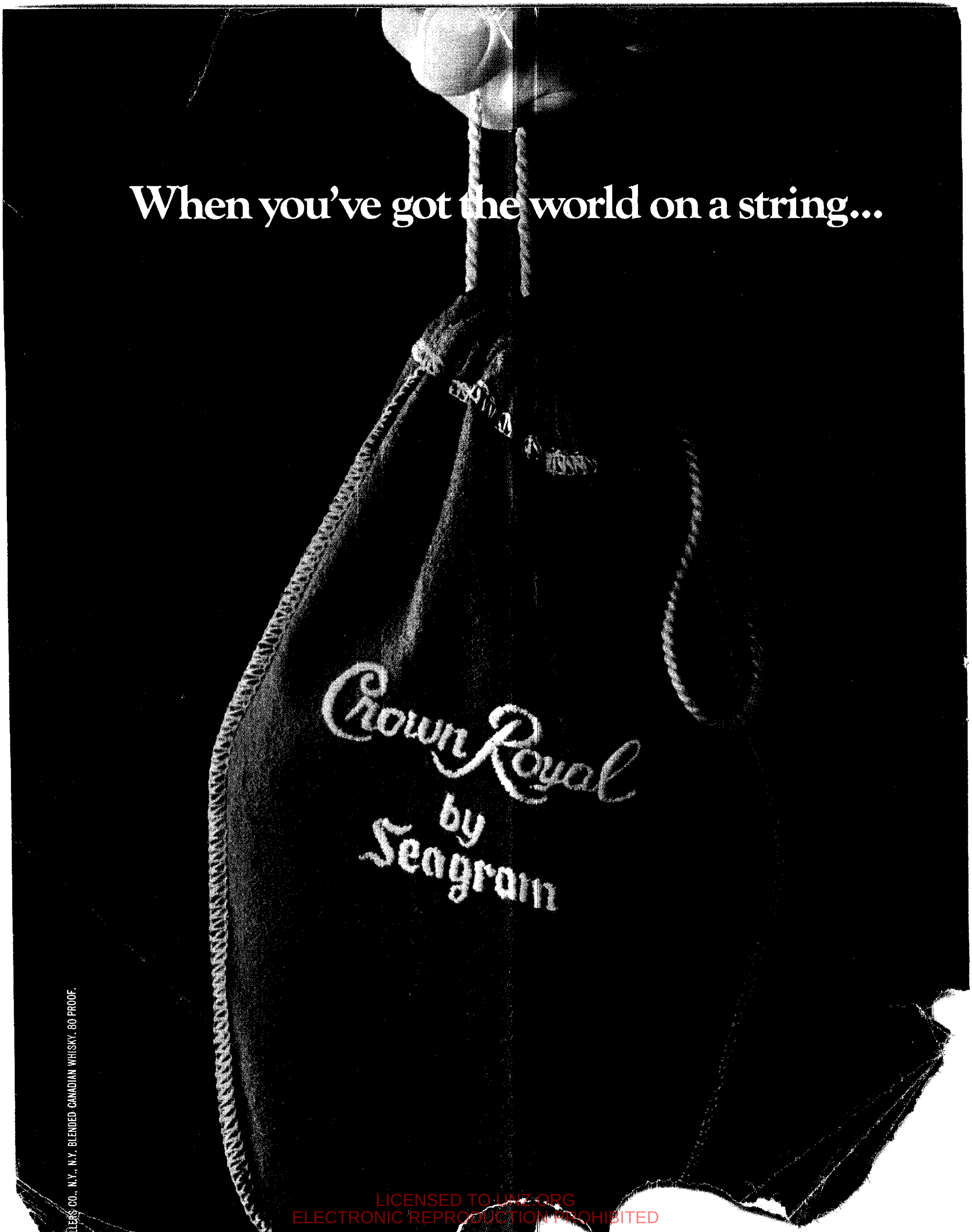
NEW YORK

MAR 15 1978

FIRST SISTER

Ruth Carter Stapleton talks about Jimmy, Billy, Larry, Jesus, communists, drug addicts, and love.

By Dotson Rader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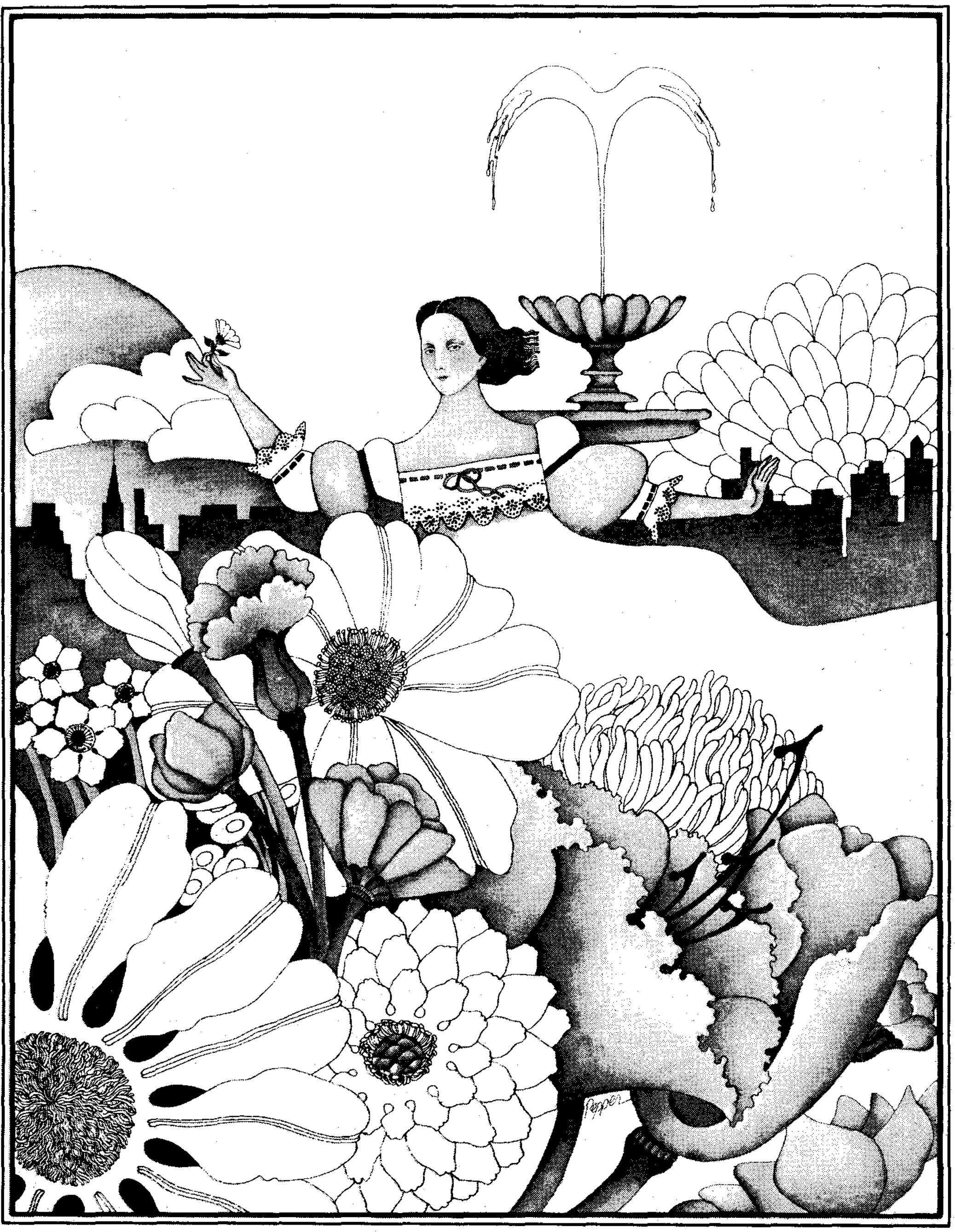

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macy's

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April 2, A Feast of Walton. Sir William Walton discusses his dramatic oratorio *Belshazzar's Feast,* performed by John Shirley-Quirk, the Pennsylvania State University Choir, and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

April 9, An Evening with Comden and Green. In lively discussion and performance, the lyricists/librettists for *Wonderful Town, Bells Are Ringing, Singin' in the Rain* and *Peter Pan* recreate the magic of the Broadway/Hollywood musical.

April 16, Two Concerti. Patricia Prattis Jennings, principal pianist for the Pittsburgh Symphony, and gifted Korean violinist Kyung Wha-Chung perform Mozart's Double Concerto and Walton's *Violin Concerto.*

Later in the season, "Previn and The Pittsburgh" will bring you evenings with Isaac Stern and Pinchas Zukerman (April 23), Strauss (April 30), mezzo-soprano Dame Janet Baker (May 7) and Brahms (May 14). But for now, we'd like you to join us for the second premiere and enjoy.

Produced by WQED/Pittsburgh, this series of eight musical specials is underwritten by Alcoa Foundation as part of an ongoing commitment to quality programming in public television.

PREVIN & THE PITTSBURGH

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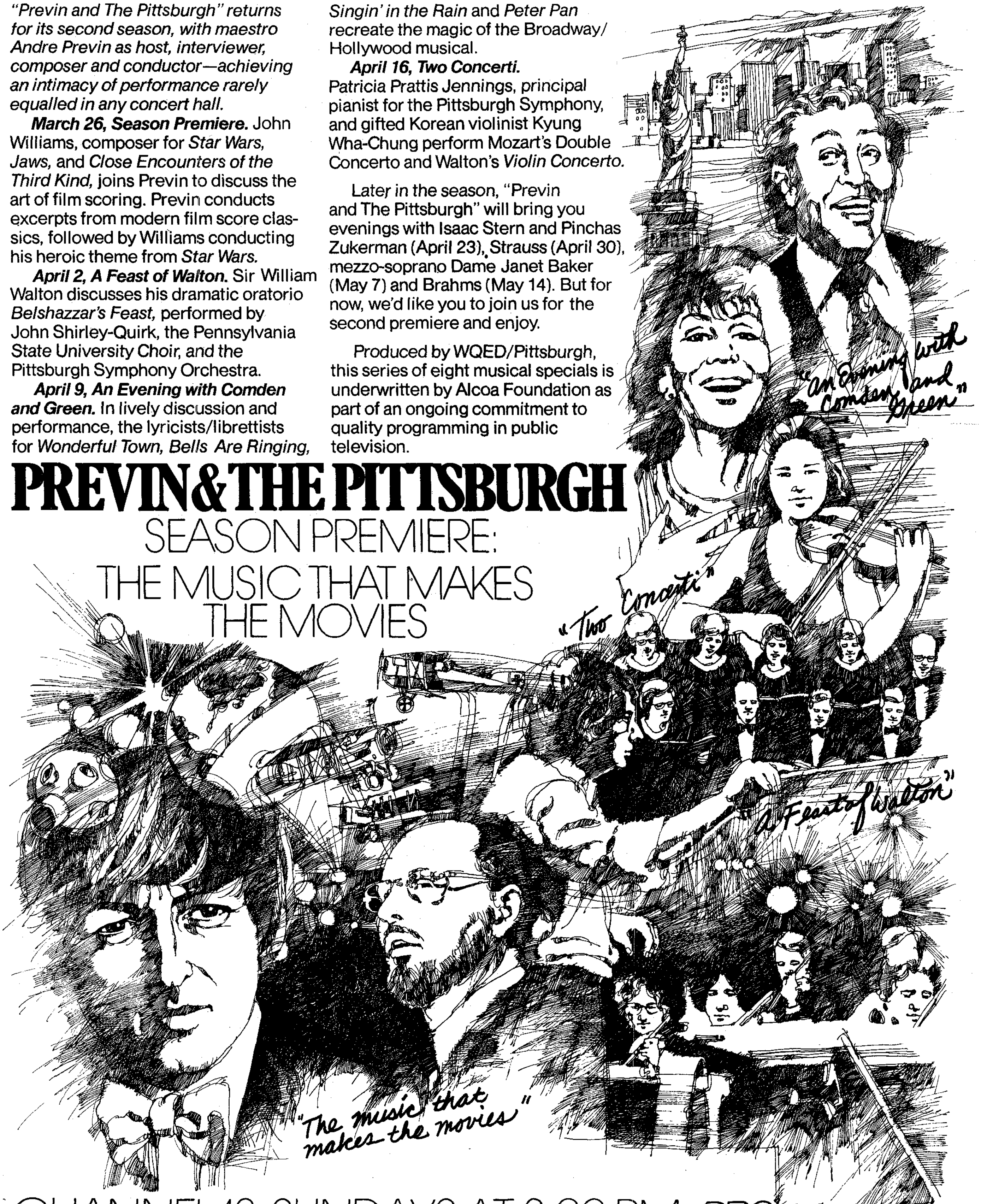
THE MUSIC THAT MAKES THE MOVIES


"An Evening with Comden and Green"
"Two Concerti"
"A Feast of Walton"
"The music that makes the movies"

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New York

ALCOA

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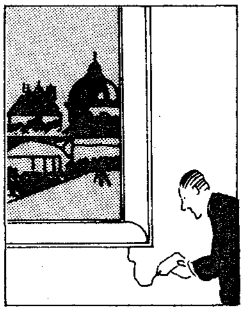

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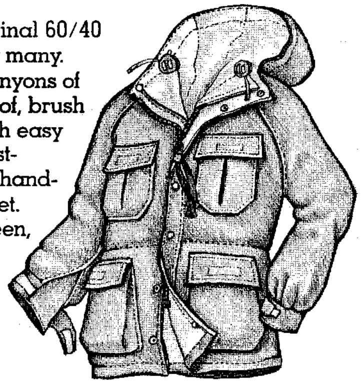

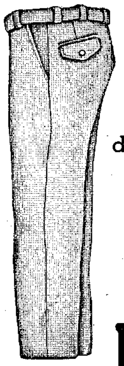

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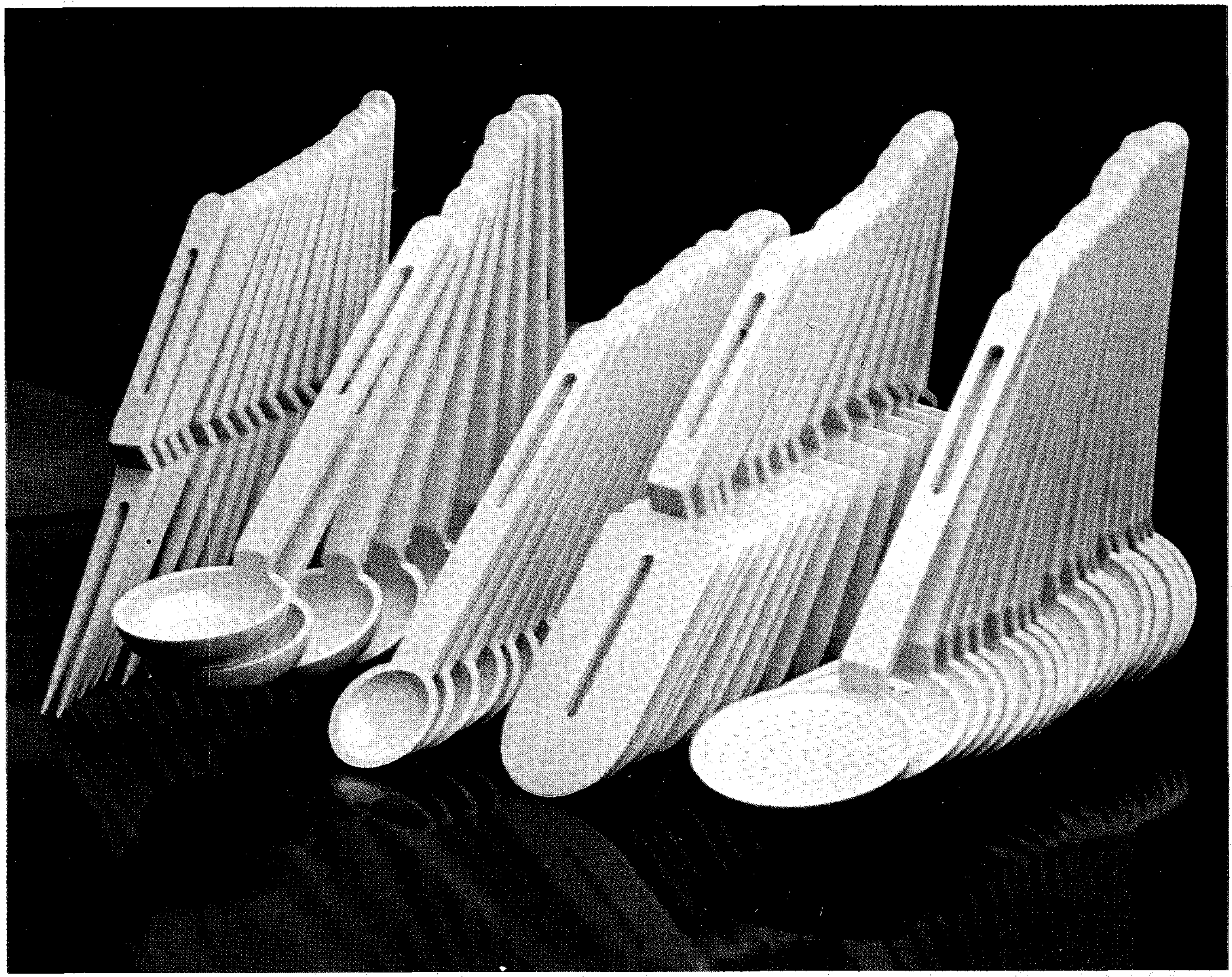
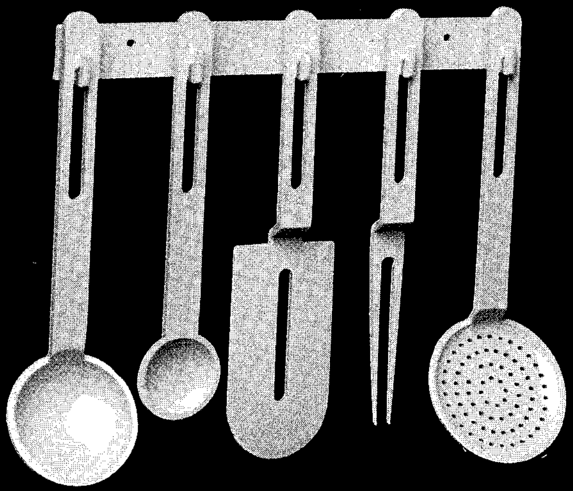


kitchen utensils



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**Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.*

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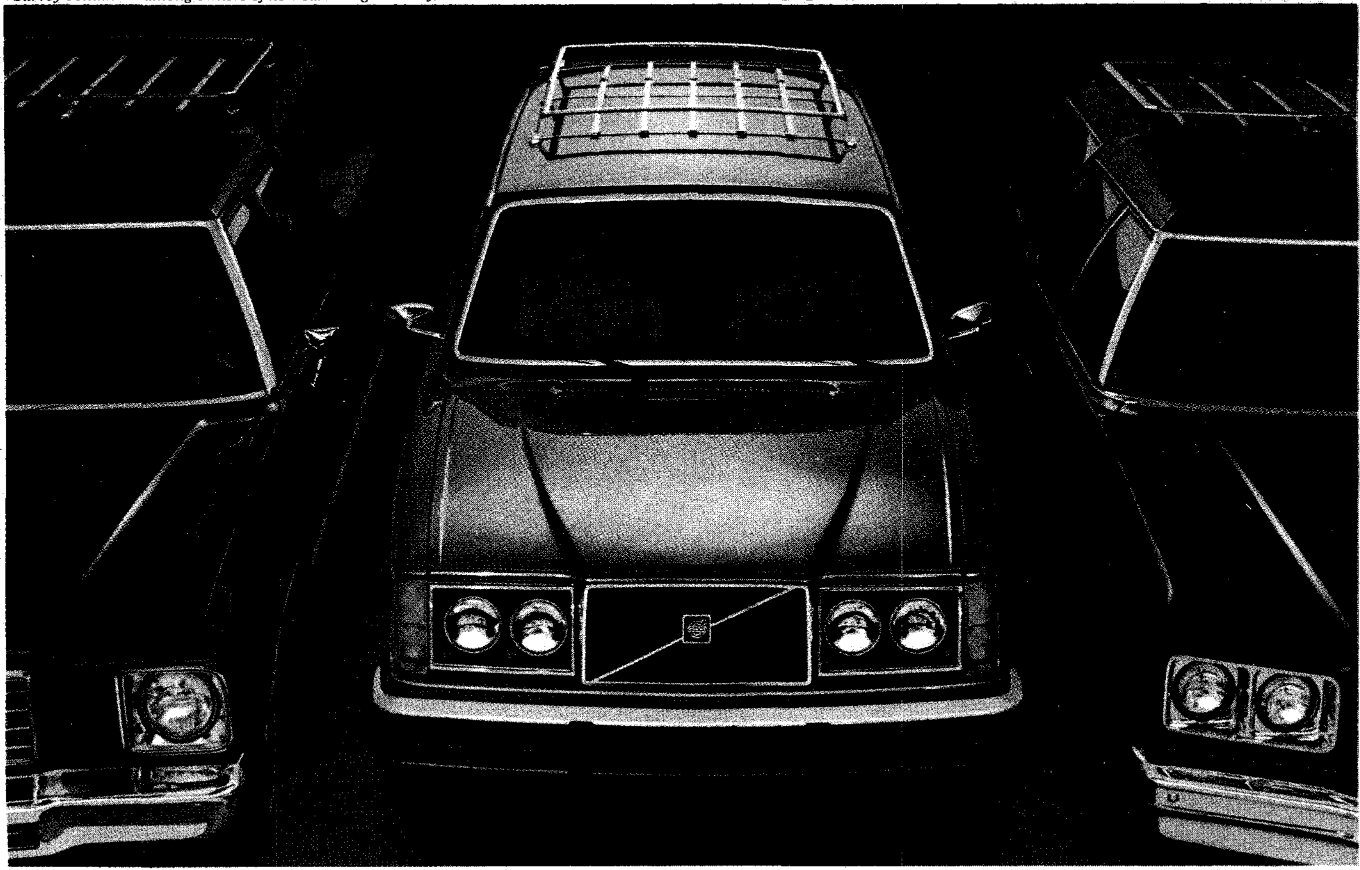

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LETTERS

Roll On, Jordan

Even assuming the validity of Sidney Zion's interpretation regarding the history of the creation of Jordan and Israel ["The Palestine Problem: It's All in a Name," March 13], his analysis is fatally flawed.

The fallacy with Mr. Zion's approach lies with the premise that because Jordan is a home for the Palestinians Israel need not relinquish the West Bank. The problem with this *non sequitur* is that Jordan, like Israel, is an independent nation, recognized by the United Nations, whose legitimate territory includes the West Bank. Jordan's right to at least most of that territory, under the American and traditional Israeli interpretation of United Nations Resolution 242, is unassailable regardless of how Jordan and the Palestinians eventually resolve the question of the Palestinian role.

The only way for Israel to retain the entire West Bank is to renounce Resolution 242. If Israel does so, on what basis can it support its claim to the whole of the West Bank? Because Israel was not given enough land in 1948 for its own security? Surely, as Mr. Zion should know, Lebensraum is hardly a valid rationale for occupying territory in the twentieth century.

As a Jew who is vitally committed to Israel's legitimate security needs and to peace in the Mideast, I believe that Mr. Zion's article does the cause of Israel and that of peace a great disservice.

Lawrence I. Weinstein
Forest Hills

Your magazine is to be congratulated for Mr. Zion's article.

Here at long last is an exposé doing away with the myth that Jordan is a country. Golda Meir, I. F. Stone, et al., notwithstanding, the name has been put back where it belongs. To the river.

Saly Zloczower
Bronx

Coca's King

My encounters with Imogene Coca and King Donovan have been brief but telling (a week of summer stock and a chance plane ride). Your writer's attempt to capture her personality in print is right on target ["Imogene Coca Hits the Spot," by Tom Burke, March 13]. In failing to pay much attention to Mr. Donovan, however, he misses part of her specialness. Miss Coca's husband is anything but the "silentest of butlers," except by his own design. Watching *this* pair together was a lesson in how theater people survive with dignity.

Mark D. Sick
Manhattan

Pun City

Your erudite movie critic, Molly Haskell, in her review of *Casey's Shadow* [March 20], failed to point out that there is a rather homely pun lurking behind the name of the character portrayed by Walter Matthau.

Haskell writes: "As Lloyd Bourdelle, Matthau adds a few wrinkles to his prototypical slob." It would seem that not only was the character typecast, he was also type-named: *Bourdelle* is French argot for "mess."

Charles A. Schwefel
Washington, D.C.

The Mountain Came to Manhattan

Eureka! Roger Ferri has re-invented the RCA Building ["A Mountain for Madison Square," by Gerald Allen, March 20].

Even the caption mentioning "ponds, hillocks, escarpments, meadows, forested gorges, and waterfalls" recalls old newspaper articles about roof gardens on setbacks of Rockefeller Center's buildings. Back in the early thirties, they spoke of "trees . . . to appear as though rooted by the banks of mountain tarn" and "sun-flecked nooks of greenery," not to mention waterfalls, pools, hedges, grass, and plants.

Carol Herselle Krinksy
Manhattan

Only the Lonely

Oh, come on, people! Being lonely in New York ["Loneliness: The New York Condition," March 20] isn't all that bad—I think.

What do *you* think, Heidi?

What do you mean, what do *I* think?

I said, being lonely in New York isn't really awful.

Oh yes it is. Lonely people are weird.

They are not!

That's my opinion—take it or leave it.

You don't have to be so nasty!

I am *not* nasty.

Yes you are!

I'm leaving!

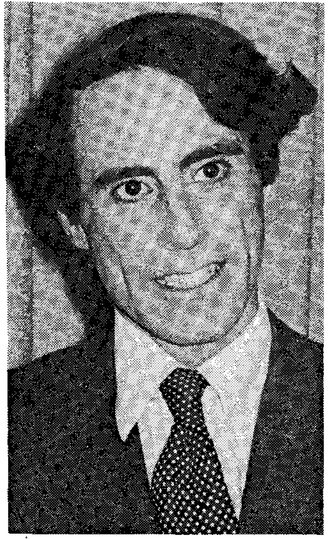
Good, and don't come back. . . .

Heidi Title
Riverdale

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

It's His Party And He'll Try If He Wants To

FRED W. MC DARRAH



Andrew Stein: Dark victory.

Ever give a party and nobody came? That's what happened to Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein, who has been trying very hard to throw himself a victory bash. The party, originally set for January, has been postponed several times for lack of RSVP's and is now scheduled for April 10. The reason? It could have something to do with the price of admission—$500 a plate.

Report to the Commissioner

Police Commissioner Robert McGuire insists that his department won't be affected by Mayor Koch's proposed cutbacks, but confidential memos reveal that his own officers aren't so sure. In two memos from the 20th Precinct—West 59th to 86th Street—commanders claim that their area will see a rise in unsolved crimes if they are forced to reduce their patrolling and community services. As one of them put it, "We'll be giving the kids of that precinct back to the jungle."

The memo writers had been directed to suggest cuts (of what the commissioner called "deadwood") that would decrease the precinct's budget by about 4 percent. They complied with the order but insisted that their suggestions were "not recommended or desirable."

One proposal would reduce the number of detectives in the Precinct Investigation Unit from eight to six officers. The PIU investigates burglaries and is already so shorthanded that it virtually ignores any case in which the loot is less than $10,000 and there are no witnesses. The memo stated that "only those cases where direct positive results could be expected would be handled." In other words, if the cuts go through, the PIU will be able to act only on open-and-shut cases.

Police sources say the findings of the 20th Precinct memos have been repeated in most of the city's 73 precincts. One command officer remarked that if the cuts are made, they "will have devastating effects on morale and the ability of guys on the street to get the job done. Civilians will really feel the effects."

Nielsen: Pardon Our Blooper

Common wisdom has it that a single point in the all-powerful, and seemingly all-knowing, A.C. Nielsen rating system is worth $1 million in ad revenues. So one can only imagine the mixture of delight and chagrin in certain quarters when a Nielsen report for January and February came up with some remarkable shifts in viewing habits. *For Richer, For Poorer*, an NBC soap opera which had been limping along with a 4 rating, suddenly jumped to 5.9. ABC's evening news shot from 11 to 12.8. Suddenly it seemed that Barbara Walters had earned her salary almost two times over. On the other hand *Soap*, a controversial ABC entry, showed sudden signs of illness when it fell almost a full point.

Some weeks ago, however, Nielsen advised its subscribers to stand by for an important announcement. A "human error," it seemed, had thrown the entire computer system out of whack. For the second time in its history Nielsen had to distribute a completely revised report—pretty much putting the ratings back where they'd been. "We regret the error," a Nielsen source said, pointing out that it was caught quickly, before multimillion-dollar decisions had been made. When asked if the computer is now working correctly, he said, "We have no reason to believe otherwise." But the blunder sent a small tremor through the networks. "When you think of it, the results of this screw-up could be incalculable," said one network source. "It really makes you wonder."

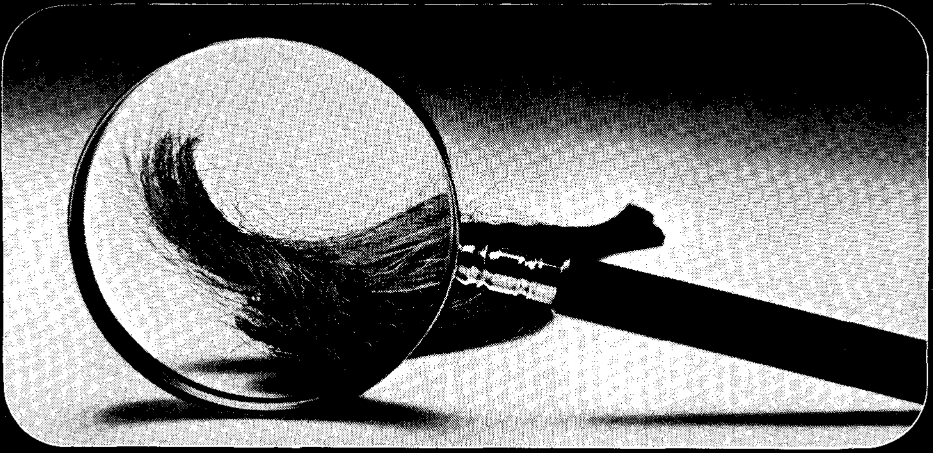
. . . Between the Dots . . .

SIPA/BLACK STAR

Marisa Berenson: Her wardrobe did a disappearing act.

Some of Marisa Berenson's pals report a most unexpected turn of events: Marisa has nothing to wear. All of her clothes disappeared from her closets one day recently. Who took them and why? It certainly was not her little daughter, Starlite. And the only other resident of the Malibu house is husband James Randall. Or was it an intruder? Her friends are baffled. Marisa's lawyer advises her to continue living in the house. James's lawyer has the same advice for him. It's something about avoiding abandonment charges. . . . The secretary of state may be "Cy" to his friends, but when Henry Kissinger thinks he is speaking off the record, he's "Virus Vance." . . . "I have not been offered a position at the Washington *Star*, nor will I consider accepting one," said Ben Bradlee. Perhaps he should not be so hasty. The rumor which leapt from table to table at the recent Gridiron Dinner in Washington had Bradlee being offered a cool million a year for at least five years to move from the top spot at the Washington *Post* to become editor of the *Star*. The *Star* had no comment.

Maybe, your squeaky clean hair is really crying out for help.



We're not against washing your hair. We're just against weakening your hair.

Shampooing. Everybody's doing it. Once a week. Once a day. And the truth is just about everybody's doing it wrong. And doing their hair a lot of harm.

The wrong way to shampoo. The way the TV commercials have it you get into the shower and lather. Big, billowy headsful of lather. Once, twice, even three times. Then, when all natural oils are stripped away, when hair is weak and most vulnerable, wide open to splitting and breakage – then, and only then is your hair supposedly "squeaky" clean. If hair could talk, it would say it's in pain.

The right way to Shampoo de Pantene®. Pour just a bit of Pantene into your palm. Work it into scalp first, then into hair. Leave the lather on 30 seconds. Rinse. That's it.

Don't expect a big, billowy lather. You generally get that when harsh, inexpensive shampoos absorb air. From Pantene you get a rich, creamy lather made up of thousands of tiny bubbles which surround the hair's cuticle and gently lift out dirt. Leaving hair shiny and clean. Not squeaky. But clean. Not weak and vulnerable. But healthier looking than before.

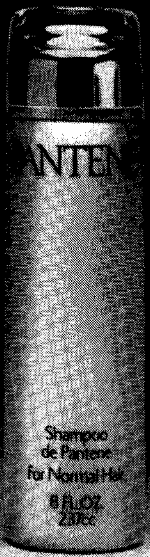
The explanation. The Shampoo de Pantene is scientifically balanced to do the most good for hair. From its controlled pH to its proper blend of exclusive Swiss Conditioners: *Pantyl to add spring and bounce; Phytantriol to maintain hair's moisture balance.

Then there's Panthenol. It's Pro-Vitamin B_5 which penetrates each hair shaft, adding pliability and sheen.

More on shampooing. Handle wet hair gently. Detangle with a wide tooth comb. Wash it as often as you like but always with Shampoo de Pantene.

And yes, Shampoo de Pantene is more expensive than ordinary shampoo. But isn't that the only head of hair you have?

*Product made in U.S.A.



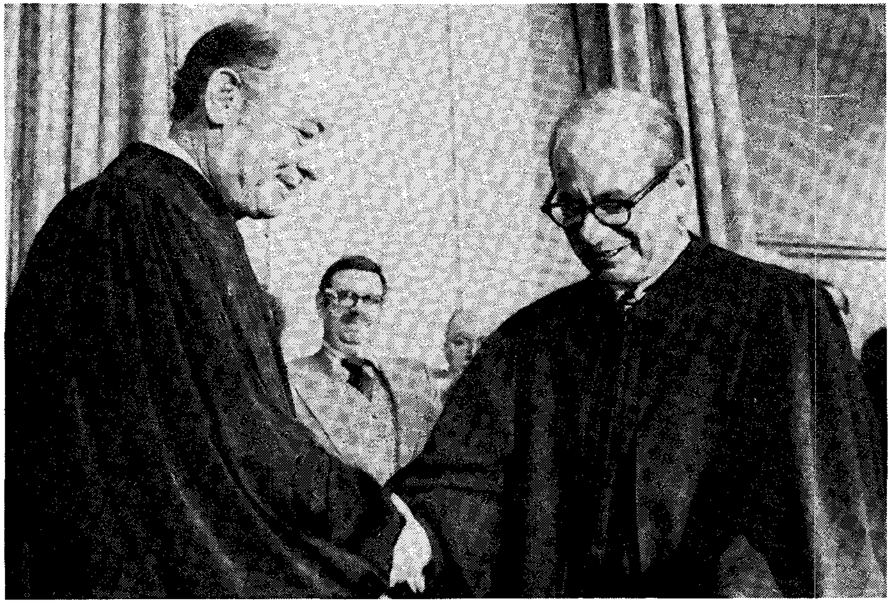
Fortunately there's Pantene.®

Medically tested products from The Pantene Company, Nutley, New Jersey 07110.
Div. Hoffmann-LaRoche Inc., one of the largest laboratories devoted to health.

Politics/Rinker Buck

A TALE OF TWO JUDGES

UPI



Fuchsberg and Breitel: *These days, it's anything but smiles.*

Justice Be Damned

This is the story of a vendetta waged in exactly the place you'd least expect to find one; a tale of intrigue and base political motives in exactly the place where you would hope to find respect for the law's protection of an individual's rights. It is the story of a bitter feud, and a score that's about to be settled, in the state's highest court—the Court of Appeals.

The man behind the feud is none other than Charles Breitel, the chief judge of New York. Breitel has been perpetuating the feud for five years in the hope that he can prevent his nemesis on the bench—Associate Judge Jacob Fuchsberg—from succeeding him as chief judge when he retires at the end of this year.

It is an ugly story.

Breitel and Fuchsberg first locked horns in 1973, the year Fuchsberg upset Breitel's carefully laid plans to become chief judge by uncontested election. Fuchsberg ran against Breitel, forcing him into one of the most bitter campaigns in recent state history.

Fuchsberg had never been a judge. He had passed his entire professional life as a fabulously successful trial lawyer who rarely lost a case. He ran his campaign as he conducted his lawsuits—flat out. He was all over television, and his campaign posters seemed to cover every available square inch of space, above and below ground.

Breitel resented the way Fuchsberg had spent money during the primary race, but this didn't stop him from turning around and outspending Fuchsberg in the general election. As for Fuchsberg's ads, Breitel said they were "shocking" and "an obscenity."

While Fuchsberg was busy discussing important issues like court reform, Breitel was busy slinging mud. He allowed his staff to air some ancient charges against Fuchsberg that stemmed from a 1948 indictment for suborning perjury which, it turned out, was so lacking that it had been dismissed by Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan before it ever got to trial. When Breitel's supporters peddled this trash to the press, Fuchsberg labeled their work the "product of people so slimy they're afraid to reveal their identity."

Fuchsberg's reform package included proposals for a one-case, one-judge system; the use of nonjudicial personnel to clear court calendars; and the transfer of judges to courts where they were most needed.

The politicians and the judges weren't the only ones alarmed by Fuchsberg's activist appeal to the people. The State Bar Association, meeting at the Yale Club, accused Fuchsberg of trying to "buy" the office of chief judge and found him "not qualified" to sit on the court. "Wall Street lawyers," replied Fuchsberg. "I've been fighting them all my life." The *Times* criticized the association for failing to explain why, exactly, Fuchsberg wasn't qualified, but nevertheless managed to label him the least qualified in nearly every editorial it ran on the race. "Least qualified," in the *Times*'s view, meant that Fuchsberg had run "an expensive television and advertising blitz" and that, as a trial attorney, he had "never sat on the bench."

"I don't think my campaign sits well with Establishment people," said Fuchsberg.

In short, Fuchsberg was everything Breitel was not—exactly the kind of voice Breitel wanted kept off the court. He was successful—for a year.

In 1974, Fuchsberg won election to the court as an associate judge. Once again, he was opposed by the *Times* and the bar associations.

But Fuchsberg's performance on the bench has been outstanding, and many of the bar-association types who had despised him for his abrasive, irreverent style have recently conceded that he is a good judge, perhaps even the best.

Which seems to have infuriated Breitel all the more. Relations between the chief and his newest colleague have never been better than awful.

If anything, they've gotten worse since last spring, when it became clear that Fuchsberg was the leading candidate to succeed Breitel. Many Democrats and even some Republicans were saying that Fuchsberg was a sure bet to beat any potential opponent.

The only way to stop Fuchsberg would be either to destroy his reputation or pass a constitutional amendment that would end the election of Court of Appeals judges. Sure enough, both methods are being applied now, and one or both may succeed.

The first opportunity to stop Fuchsberg came in March of 1977. The State Legislature was deadlocked over two versions of the constitutional amendment that would permit the governor to appoint the chief judge. Republicans in the State Senate wanted to delay the effective date of the amendment until 1980, thereby giving the GOP one last shot at electing a judge from its own party.

Normally, a good Republican like Breitel would have gone along with the wishes of his party's leaders. But Breitel realized that delay could have the result of electing Fuchsberg as chief judge. So Breitel abandoned his fellow Republicans and threw his not inconsiderable support behind the Democratic version, which would take effect immediately and ensure that a chief judge would never again be elected by the people. Not surprisingly, the Democratic version finally passed.

But there is a problem. The way the legislature passed the amendment has been challenged as unconstitutional. A state-supreme-court justice agreed, but last week the Appellate Division reversed that initial ruling. Now the matter will come before the Court of Appeals itself, which, on a rush schedule, will hand down an opinion by April 1. Breitel, who is named as a defendant in the suit, cannot by law sit on the case. Nevertheless, the Court of Appeals is being given an incredible opportunity—a chance to decide its own composition. It's hard to imagine that the judges will rule against the amendment which would spare them the inconvenience of ever again having to seek election to their posts, but you never can tell. The only sure bet is that if the Court of Appeals decides to permit itself to be chosen by the people, one of the people who will benefit most will be Jack Fuchsberg.

Which is where Breitel's other stop-Fuchsberg strategy comes in. At first, Breitel was not involved. Newspaper stories last July reported that Fuchsberg had purchased large amounts of New York City notes since his election to the court. Both Breitel and Fuchsberg were out of the country when the stories appeared.

The point being made was simple: Fuchsberg had bought over $600,000 in city notes since his election—at a time when an important suit affecting their value was working its way up to the Court of Appeals. This was the famous Flushing National Bank case, which challenged the city's moratorium on repayment of its notes. Fuchsberg had purchased notes both before the suit was initiated in November 1975 and after the Court of Appeals had ruled the moratorium unconstitutional in November 1976.

There was nothing earth-shattering about the revelations themselves. Fuchsberg, who is rumored to have made as much as $1 million annually during his years of law practice, had, like many New Yorkers, invested in tax-free city notes to protect his capital. Still, as a judge, Fuchsberg's financial status was subject to the state Code of Judicial Conduct, which requires judges to avoid financial holdings that would either reflect poorly on their impartial conduct as judges or require them to disqualify themselves from cases. Even the mere *appearance* of a conflict is to be avoided.

Fuchsberg had disqualified himself from the moratorium suit, but news stories questioned whether Fuchsberg had the benefit of inside court information when he made his purchases. (It has since been determined that he was not acting with inside information.)

Serious charges, worthy of investigation. And so the matter was placed before the state Commission on Judicial Conduct, a nine-member group empowered to conduct investigations of judges and then censure, admonish, or otherwise reprimand a judge for improper conduct. The idea behind the commission, whose creation was actively opposed by Breitel, was to place the question of judicial discipline outside the court system itself. Breitel wanted the ability to discipline his colleagues to remain squarely within the club of judges itself.

Gerald Stern, the commission's administrator, began a preliminary inquiry into Fuchsberg's note purchases on July 14, and a formal investigation began on July 21. "It was standard procedure," says Stern. "We began with no presumption of guilt or innocence."

Fuchsberg began a spirited defense of his note purchases as soon as he returned from Europe on July 22. First, he defended his prior note purchases, saying that when he bought most of them, before he became a judge, he was not "gifted with the powers of prophecy" and therefore could not anticipate the moratorium which would subsequently be challenged in his court.

Second, Fuchsberg pointed out that he had not added to his holdings during the period when the case was on its way up the judicial ladder. The only transaction he did make at this time involved an *exchange* of notes. Fuchsberg had merely taken advantage of recent legislation that encouraged people holding city notes to swap them for Big MAC bonds as a way of reducing the city's staggering short-term debt. There was nothing questionable about this "swap." In fact, everyone from politicians to newspapers considered it the patriotic thing to do.

Finally, Fuchsberg did not contest the fact that he and members of his family bought $900,000 in notes between November 1976, when the Court of Appeals handed down its moratorium decision, and February 1977, when the court ordered a specific repayment plan. He denied, however, that he profited from inside information during this period. "I did not sit on the argument of the case, did not attend the judges' conferences . . . never discussed it with any of the . . . members of the court . . . and did not receive any documents."

By the time Breitel returned from Europe on August 20, reports had begun to circulate that the Commission on Judicial Conduct wasn't rushing to condemn Fuchsberg, and may well have been prepared to clear him.

Breitel seems to have been upset at this turn of events and, on September 6, exercised his power to remove the investigation from the Commission on Judicial Conduct and convene a Court on the Judiciary. As chief judge, Breitel could appoint its members—the very kind of meddling the legislature had sought to avoid when it created the Commission on Judicial Conduct to exist and function outside the judicial system it was empowered to oversee.

Breitel, who pretended to be shocked by Fuchsberg's note purchases, had actually known about them all along and had done nothing. In one case involving the city's finances, Breitel even announced Fuchsberg's conflict and asked if the parties had any objection. They didn't.

So Breitel was bypassing the accepted way of disciplining judges. He said he was taking his action because the case was extremely important and that the Court on the Judiciary could resolve the matter sooner and with maximum "fairness" to everyone involved. Speed, said Breitel, was of the essence. The absurdity of this notion lies not only in the fact that Breitel had a personal ax to grind but also in the fact that it took almost seven months to resolve the case. Certainly, says commission director Stern, "We [the Commission on Judicial Conduct] were aiming to wrap up our investigation by late September." So much for speed.

"The strategy was clear," says one member of the Commission on Judicial Conduct. "Breitel made sure that the Fuchsberg case would drag on so that Fuchsberg would be under a cloud for as long as possible. Our commission would have been fair and quick and we would have resolved the thing quietly so that no one would be hurt if they didn't deserve to be."

Even the Court on the Judiciary, a panel handpicked by Breitel, hasn't been able to bring itself to strongly reprimand Fuchsberg. In a decision handed down last Thursday, the court slapped Fuchsberg on the wrist for permitting questions to be raised about the *appearance* of a conflict of interest as proscribed by the Code of Judicial Conduct. The court found that while Fuchsberg at times displayed a "cavalier disregard for the necessity of avoiding the appearance of impropriety," he had not engaged in "deliberately fraudulent conduct, willful violations of Rules and Canons or corrupt actions inspired by financial interest." In fact, the court cites one case involving MAC bond purchases where Fuchsberg actually voted against his "apparent financial interest."

The court also mildly censured Fuchsberg for seeking out-of-court advice in the writing of Court of Appeals decisions, another technical violation of judicial rules.

This attempt to "get" Fuchsberg represents a rather fantastic stretch—a line of inquiry outside the scope of the Court on the Judiciary's original mandate. Outside consultation is a routine practice, a legitimate way to ensure that court opinions are lucid and can therefore serve as guides to subsequent conduct. In fact, the practice is so widely accepted that the law schools have gotten into the act. St. John's Law School, for example, offers free technical assistance to judges who require research memoranda on points of law. And, says State Supreme Court Justice James Leff, there are even several judges who "literally have a coterie of people who help them actually write decisions." In fact, on at least one occasion, even Breitel himself has been in close contact with an outside expert before delivering his opinion. Such activity is to be encouraged, not deplored, whether the judge seeking assistance is Jack Fuchsberg, Charles Breitel, or some other member of the judiciary.

It is possible that Breitel will accomplish his purpose. While he has not totally destroyed Fuchsberg's reputation, he has certainly made it more difficult for Fuchsberg to run for chief judge or to be considered for appointment by the governor should the recent constitutional amendment be upheld after all. Says one source close to the Fuchsberg investigation, "Breitel didn't have to mortally wound Fuchsberg to knock him out of the race for chief judge. He just had to knick him a little."

Unfortunately, that seems to be exactly what Breitel has done. This is a shame, because it is Breitel's behavior which should be investigated. A proper forum for investigating Fuchsberg's activities existed; Breitel chose to remove the case from that forum and, in so doing, politicized the process.

No doubt Fuchsberg will be tarnished by the court on the Judiciary's decision. But so will Breitel. The man who for years campaigned to keep politics out of the courtroom can retire satisfied that he has elevated courtroom politics to a new art form. ■

The Koch Watch

HONEYMOON FEVER

The short, uphappy political life of Deputy Mayor Robert Milano ended last week, proving that lunch with the editors of the New York *Times* can be less than an uplifting experience.

When Milano, whose territory was economic development, lunched with *Times* editors last month, he failed to satisfy their appetite for inspiring answers about key economic-development questions. So a few days later a *Times* editorial wondered aloud whether Koch had picked the right man for the job. Milano's days were numbered.

Koch, like most politicians, reacts to the press with the sensitivity of a tap dancer atop a cheese soufflé. And for good reason. No one in this town knows what newspapers can do for you better than Ed Koch.

The endorsements he received from the *Daily News* and *Post* in last year's elections were the major factor in transforming a little-known Manhattan congressman who reminded people of Frank Perdue into a serious contender for the city's top elected spot.

By the time the *News* and *Post* editorials were finished with him, Ed Koch had emerged as a man with the head of an Einstein and the heart of a Gehrig.

But do they love him in March as they did in November?

"I think he's still on the honeymoon, still staring at himself in the mirror every morning and saying, 'Am I really the mayor?'," says one City Hall reporter. "The editorial writers have slapped him on the wrist a few times, but for the most part he's come off the first ten weeks looking pretty good."

If the mayor has taken a beating at all, it's been mostly self-inflicted, the result of his quick-lip style. It's already resulted in two mayoral apologies and reams of bad copy, particularly in the news pages of the *Post* and the *News*.

On substantive issues, like anti-poverty reform, the fiscal package, and his get-tough-with-the-unions strategy, Koch has done well in all three major dailies.

"Ed believes in saying exactly how he feels about an issue and I count that as a plus," says ex-*Village Voice* editor Dan Wolf, a trusted friend who is emerging as the unofficial deputy mayor for philosophy. "Daily journalism's appetite for controversy is enormous, but it's something we'll have to live with."

If there has been serious concern about the Koch lip among his aides, it has been over the mayor's now famous walkout from a Queens civic meeting when a dispute arose over the timing of an opening statement.

After the episode was patched up between Koch and the Queens group the wound was opened again when the mayor compared his treatment at the hands of the Queens-ites with Stalin's purge of Jewish doctors in the 1950s.

"Some of us are concerned that incidents like this can overshadow issues of real substance," understates one mayoral assistant. "Some of us have suggested that the mayor lower his language profile."

Which is exactly what the *News* and *Post* suggested in editorials blasting the mayor for his thin skin. As a result, mayoral aides now carry tape recorders when they accompany the boss in the field so that press secretary Maureen Connelly knows exactly what Koch is saying away from home.

The most interesting editorial tug-of-war to emerge since Koch took over is the *News-Post* wrangle over Westway.

The *News* is committed to Westway as the key to revitalizing the city's economy. The *Post*, which favored the project originally, now opposes it, opting instead for an $800-million trade-in of Westway funds for the city's transit system.

In the past, Koch opposed Westway, calling it a "superboondoggle." Lately, however, his real position is unclear—to say the least. Publicly, he insists that he's for the transit trade-in, but he is now quick to point out that the issue isn't totally in his hands, that the state and the pro-Westway governor are involved as well.

Meanwhile, the real test of substance—the union negotiations—is upon us. If Koch can pull off an honorable settlement without giving away the city, the papers will indeed love him as they did in November. If not, a once happy marriage will be in deep trouble. **—Jack Deacy**

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

March 21 through 28

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Casey's Shadow.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). *The Big Sleep.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 3/21, *Red Beard; Downtown.* 3/22, *Masculine/Feminine; The Married Woman.* 3/23, *Play It Again, Sam; The Miracle of Morgan's Creek;* 3/24, 25, *To Be or Not To Be; Ninotchka.* 3/26, *Freaks; The Clowns.* 3/27, *Marat/Sade; King Lear (Brook).* 3/28, *Dodeskaden; Yellow Crow.* 3/29, *Spirit of the Beehive; Forbidden Games.* 3/30, *Lolita; Laughter in the Dark.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 3/21, *Hour Zero; You Can't Eat Without a Knife and Fork.* 3/22, *Mozart, A Childhood Chronicle.* 3/23, *Expulsion From Paradise; C'est la Vie Rose.* 3/24, *The Decameron; Brother Sun, Sister Moon.* 3/25, *Chinatown; The Tenant.* 3/26, *Beauty and the Beast; The Bluebird.* 3/27, *Traffic; Genevieve.* 3/28, *Fire at Midnight; Johnny West.* 3/29, *A Hell of a Good Life; Winterspelt.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Coming Home.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Fingers.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Summer Paradise.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Furtivos.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 3/21, *Alfie; Georgy Girl.* 3/22, 23, *The 400 Blows; The Wild Child.* 3/24, 25, *The Big Store; Go West.* 3/26, 27, *Little Big Man; Who Is Harry Kellerman.* 3/28, *Sleuth; The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* 3/29, 30, *The Servant; The Victim.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Little Night Music.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-2720). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Straight Time.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *The Big Sleep.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *The Turning Point.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 3/25, *Gray Lady Down.* From 3/26, *Word Is Out.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Annie Hall.*

Embassy IV, Bdway & 47th (730-7262). Thru 3/23, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* From 3/24, *The Other Side of the Mountain II.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Julia.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Coma.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Coma.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 3/23, *Operation Thunderbolt.* From 3/24, *The Other Side of the Mountain II.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Fury.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Fury.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Casey's Shadow.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *House Calls.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Coma.* II. *Julia.* III. *Saturday Night Fever.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 3/21, noon, same as 3/20 at noon; 2:30, *The Private Life of Don Juan;* 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains: Professor Tsien; Peking shorts.* 3/23, 2:30, *The Men;* 6 p.m. *The Key;* 8:30, *The Guns of Navarone.* 3/24, 2:30, *On the Avenue;* 6 p.m. *The Private Life of Don Juan.* 3/25, noon, *Born Free;* 2:30, *The Docks of New York;* 5 p.m. *Metropolis.* 3/26, noon, *Born Free;* 2:30, *Buster, What's Next, Steamboat Bill Jr.;* 5 p.m. *Pygmalion.* 3/27, noon, *Potters of Hebron;* 2:30, *Metropolis;* 6 p.m. An Evening with Taka Iimura. 3/28, noon, *Potters of Hebron;* 2:30, *A Tale of Two Cities; Fate; The Yaqui Cur;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 3/23, *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe.* From 3/24, *The Serpent's Egg.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 3/21, *Semi-Tough; Demon Seed.* 3/22-4/4, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz; The Goodbye Girl.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 3/21, *Semi-Tough.* From 3/22, *The Goodbye Girl.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Julia.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *Sebastiane.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). Thru 4/12, *Crossed Swords.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 3/21, 22, *The Cat People; The Curse of the Cat People.* 3/23-25, *Bringing Up Baby; Stage Door.* 3/26, 27, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Most Dangerous Game.* 3/28, 29, *Room Service; The Bachelor and the Baby Soxer.* 3/30-4/1, *Swingtime; Shall We Dance.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 3/21, *West Side Story.* 3/22-28, *Funny Girl.* II. *Gray Lady Down.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Gray Lady Down.* II. *The Big Sleep.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 3/21, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/22, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 3/21, *Semi-Tough; The Last Detail.* 3/22-29, *The Goodbye Girl; The Sunshine Boys.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 3/21, *A Doll's House.* 3/22, 23, *Double Indemnity; The Lady from Shanghai.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 3/21, *You Belong To Me; Applause.* 3/22, *Guilty as Hell; Secrets of the Blue Room.* 3/23, *That Certain Age; I'll Be Yours.* 3/24, 25, *Twentieth Century; It Happened One Night.* 3/26, *Thoroughly Modern Millie; Has Anybody Seen My Gal?* 3/27, *Alice in Wonderland; Jungle Book.* 3/28, *Miss Tatlock's Millions; Fast and Loose.* 3/29, *Daughter of Shanghai; Hotel Imperial.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *American Hot Wax.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Big Sleep.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Coma.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Betsy.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Cabaret.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). To be announced.

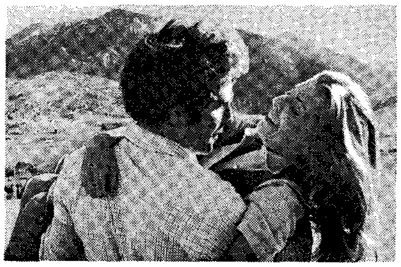
Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

OPENINGS

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Friday, March 24

OOPSA DAISY!



Marilyn Hassett and **Timothy Bottoms** have a happy moment on a highway outside of Bishop, California, in **The Other Side of the Mountain,** Part II, directed by Larry Peerce. Others in the cast are Nan Martin, Gretchen Corbett, James A. Bottoms, and William Bryant. Guild; Embassy IV.

House Calls–Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, Richard Benjamin, and Charlie Matthau in a film directed by Howard Zieff, about medical shenanigans in and out of a hospital. Loews Tower East.

Sunday, March 26

Word is Out–Stories of some of our lives made by the Mariposa Film Group, six San Francisco-based documentary filmmakers, presenting conversations with 26 gay men and women from a variety of age groups, cultures, lifestyles, and geographic backgrounds. Eastside.

THE MOVIES

American Hot Wax–A film that re-creates early days of the music that defined the '50s generation. Laraine Newman, Tim McIntire, John Lehne, Jay Leon, Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis are among the many stars. Floyd Mutrux directed. Loews State I; Loews Orpheum; 34th St East.

The Betsy–Who says they don't make movies like they used to? Daniel Petrie's film is as deliriously and extravagantly bad as anything turned out by Ross Hunter in the late 50s and 60s. Adapted from the Harold Robbins best-seller, it is a saga of wealth and corruption that takes us through four generations of one family. Laurence Olivier, aristocrat of the theater, creates an image of defilement that is exquisitely lurid in its own right. This is the best junk movie in years. U.A. East.

The Big Sleep–A film based on a novel by Raymond Chandler, directed by Michael Winner, starring Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles, Richard Boone, Candy Clark, Joan Collins, Edward Fox, John Mills, and James Stewart. Criterion; RKO 86th II; Bay Cinema.

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Ginette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

Cabaret–A very effictive Bob Fosse musical from the Broadway hit, with brilliant cinematography and ingenious direction, and visually persuasive recreation of pre-war Berlin at its wicked worst. Unfortunately, only Joel Grey's performing is up to snuff; all the other performances, including Liza Minnelli's, must be strenously overlooked, which is not always easy. Waverly.

Casey's Shadow–A genial adventure film about quarter-horse racing starring Walter Matthau as a dopey Cajun trainer and Alexis Smith as a sleek owner.

The children are all splendid in a film that should gladden the hearts of the family-film audience and Equus-fixated adolescents in particular. Baronet; Loews State II.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Quad.

Chinatown–After much floundering, Roman Polanski comes up with a good one again, helped by Robert Towne's able script. This concerns a pleasantly offhanded private eye specializing in divorce investigation who gets involved in a murder case that further leads him to discover large-scale corruption in Los Angeles local government circa 1930. There is everything here from sadism to incest, a lot of convincing period atmosphere, also some wit, literacy, and psychological urgency. Though still falling short of art, it is sturdy entertainment except for an unconvincing ending; very well acted by Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and various others; rather less well by John Houston. Excellent cinematography by John A. Alonzo. 3/25, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Greenwich, Trans-Lux 85th; Fine Arts.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietman that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Cinema I.

Crossed Swords–What little levity manages to survive in this plodding adaptation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is provided (with a little help from George C. Scott) by the English veterans: Rex Harrison, Oliver Reed, Harry Andrews, and David Hemmings. But our own Richard Fleischer paints a heavy canvas. Thru 4/12, Radio City Music Hall.

Demon Seed–Donald Cammell's film takes place in the proximate future when a giant computer with a hypertrophic brain outwits the human beings running it, and turns Julie Christie into a captive in her own house. The computer half rapes and half seduces her, and after much terror, murder, and kinky bondage sex, she bears what appears to be his child. The direction contributes some fairly slick scare effects and a great deal of overarching unwholesomeness. Olympia.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

A Doll's House–Jane Fonda stars in Joseph Losey's 1973 adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's drama, with Trevor Howard, David Warner, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox. Thru 3/21, Thalia.

Fingers–A drama of music, sex, and violent crime set in New York City. It tells the story of a driven man who dreams of being a concert pianist but who becomes increasingly involved in gangland activities. Directed by James Toback, film stars Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, Jim Brown, and Michael Gazzo. Cinema II.

Forbidden Games–Rene Clement's 1952 masterpiece is one of the great films of all time. This is the story of a five-year-old girl escaping from Nazi-occupied Paris with her parents who get machinegunned to death by Stukas. The girl is adopted by French peasants whose eleven-year-old son becomes her friend and protector. The internal and external feuds of the peasant family are evoked with biting humor, the romance between the children and its tearing end with masterly, unsentimental tenderness. The fine script, knowing direction, and superb performances are further enhanced by the sensitive solo guitar score of Narciso Yepes. 3/29, Bleecker St Cinema.

STICKY FINGERS

Simone Simon believes she possesses an ancient curse of a panther in Jacques Tourneur's **The Cat People** (1942). This film shares the bill at the Regency, Broadway and 67th Street, 3/21 and 3/22, with another film directed by Mr. Tourneur and starring Miss Simon, *The Curse of the Cat People* (1944).

Furtivos–Jose Luis Borau's allegoric condemnation of the Franco regime which heralded the birth of a new era in Spanish cinema. Shot on location in the forests of Segovia, film dramatizes the eternal battle between a mother, her son, and the girl he loves. Cinema Studio.

The Fury–Brian de Palma's thriller about telepathic troublemakers combines B-movie sleaze with A-movie elegance in a nerve-shattering but irresistibly funny horror film. Levitation and blood gushing from human orifices like geysers are but two of the outrageously unreal effects in a film that should be a smash with youth-and-inner-city audiences. Starring Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, and Amy Irving. Loews Cine; Loews Astor Plaza.

Gray Lady Down–A homeward-bound nuclear submarine is rammed by a radarless Norwegian freighter off the coast of New London. David Green directs, and the cast includes Charlton Heston, David Carradine, Stacy Keach, Ned Beatty, Stephen McHattie, and Ronny Cox. RKO Cinerama II; thru 3/25, Eastside; RKO 86th St I.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Quad; Festival.

A Little Night Music–Hal Prince's direction of the Broadway musical (music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; book and screenplay by Hugh Wheeler) undercuts the pattern of overlapping lives and musical motifs of the original. The cast—Elizabeth Taylor as the grand dame of the theatre, Len Cariou as the aging Lothario, Lesley-Anne Down as his wife, and Diana Rigg as her old school chum—never intermingle with any fluidity in this static and dim echo of Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night*. Columbia I.

Madame Rosa–Simone Signore stars in the title role as a Jewish concentration camp survivor and former prostitute, who, in her later years, is raising the children of young prostitutes. Based on Emile Ajar's novel, the film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi. Plaza.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Thru 3/23, Guild.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. From 3/15, Playboy; 72nd St E; St Marks Cinema.

Sebastiane–Derek Jarman's daring interpretation of the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Legend has it that he was captain of the Praetorian guard in the palace of the Emperor Diocletian, and he is most commonly depicted in art as bound and shot with arrows. This is the first feature film ever to be made in Latin (with English subtitles, of course). Quad.

The Serpent's Egg–Ingmar Bergman's first film as an exile (made in Munich, where he now lives), and set in 1923 Berlin, attempts to capture the social and political currents that would produce fascism. But it is a major disappointment. Bergman has no special feeling for the interplay of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly. A cabaret chanteuse, played by Liv Ullmann, looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. David Carradine, who plays her brother-in-law, proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman, and soon repels us. From 3/24, New Yorker.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. 3/28, Cinema Village.

Summer Paradise–The first film by one-time Bergman actress Gunnel Lindblom is a portrait of a Swedish family on vacation that is rich in novelistic details of the tensions between generations, men and women, women and women and the different classes in this "classless" society. Beneath the sensual radiance of their privileged setting, this family, like so many families, is coming apart from causes which Lindblom and a fine cast convey in all their baffling variety. Cinema III.

The Sunshine Boys–Neil Simon's comedy is even less funny on film than on stage. Walter Matthau, one of the two now warring former vaudeville partners, becomes quickly insufferable, whereas George Burns, who meticulously restrains himself as the more silent partner, is a pleasure to see and hear. Richard Benjamin contributes one of his customary greasy performances, while Herbert Ross's direction remains painfully dry. 3/22-29, St Marks Cinema.

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe–Pierre Richard stars in the role of a highly placed French intelligence officer who attempts to oust his superior officer and take over his job. Directed by Yves Robert. Thru 3/23, New Yorker.

The Tenant–Roman Polanski's latest venture has turned out to be a thoroughly sloppy one. Nothing makes sense in the various aspects of this story based on the adventures of a Parisian office worker who rents a small dismal apartment. And script, direction, and dubbing join in making all performances insignificant, if not indeed ludicrous. 3/25, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin*. Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; Quad; D.W. Griffith.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, March 21

Dancin'–Bob Fosse's new musical entertainment, a song-and-dance show, features Ann Reinking, Wayne Cilento, Vicki Frederick, Edward Love, and Sandahl Bergman, and marks the Broadway debut of Charles Ward, an American Ballet Theatre principal now on leave from ABT. Music by composers ranging from Cat Stevens, Louis Prima, and Melissa Manchester to Bach, Satie, and Varese. Previews now prior to a 3/27 opening. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

A History of the American Film–A comedy by Christopher Durang, with music by Mel Marvin, about five archetypal movie characters as they ricochet through movie history as baffled orphans of the film. Directed by David Chambers; choreography by Graciela Daniele. Previews now prior to a 3/30 opening. ANTA, 245 W 49th (246-6270).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Double Bill–A revival of David Mamet's *The Water Engine*, together with his new play *Mr. Happiness.* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat mat at 2 p.m. Sun at 2 & 5:30 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds–A revival of the Paul Zindel play, which stars Shelley Winters, Carol Kane, with Lorie Shelle, Isabella Hoopes, and Lolly Boroff. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Paul Robeson–Phillip Hayes Dean's portrait of a great man has been composed with shrewdness and wit, and is played by James Earl Jones in a manner that is big in body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for. Every virtue is here; yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down-to-earth, saltily human. Thurs at 8; Sat at 2 & 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

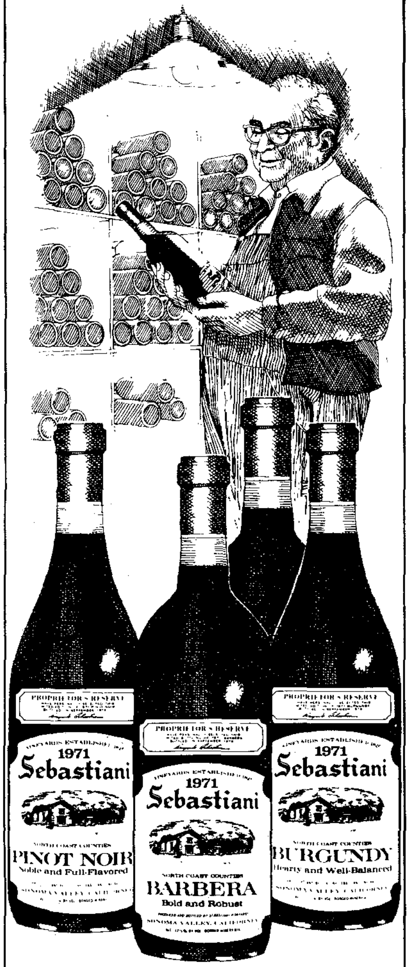
Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Mon thru Wed; Fri & Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Stages–Jack Warden is a dying actor playing five different roles which are metaphors for his state of mind in the absurdist comedy by Stuart Ostrow. With him are Philip Bosco, Lois Smith, Gretel Cummings; Diana Davila, and William Duell. Directed by Richard Foreman. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

Thirteen Rue de L'Amour–Louis Jourdan, Patricia Elliott, Bernard Fox, and Kathleen Freeman in a comedy by Feydeau, adapted by Mawby Green and Ed Fielbert. Directed by Basil Langdon. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be

For
Your Cellar



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charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Mon thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Academy Arts Repertory–Lanford Wilson's *Ludlow Fair* and *Be Who You Are*, Fri & Sat at 9:30; Sun & Mon at 7:30, thru 4/9. $3 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Amen Corner–James Baldwin's play, directed by Mical Whitaker. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/9. 36 W 62nd on the 4th floor (581-9110).

American Theater Experiment–The Richard Wright/ Paul Green version of *Native Son*, 3/21-4/12 at 7:30, in repertory with Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, 3/28-4/16, at 7:30. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (799-1095).

THE SEARCHER

Jennifer Sternberg plays the title role in **Anna Kleiber,** a play by Alfonso Sastre about an actress attracted to evil and life, who drifts through Europe and WW II seeking satisfaction. Directed by Don Marlette, performed in English. Thru 4/9. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th St (674-7200).

A Bistro Car on the CNR–A new musical with music by Patrick Rose; lyrics by Merv Campone/Richard Ozunian; directed and choreographed by Russell Treyz. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

Brecht and Justice–Two one-act plays by Brecht on the trial process: *The Elephant Calf*, and *In Search of Justice*. 3/24-27, 30-4/2, 4/6-9, at 8 p.m. $3. NY Stage Works, 15 W 18th (242-3967).

Carmilla–From the novella by Sheridan LeFanu, written and directed by Wilford Leach, with music by Ben Johnston. 3/24-4/10 at 9 p.m. $6. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (254-6468).

The Chalk Garden–Enid Bagnold's comedy. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/2. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

The Bright and Golden Land–A play by Harry Granick, directed by Leon Gochman. Wed thru Sun, 3/29-4/16. $2.50. Vandam Theater, 16 Vandam St (675-0498).

Clash By Night–A revival of the 1941 Clifford Odets play, directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Fri thru Mon, thru 4/15. $3. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 &

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9:30; Sun 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Cops–A play written by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago where cops hang out, which suddenly becomes the setting for a shoot-out. Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8; Sat at 8 & 10. From 3/23. $4, $5, $6. The Envelope, 35 Wooster St in Soho (966-3651).

CSC Repertory–Jean Genet's *The Maids* and Giradoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret, starring The First Amendment, Comedy Troupe, Sebom Westbrook, and others. At 8 & 10:30 p.m. Thurs thru Sat, 3/23-4/5. $4. Actors Plyhse, 100-7th Ave So (242-9657).

Conjuring an Event–Richard Nelson's contemporary play about a reporter who attempts to go beyond natural observation. Michael Christofer has the title role. Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. mats Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thurs eve at 6:30. Thru 4/2. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Contributions–A play by Ted Shine, directed by Edmund Cambridge. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/26. Theater Genesis, 10th St & 2nd Ave (533-4650).

The Curse of the Starving Class–Sam Shepherd's play set in the rural poverty-stricken farm areas of the southwestern states. Directed by Robert Woodruff. Thru 4/9. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Da–Paul Rudd and Brian Murray in Hugh Leonard's play, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sun and Sat at 3. $4. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

The Doctor in Spite of Himself–Moliere's play, directed by John Dolan. Mon thru Wed at 8 p.m. Sat at 3 p.m. thru 4/1. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Drama Committee Repertory–Gogol's *Chichikov's Journey*, Sat at 8 & 10:30, 3/11-5/14. Arthur Reel's *Possession*, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sun at 8 p.m. 4/13-5/14. Strindberg's *Comrades*, Sat at 2:30; Mon & Tues at 8; 4/17-5/30. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill–Lanford Wilson's *Brontosaurus*, and John Bishop's *Cabin 12;* Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Double Bill–Paul Sambol's *The Straight Man*, and Steven Otfinoski's *At Crazy Jayne's*, both directed by Michael Lange. Thru 4/2. Stagelights, 218 W 48th (245-6757).

Don Juan in Hell–By George Bernard Shaw. Thurs thru Sat at 8:30, Thru 4/8. Medicine Show Theater, 45 E 20th (982-2986).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

UNSPOKEN DESIRES

John Swearingen and **Judy Frank** in **Find Your Way Home,** a drama of Love, Truth, Sexuality, Jealousy, Fantasy, Degradation, Vulnerability—what have you—by John Hopkins. 3/23-25, 30-4/1, 4/6-8, at 8 p.m. 3/26, 4/2, 9, at 3 p.m. $3. Production Company, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Gay Divorce–Revival of the Cole Porter musical, directed by Robert Britton. Although there are similarities, this is *not* the movie version. Also it will feature at least two hitherto unpublished Porter numbers. Thru 3/26. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Equity Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

The Gingerbread Lady–A revival of Neil Simon's play, directed by Marvin Kahan. Wed thru Sun, thru 3/25. $3. Off Center Theater, 436 W 18th (581-2900).

A Gown for His Mistress–Georges Feydeau's first full-length play, a vaudeville of the upper-class French of 1900. Fri thru Sun, thru 4/2, at 7:30. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (925-5481).

The Healers–Ava Jacobs's play telling of fundamentalist religion in the Mojave Desert. 3/23-25, evenings at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. Theater of the Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Dr (864-2929).

Innocent Pleasures–Arthur Giron's comedy about a couple in the bedrooms and board rooms of New York's business world. Harold Stone directs. Thurs thru Sun, thru 4/2, at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

In the Beginning–A play by Aharon Megged draws on the tale of Adam and Eve in their original state through near-modern domesticity. Fri at 7:30, Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 7 p.m. 4/2. $2.50. Henry Street Settlement, 265 Henry St (766-9200).

The International Stud–Love story presented in scenes, monologues and torchsongs. 3/24-26 at 8 p.m., 31-4/2 at 10 p.m. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore–John Ford's classic tragedy, directed by Allen Schoer. Wed thru Sat, 4/5-22, at 8 p.m. $3. Walden Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore–John Ford's classic tragedy, directed by David Willinger. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4:30 p.m. thru 3/26. $3. NYT Ensemble, 62 E Fourth St (477-4120).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Birthday Party;* Sartre's *No Exit.* Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Life of Galileo–Bertolt Brecht's play, starring Laurence Luckinbill. Tues thru Sat $7, $5. 3/28-4/23. Havemeyer Hall (Main Gate of Columbia at Bdway & 116th) (280-3870).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Man With a Load of Mischief–Comedy by Ashley Dukes, directed by Frank Santarelli. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 3/26. $2.50. The Pretenders, 106 E 14th (586-0641).

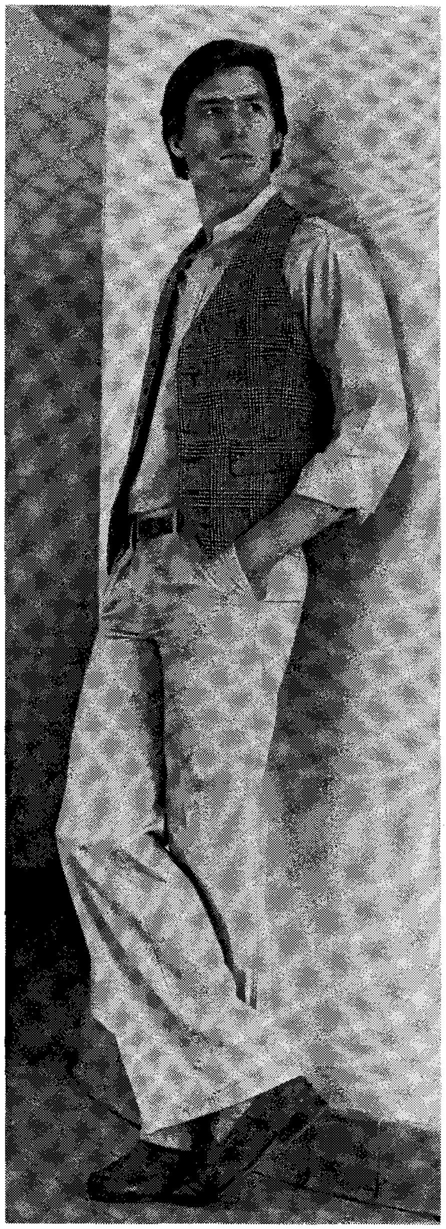
The Millionairess–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/23. $3. West Side Repertory Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Misanthrope–Moliere's play, directed by Gerry Giacobbe. Thurs thru Sat, thru 4/2. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Mixed Doubles–Two one-acters by David Libman, directed by June Rovenger. Thurs thru Sat 3/23-25 at 7:30; Sun, 3/19 & 26 at 4 p.m. $3. Sutton East Theater, 330 E 56th (929-2869).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Adapted and directed by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Moliere's tragic/comic theatrics in the court of Louis XIV as seen through the eyes of the Soviet playwright. Tues thru Sat at 7:30. $6, $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).



Early On. It's a spirit, an attitude, a whole new way of dressing that's light years before the rest. Like the clothes you see here: a little preppy—with a lot of pow! The band-collared shirt, with half a placket, in solid cotton oxford cloth, white, pink or blue for S,M,L; $27. Men's suiting vests, in stripes, plaids and herringbones, wool and wool blends, $12. The lined, cotton poplin pleated pants, in khaki, black or green, sizes 28 to 38; $35. Everything, very cool (read: Hot!) and very Early On. In the shop of the same name.

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Monsieur de Pourceaugnac–Musical version of a rarely seen Moliere farce. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. From 3/26. $3. Hartley House, 413 W 46th (246-9885).

Museum–Tina Howe's civilized little play accomplishes a good deal in a casual manner, with an irreverence whose surface is so glossy that it almost blinds us to the deeper, satirical intent—which may be a failing, but a venial one, surely. We are given a museum gallery where an avant-garde show is in its last day. The play is recommended to theater lovers, contemporary art haters, and all other decent folk. Thru 4/2. Public/LuEster Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Onury–Shauneille Perry's play about a 12-year-old who copes with the first crisis of her young life. 3/25, 26, at 3 p.m. $.25 for children; $1 for adults. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Othello–Earle Hyman stars in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Ovens of Anita Orangejuice–A history of modern Florida by Ronald Tavel. Thurs thru Sun, thru 3/26 at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Pageant in Exile–A dramatic musical on Byron & Shelley by Randy Wilson, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. $2. Westside Airlines Terminal (corner of 10th Ave & 42nd) (947-4224).

Woman to Woman–Three one-act plays by Michael Shurtleff. Mon thru Thurs, 3/27-4/13, at 8 p.m. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Phantom of the Opera–Back again, this time haunting a concert hall, attempting to win the love of a young dancer. Adapted by Albert Reyes, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 & 8 p.m. thru 4/9. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Patio/Porch–Jack Heifner's two plays for two women, starring Fannie Flagg and Ronnie Claire Edwards, set in a small Texas town on the hottest day of the year. From 4/4. Century, 235 W 46th (575-9680).

A Prayer for my Daughter–A pair of sordid policemen question and torture a couple of homosexuals guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. The play, by Thomas Babe, moves along at a good clip and is constructed with considerable know-how. Robert Ackerman has directed appropriately. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

The Promise–A play by Aleksei Arbuzov about two friends caught in a modern Russian love triangle with the woman they love. 3/22-25, 3/30-4/2, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (PL 3-2310).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Red Fox/Second Hanging–Story of the legendary Doc Taylor, a tale of native Appalachia, directed by Michael Posnick. Wed thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mats at 2:30. Thru 3/26. $3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*; Robert Michael Morris's *Bees 'n' Birds*. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Runaways–A new entertainment written, composed, and directed by Liz Swados, about today's teenagers. Martinson Hall/Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Spanish Theater Repertory–*Bodas de Sangre* by Lorca; *Te Juro Juana Que Tengo Ganas* and *El*

Censo by Carballido; *Cien Veces No Debo* and *Los Japoneses No Esperan* by Talesnik, directed by Rene Buch, Delfor Peralta, and Braulio Villar. All plays in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru March. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 127th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

The Taming of the Shrew–A jazz age staging of this classic, directed by J. P. Duffy, set in a New York speakeasy circa 1920. Fri thru Sun, thru 3/26, at 8 p.m. $2.50. RML Theater, 648 Bdway (254-7139).

This House–A play by Barbara de la Cuesta, directed by Ellis Santone. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/2. BMT Theater, 137 W 22nd (691-7950).

This Italy of Yours–Maxim Gorky in Italy, conceived by and starring Michael A. Del Medico. 3/23 at 7:30 p.m. Casa Italiana, Columbia University, 1161 Amsterdam Ave (280-2306).

Three by Chekhov, Strindberg & Pirandello–*The Boor, The Stronger,* and *The Man With the Flower in His Mouth.* Fri & Sat at 8; Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 3/26. $5.50, $3.50. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th (755-5120).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

The Winner Goes Home–Comedy-drama about three sons' efforts to come to grips with an unconventional father. By Lyla Hay Owen. Fri thru Sat at 8; Sun at 4:30, Mon at 8. 3/31-4/15. $3. The Townhouse, 124 W 60th (243-2226).

The Winslow Boy–Terence Rattigan's drama, directed by Nell Robinson. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 2:30, thru 4/2. $2.50. Skylight Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Your Turn To Tango, My Turn To Dance–Joan Haber's one-act play about a woman's vengeance on her boss after working for him for 20 years. 3/20-24, 27-31 at 1:15 p.m. (Bring your lunch). $1.50. Quaigh Lunchtime Theater, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Zinnia–Emily Frankel's work, directed by John Cullum. Sun at 3 & 7:30. $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 1-6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

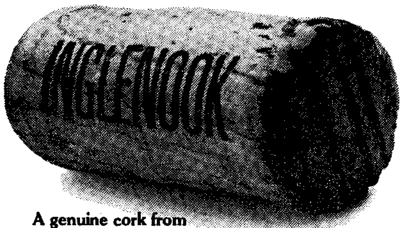
Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

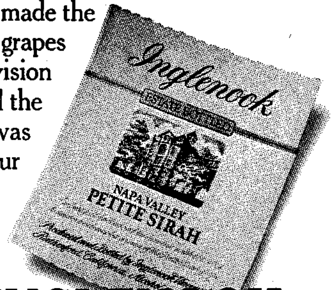
Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Curtis Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Carnegie Hall Cabaret–165 W 56th. Thru 3/25, jazz pianist Carol Britto, with bassist Jack Lesberg. From 8 p.m. nightly (PL 7-9522).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Ceal's Place–39th & 9th Ave. A homey place specializing in soup & bread; Laine Cooke, with David Lahm at the keyboard, sings Saturdays. Other





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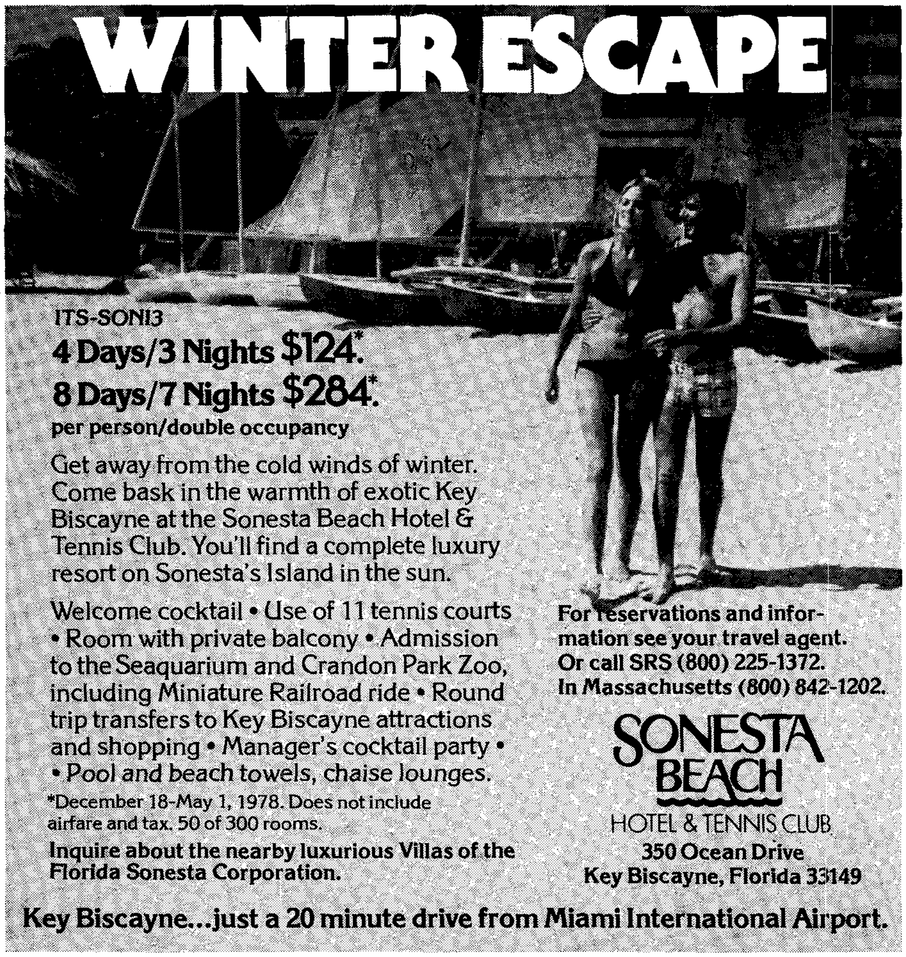

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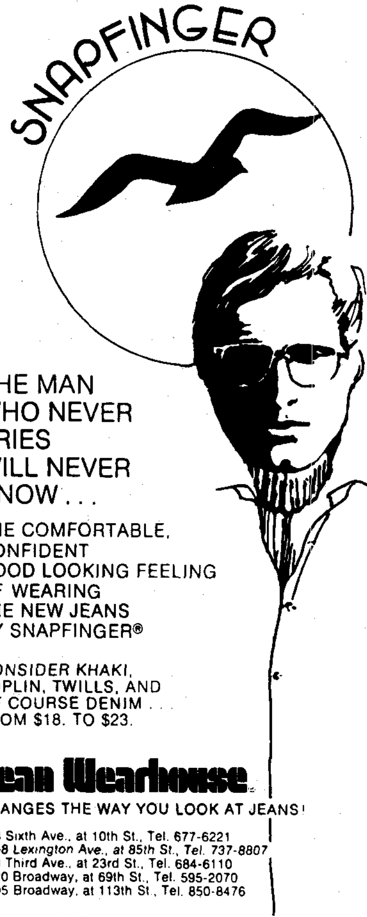

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entertainers other nights, Eric Oxendine and friends, and jazz pianist Patti Brown (947-7779).

La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. 3/27, Trude Richards Moreau. 3/21-23, 28-30, the Dardanelle Trio. Rita Dimitri every Tues thru Sat at 10 (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3884).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Dancing to the music of the Irving Fields Trio Tues thru Sat, 8 to 4 a.m. (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra. 3/22-4/3, Slappy White and Betty Lavette. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Thru 3/25, Lional Hampton with Sir Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet (Grady Tate, Frank Wess, and George Mraz), at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. nightly (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Hurrah–36 W 62nd. Gerri Griffin, singer of soul, gospel, rock, Tues thru Thurs at 10 p.m. (586-2636).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. Lainie's Room: Lainie Kazan sings here (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Tremendous view, and thru 4/1, comedian Jackie Mason, with singer-dancer Pia Zadora (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

The Riverboat–350 Fifth Ave (Empire State Bldg). 3/23, 24, 25, the ever-green Count Basie and Big Band playing for dancing from 8 p.m. Thurs & 8:30 Fri & Sat (736-6210).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Warren Covington and his orchestra alternate for dancing with the Ramon Argueso band. Don Glasser Orchestra. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, thru 3/25, Gary Edwards and Sage, with a mixture of pop hits, ballads, and show tunes (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Jazz thrush Helen Hume sings up a torrid song, 10 p.m., midnight, and 2 a.m. nightly (except Sun) through 4/1 (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. A popular Greek-Israeli nightclub, with Aris San headlining the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, belly dancers, and dancing waiters Tues thru Sun (683-9409).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 3/25, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Teddy Wilson, the patron saint of swing piano and one of the most stylish of improvisors, is alone at the keyboard on weekday nights.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio play quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, thru 4/1, Head Over Heels. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Clifford Jordan was one of the most distinctive tenor saxophonists to come out of Chicago in the fifties. He's a fine, lyrical tune writer and a dependably inspiring improvisor, 3/21-25. On Mondays the 14-piece orchestra of trumpeter Ted Daniels holds forth (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by Charles ('Annie') Strouse; with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 3/22-25, Nina Sheldon and George Coleman Quartet (675-4720).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. 3/21, 22, Long John Baldry. A strange bill on 3/24-25 of Pharoah Sanders and Jimmy Owens— strange because you never know whether these two will play up to their abilities. Will they improvise on their own terms or try to recreate, live, the meretricious bilge of recent recordings? (228-6300).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here indefinitely, thank God! Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat at 12:15 also. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 to 1 a.m. with Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban's house band entertains. Guests sit in on Tuesdays and Sundays (265-8277).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck

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—STUART SCHOFFMAN, *Time*

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Hopper's–452 6th Ave. ballad singer David Allyn, and a jazz group. 9:30 & 11 p.m. Mon thru Sat, with an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jazzmania–14 E 23rd. The city's sole floating jam session, with guests sitting in with the regulars Fri & Sat, 9 thru 2 a.m., and an All-Star Invitational Jazz Session, which is something less than all-star, but usually lively on Sun, from 5 p.m. (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, the young repository of classical jazz piano pieces, stride orthodoxies, and arcane as well as pop Ellington, works with Ellingtonian bassist Aaron Bell, whose tone and time is flawless, and drummer Shelton Gary Thursdays thru Saturdays; on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, drummer Sonny Greer, who introduced Ellington to Harlem and vice versa (744-2540).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and a Lithuanian pianist, Lev Schneider, who runs the gamut from the classics to jazz and rock, from 7 p.m. to midnight (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. Singer-pianist Diana Finn entertains Tues thru Sat from 7 to midnight (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Singer Francine Caroll from 9:15 p.m. in a tribute to Sophie Tucker. Thru 4/8. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 3/21-26, Sharon Redd, Ula Hedwig, and Charlotte Crossley, at 9 p.m. and midnight (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 3/21-25, Stan Getz, who needs no introduction, brings in his quartet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Judy Stevens. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 3/22-25, singer Pat Benatar, at 8:30 & 10:30. Showcase Tuesday nights (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker & Thompson. Larry Coryell, the virtuosic but infuriatingly uneven guitarist, whose style ranged from Django Reinhardt jazz to apocalyptic rock, will play solo on 3/24-25 (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. Red Garland, the boxer who became an integral part of the Miles Davis quintets and sextets of the fifties, has been in semi-retirement for some time. He makes his first New York club engagement in years this week, 3/21-26. All Mondays in March—Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band (AL 5-4037).

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Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Madison Square Garden (564-4400), 3/22-23 at 1:30 & 7:30, 3/24 at 10:30, 2:30 & 7:30, 3/25 at 10:30, 3 & 8, 3/26 at 1 & 5:30, 3/27-28 at 10:30 & 2:30.

Big Apple Circus, BAM Opera House (636-4100), 3/25-26 at 2 & 4.

Jazz: Oregon, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 3/22-23 at 11, 3/24-25 at 10 & 12.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). 3/22 at 2 & 7, 3/23-24 at 7, 3/25 at 2, 7 & 10, 3/26 at 2 & 5, 3/28 at 7.

Elvis: The Legend Lives, Palace Theater, Bdwy at 47th St. (757-2626). Tues-Thurs at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, March 21

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.

Jennie Koch & Skip Kennon, Deutsches Haus, 42 Washington Mews (598-2217), at 5:30.

Ani Kavafian, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Daisetta Kim, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

The String Revival, Columbia University McMillin Theater, Bdwy at 116th St. (260-0453), at 8.

Wednesday, March 22

Ensemble for Early Music, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

18th & 19th Century Music, Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776), at 12:30.

Musica Sacra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Vocal Ensemble, St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (989-3591), at noon.

Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Hudson Community Center, 1320 Webster Ave., Bronx (682-6567), at 1:30.

Bobbi Baird, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Alfonso Moreno, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Joy Simpson & Stewart Newbold, St. Peter's Church, at 1.

Thursday, March 23

NEAR EAST MEETS WEST

American pianist **James Dick** (left) and Israeli pianist Yehuda Hanani will make their first New York appearance together in a duo recital on March 23 in the 92nd Street Y (at Lexington Avenue). The program will consist of works by Bach, Schubert, Franck, and Miaskovsky. At 8 (427-6000).

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Junko Ohtsu, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Renaissance, City Center, at 8.

Anthony McNaught, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9 & 11.

New York Premiere of *Deseret,* Alice Tully Hall, 8.

Friday, March 24

Art Garfunkel/Dan Hill, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.

Keshavan Maslak, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.

Renaissance, City Center, at 8.

Apple Hill Chamber Players, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Paul Tobias & Elizabeth Moschetti, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St., (265-1489), at 8.

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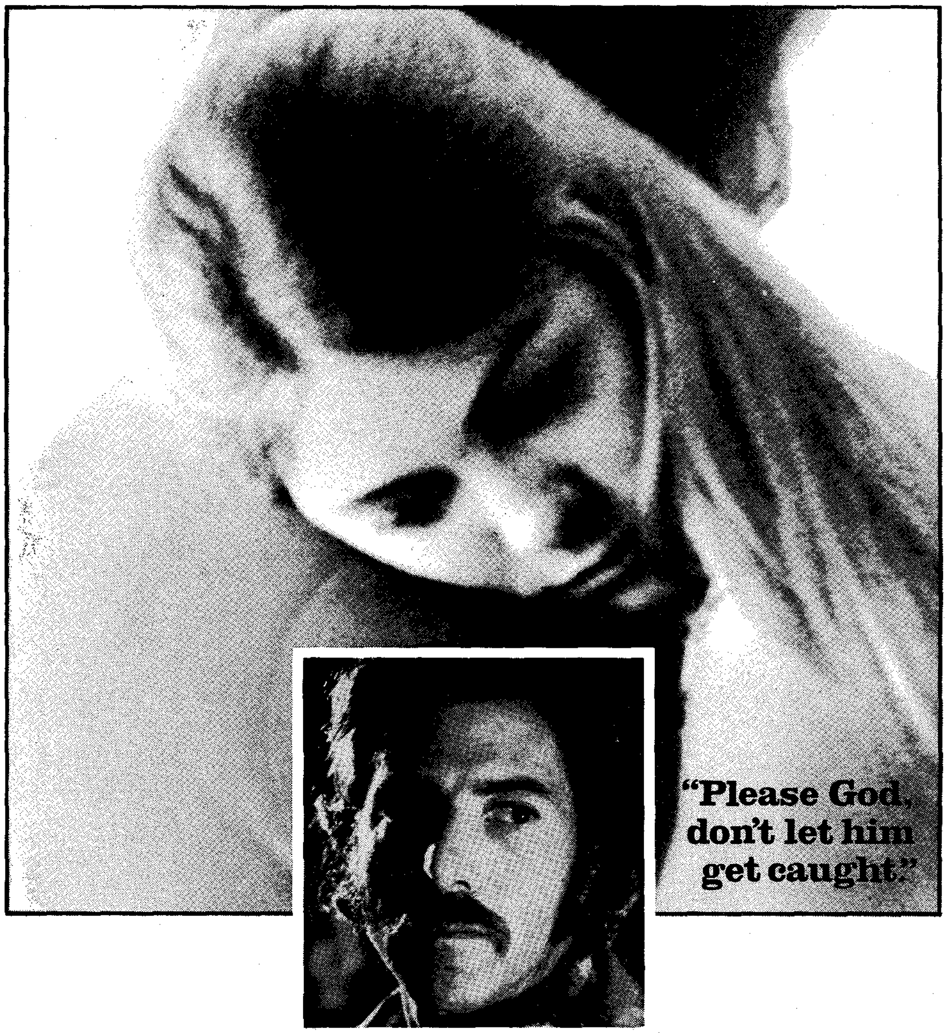
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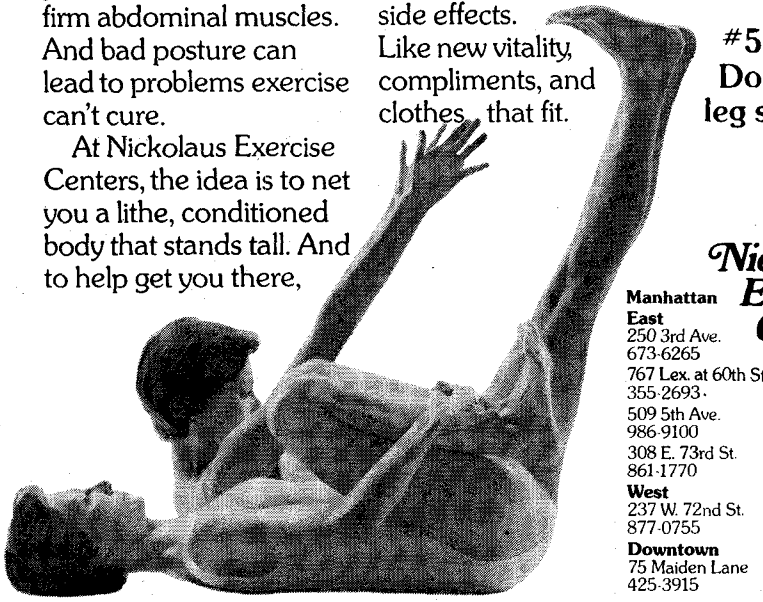

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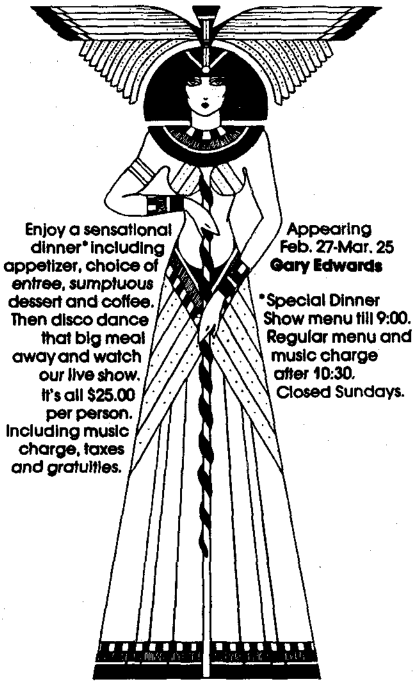

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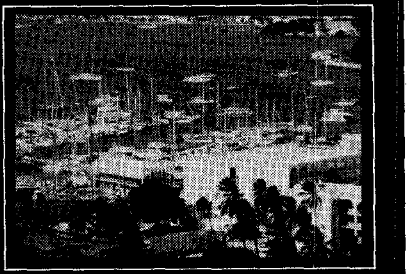

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Bach's *St. John Passion,* Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 8.
Teruo Nakamura & the Rising Sun, Town Hall, at 8.
Andrew Appel, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Diabolus Musicus, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.

Saturday, March 25

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Keshavan Maslak, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
Renaissance, City Center, at 8.
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Anne Perret & Rodrigo de Zayas, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, 8.
Jazz Concert, Town Hall, at 8.
Rymour Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Pinchas Zukerman & Eugenia Zukerman, Brooklyn College, at 8.
Hermina Petrescu, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Sylvers/Blue Magic/Jimmy Castor, Felt Forum, at 7.
American Chamber Trio, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, March 26

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
David Wertman, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 5.
Renaissance, City Center, at 8.
Chamber Music Society, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Joyce Hiller, Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (264-4451), 2.
Music by Jim Theobald, Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St. (865-6193), at 3.
Montserrat Caballé & Alicia de Larrocha, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Music by Lyun Joon Kim, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Holy Trinity Bach Choir & Orchestra, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, CPW at 65th St. (877-6815), at 5.
Sylvers/Blue Magic/Jimmy Castor, Felt Forum, at 7.
George Lewis & Anthony Davis, Axis in Soho, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 3 & 4:30.
Kazuko Hayami, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.

Monday, March 27

YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN

Baritone **Steven Kimbrough** has received awards from the Liederkranz and Corbett Foundations and has sung with opera companies in London, Bonn, Rio de Janeiro, and San Francisco. Nine years ago he was a soloist with the Little Orchestra Society of New York. He returns here on March 27 for a recital in Alice Tully Hall. At 8 (362-1911).

Orpheus, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
American Brass Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, March 28

Chamber Music Society, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Susan Lang Eddlemon & Lucy Blachman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
D'Accord Quintet, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.
Jay Clayton, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Misha & Cipa Dichter, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

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Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

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CROWN JEWELS

Leonie Rysanek is the Empress in the season premiere of the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*. Others in the cast include Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, and James King. Karl Böhm conducts Nathaniel Merrill's production. Sets and costumes by Robert O'Hearn. March 24 at 8 (580-9830).

Tues, 3/21 at 8: **Don Giovanni** with Sutherland, Varady, Tourangeau, Morris. Conductor: Bonynge; director: Graf; designer: Berman. Wed, 3/22 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** with Scotto, Cossotto, Carreras, Quilico. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Merrill; designer: Cristini, after sketches by Paravicini. Thurs, 3/23 at 8: **La Favorita** with Verrett, Smith, Alexander, Milnes. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Tavernia; designers: Lee & Greenwood. Fri, 3/24 at 8: **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** (See box). Sat, 3/25 at 2: **Don Giovanni** (Same cast as 3/21). Sat, 3/25 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (Same cast as 3/22). Mon, 3/27 at 8: **Don Giovanni** (Same cast as 3/21). Tues, 3/28 at 8: **Die Frau Ohne Schatten** (See box).

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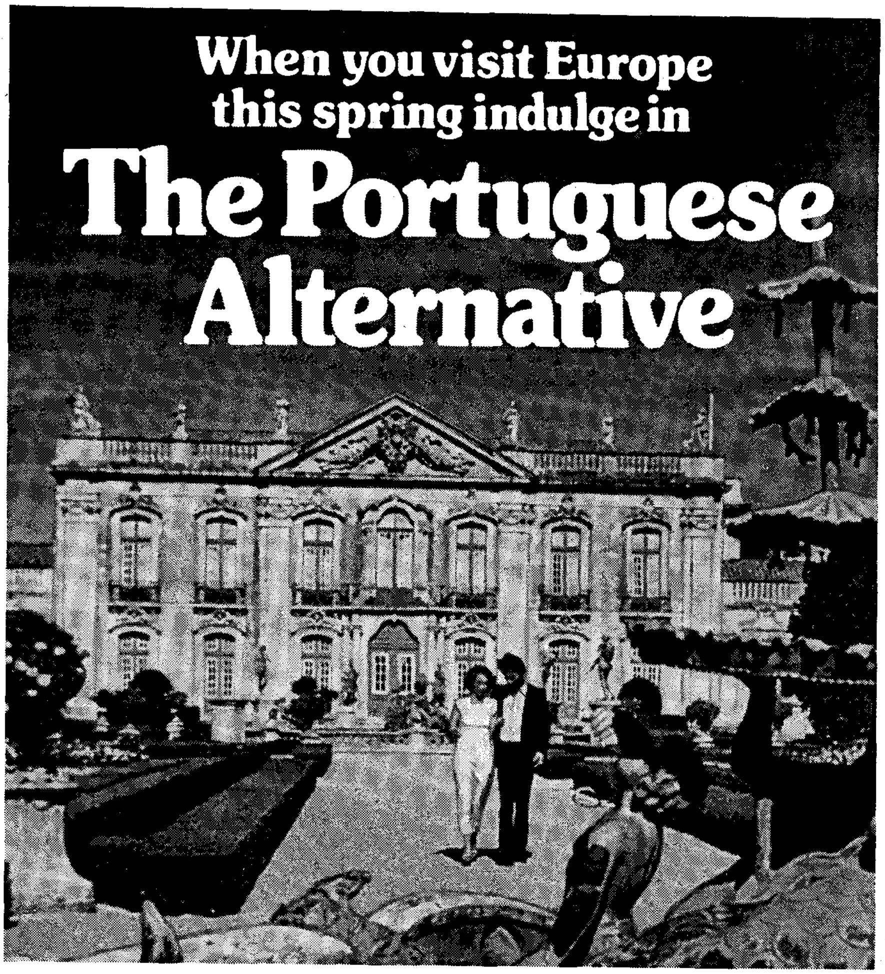
Wed, 3/22 at 8: **Mefistofele** with Ehrlich, Ramey, Mauro. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Capobianco; designers: Mitchell & George. Thurs, 3/23 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** with Craig, Di Giuseppe, Burchinal. Conductor: La Selva; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Fri, 3/24 at 8: **Carmen** with Howard, Fowles, Norman, Fredricks. Conductor: Pallo; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Sat, 3/25 at 2: **La Bohème** with Clarey, Thigpen, Bartolini, Holloway. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Auerbach; designer: Evans. Sat, 3/25 at 8: **Die Fledermaus** with Allison, Little, Price, Roe. Conductor: Pallo; director: Freedman; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Sun, 3/26 at 1: **Rigoletto** with Rolandi, Collins, Fredricks, Gill. Conductor: Effron; director: Corsaro; designers: Evans & Varona. Sun, 3/26 at 7: **Le Coq d'Or** with Robinson, Costa-Greenspon, Wildermann, Densen. Conductor: Pallo; director: Bamberger; designers: Lee & Varona.

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Mikado,* 3/22 at 2 & 8:30, 3/23-24 at 8:30, 3/25 at 4 & 8:30, 3/26 at 4.



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Metropolitan Opera Guild, Town Hall (582-4536). Silent film version of *La Bohème,* 3/28 at 8.

Dance

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Tues, 3/28 at 8: *The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore; Mahler IV.*

OTHER

Merce Cunningham & Dance Co., Roundabout Theater, 333 W 23rd St. (924-7160), 3/21-24 at 8, 3/25 at 2 & 8, 3/26 at 2.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Phoebe Neville Dance Co., 3/23-25 at 8, 3/26 at 2 & 8.

Theater Dance Ensemble, Eden's Expressway, 537 Bdwy (673-3412), 3/25-26 at 8.

Théâtre du Silence, Beacon Theater, 2130 Bdwy (874-1717), 3/21 at 7, 3/22-25 at 8, 3/26 at 3 & 7.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Pat Adams**–Large scale paintings and small works on paper, 3/28-4/29. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

David Braun–Etching of dark, brooding landscapes and ships of old, thru 4/1. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Sydney Butchkes–Stained architectonic abstractions, thru 3/30. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Bernard Chaet–Watercolors, thru 4/15. Pearl, 29 W 57th (836-6310).

***Richard Chiriani**–Subtle landscapes in acrylic on linen paper, thru 3/30. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

***Bisson Frères/James Hagan**–Mont Blanc in photos from the 1850s/Wood sculpture, thru 3/25. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Sonia Gechtoff–Panoramic drawings, thru 4/12. Cortella, 41 E 57th (832-2355).

Maria Gooding, Works, 3/28-4/15. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

Darryl Hughto–Paintings, thru 3/30. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

Patricia Johanson–An installation, plus bacterial formation drawings for outdoor projects, thru 4/8. Essman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

***Alex Katz**–Recent paintings, thru 3/25. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

Herbert Katzman–Drawings and paintings, 3/25-4/14. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Jacob Lawrence**–Paintings and new lithos, thru 3/24. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Richard Marx–Figurative bronzes, thru 3/25. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Lowell Nesbitt**–Organic fruit forms painted on geometric rug patterns, thru 3/25. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Stephen Pace–Bold stroke landscapes and figures, thru 4/6. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

Gregorio Prestopino–Vibrant pastorals with nudes, 3/28-4/22. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Jim Reed–Sheet film and mixed-media works, thru 4/15. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Larry Rivers/Terry Southern–Lithos and text from *The Donkey and the Darling,* thru 4/1. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Juan Antonio Roda–Etchings, thru 4/15. Noble/Polans, 40 W 57th (541-9510).

G.H. Rothe–Realist oils, thru 4/8. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Tommy Simpson–Satiric wood sculpture, thru 3/25. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

Joan Snyder–Expressionistic landscape, thru 3/25. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Elena Urbaitis–Collage and paint abstractions, thru 4/6. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Benny Andrews**–"Women I've Known," thru 3/30. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

***Willard Boepple**–New, large Cor-Ten steel pieces plus table works, 3/25-4/22. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

Bogarin–Pure color and shape in serigraphs, thru 3/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Ilya Bolotowsky**–Paintings and columns, thru 3/24. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Bruno Civitico–Recent paintings, thru 4/8. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Alan E. Cober–Color circus drawings, thru 4/8. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

Whitney Darrow, Jr.–Cartoons and posters, thru 4/1. Nicholls, 1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211).

Joshua Eliraz–Heavy fabric banners, thru 3/25. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Bill Freeland–Constructions, boxes, and drawings, thru 3/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Don Freeman**(1908-1978)–NYC street scenes and Broadway, thru 3/31. Feiden, 51 E 10th (OR7-5330). Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 12:30-4:30.

Jean Fusaro–Nudes, seascapes, and landscapes in paint on paper, pastels, and drawings, thru 4/1. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Klaus Fussmann–Recent works, thru 4/22. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Ilse Getz**–Paintings and constructions, thru 4/15. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

***George Inness**–Italy and New York State in watercolors and drawings, thru 3/25. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

Ted Jaslow–Acrylics and watercolors, 3/24-4/9. Guild, 1145 Mad at 85th (861-3776).

William Kienbusch–Intense abstractions on paper taken from barns, gardens, thru 3/25. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Rodger Mack–Cast bronze sculpture, thru 4/8. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

Alexander Martin–Landscapes of New Paltz, thru 3/25. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Mark Peiser–Opalescent glass vessels, thru 4/3. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

***Katherine Porter**–New paintings, thru 4/1. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Dina Recanati/Ulfert Wilke–Small bronzes of gates, walls, columns/Letter and number patterns on canvas and paper, thru 3/25. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Thurs-Sat 1-5.

***Ed Ruscha**–Recent drawings, graphic, and photographic books, thru 4/1. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

Fritz Scholder–Indians and dogs in oil, thru 4/8. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Marilyn Sica–Sculptured prints using intaglio reliefs on paper, thru 3/25. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Paul Waldman–Paintings and drawings, 3/28-4/15. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

Hannah Wilke–A ten minute film performance, two videos and small drawings, thru 4/1. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050).

Charles Wysocki–The New England countryside, thru 4/1. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).

SoHo

***Carl Andre**–New sculpture, thru 3/28. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Alice Aycock–Wood constructions and drawings, thru 3/28. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

***Jared Bark/Annette Messager**–An installation entitled "The Cold Lighthouse" and smaller metamorphic works /French works, 3/22-4/12. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Rosemarie Castoro/Paolo Icaro–An installation of branches/Works and spatial equivalents, thru 3/25. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196).

Henry Chalfant–Conceptual limestone carvings, thru 4/1. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Maureen Conner**–Assemblages made from articles of clothing, thru 3/29. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Mary Dritschel/Vince O'Leary–A multi-media installation /Light piece synthesis photos, 3/28-4/23. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

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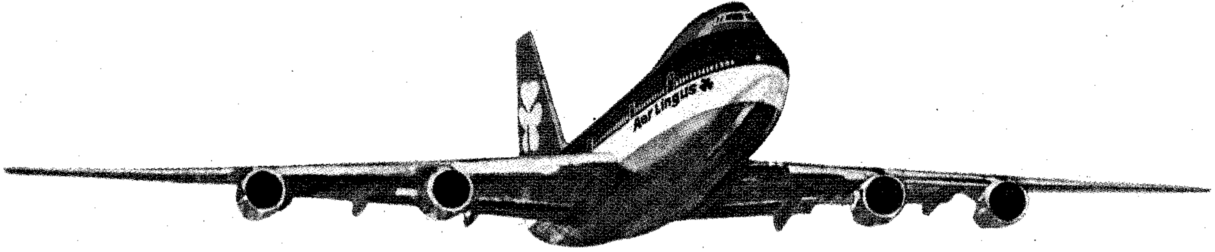

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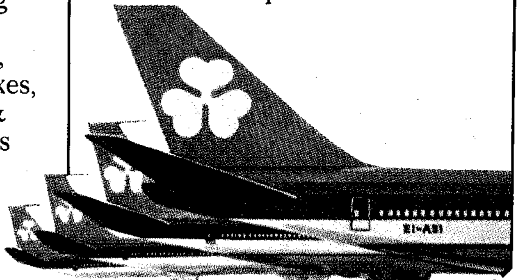

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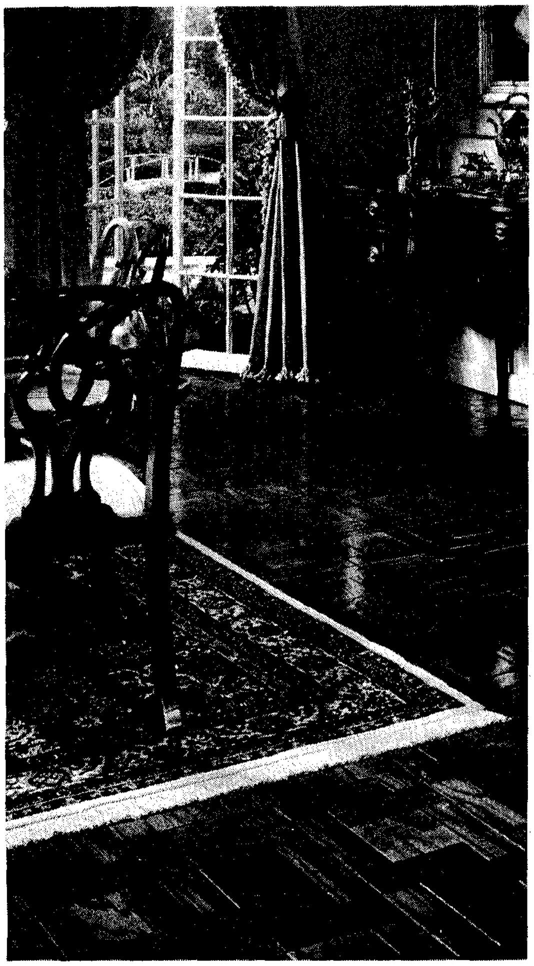

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Richard Fishman–Copper foil curled against thin *steel rods, thru 3/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene* (966-3066).

Ken Glickfeld–Abstractions using industrial materials and found objects, thru 4/2. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

***Myron Heise**–The city at night, thru 3/29. Bowery, 135 Greene (477-9879).

Steve Kelemen/Joyce Rezender–*Figurative* porcelain reliefs /Lyrical abstractions, thru 3/29. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

Kathy Kramer–Inconsistent abstractions, thru 4/2. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

Niki Logis–Copper and brass right-angle structures, thru 4/1. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Margaret Miller–Log sculptures and drawings reconstituting the constellations, thru 4/5. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Patsy Norvell–*New sculpture, thru 4/5. A.I.R., 97* Wooster (966-0799).

Beatrice Riese/Sandra Stanton–Modified grid systems as intellectual analogues /Street scenes, thru 3/30. West Broadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Jane Rosen–Sculpture, thru 4/1. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Fred Sandback–Construction III, thru 3/25. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Ben Schonzeit**–Views of a period piece music room, thru 4/6. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Sandra Sheppard–Sculpture, paintings, and drawings /A multi-media group, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

***Nora Speyer**–Adam and Eve, the expulsion, and trees by a pond, thru 4/7. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Don Stern–Interiors in paint, thru 3/30. Educational Alliance, 197 E Bdwy (475-6200). Sun-Thurs 10-10, Fri 10-5.

Lee W. Tiffany–Sculpture and paintings, thru 4/2. Alnico, 123 Prince (228-6586). Tues-Sun 12-5.

***Selina Trieff**–Figurative inner worlds, thru 3/29. Prince St, 106 Prince (242-1561). Tues-Sun 12-5.

OTHER

Elizabeth Egbert–Laminated plywood sculpture, thru *3/21. Interart, 549 W 52nd (246-6569). Mon-Fri 2-8.*

Thomas Goldenberg/Ron Janowich–Paintings/Drawings, thru 3/31. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192). Wed-Sat 12-6.

***Nancy Graves**–A 5,000 pound bronze fossil sculpture, thru 4/30. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

Jorge Hugo–Mixed-media on burlap and canvas, thru 4/8. Spanish Institute, 684 Park at 68th (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Maggie Kotuk/Nicholas Nappi–Large figurative paintings/Works on paper, thru 3/29. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

***Ron Martin/Henry Saxe**–Large quantities black paint on canvas/Steel-plate sculpture, thru 3/26. Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave (249-8950).

Irene Peslikis–Photographic blow-ups of collages, thru 4/2. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

Pat Steir–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 3/25. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Todd Stone–Paintings and watercolors, thru 3/31. Tanglewood, 165 Duane (233-0130).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Works on paper, including the thick acrylic collage-drawings of Hudson and the ruins at Cuzco by Pearlstein, thru 3/30.

***Goodman**–38 E 57th (755-3520). Objects by Agnetti, Johns, Marisol, Porter, Rauschenberg, others, thru 4/1.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Hockey in works by Arman, Feigen, others, thru 4/1.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5. *Dubuffet, Herbin, Matta, Miró, others, thru 3/24.*

African Tribal Arts II–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Masks and helmets used in puberty rites of Sierra Leone and Liberia, thru 3/30.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Sarsony, others, thru 4/1.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Raku wall plaques and sculpture by the Kemenyffys, glass by Reed, and woven neck pieces by Elston, thru 4/8.

Ericson–963 Mad Ave (737-6155). Four contemporary Californians, thru 4/8.

***Forum**–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Four American Sculptors: Gross, Lachaise, Nadelman, and Robus, thru 3/29.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). 20th century paintings and sculpture from Brancusi to Lichtenstein, thru 4/8.

French Institute–22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 11-8, Fri 11-5:30, Sat 11-1:30. French picture postcards from 1889-1919, thru 5/5.

***L'Isis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Julie–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). "Circus" by gallery artists, thru 4/1.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Canale, Roper, others, thru 3/31.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 3/31.

***Stone**–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Ducmanh and Hyatt and airplanes by Williams, thru 3/31.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Ten years at this co-op, including works by Admiral, De Niro, Reiner, Wexler, thru 4/29. Wed-Sat 12-5.

Caldwell–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Works on paper by Hart, large oils by Shedletsky, others, thru 4/1.

***Cuningham Ward**–94 Prince (966-0455). Nine artists from Australia, thru 4/15.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Paperworks by 100 artists, thru 4/15.

***OK Harris**–383 E Bdwy (431-3600). Photo-propaganda by Eckstein, sculpture and wall pieces by Gelfman-Pereira, Norris, Steinhauer, and Thiele, thru 3/25.

Neill–136 Greene (925-8633). Three painters and a sculptor, thru 3/25.

Pretto–176 Franklin (925-3430). Tues-Sat 3-6. Contemporary Europeans, thru 3/30.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Scale and matter in works by Bruns, Natale, Waite, others, thru 3/25.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6. Enamel art, thru 3/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Tapestries and colored burning wood by Albu, collages by Bloom, paintings and sculpture by Di Falco, and oils by Hoxter, thru 3/30.

OTHER

ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary Indian artists and traditional arts of Nepal and Tibet, thru 3/25.

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Tapestries from Senegal by thirteen artists, thru 6/10.

American Academy–633 W 155th (286-1480). Tues-Sun 1-4. Beck, Gillespie, LaHotan, Lucchesi, others, thru 4/9.

Arsenal–830 5th (858-1416). Mon-Fri 9-5. Civello's linear portraits and Sheirr's colorist landscapes, thru 3/31.

Artist-Craftsmen of NY–Union Carbide, 270 Park Ave (643-9650). Mon-Fri 10-4:30. Crafts in all media, thru 3/27.

Exhibitionists–92-20 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-5. Barton, Gardner, La Noue, Trager, Tschinkel, others, thru 3/25.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Video, posters, illustrations by faculty, thru 4/1.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

***Pratt Graphics**–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Cast paper pieces using pulp by Boyle, Kelly, Lutz, Nevelson, others, thru 4/1.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Waldman–231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Fri 9:30-6:30. Sat til 5. Pictographs from the Warlis, an East Indian tribe, thru 3/31.

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Photography

***Micha Bar Am/Harold Edgerton/Frank Rinehart**–Begin and Sadat by this Mid-East photojournalist / High-speed, freeze frame shots /American Indian portraits, 3/22-4/22. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288 - 7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

George Chinsee–Fashion portraits, thru 4/10. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Linda Connor/Anthony Dubovsky–Landscapes, still lifes, portraits/Constructed photo montages, thru 3/25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Daniel Deitch**–Italy, thru 3/31. Diana, 21 W 46th (246-1770). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Beryl Goldberg/Julie Mihaly–West Africans /Swimmers in a pool, thru 4/3. Double Exposure, 340 Ave of the Americas (541-7600).

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). Survey of current attitudes towards color, including the fragmented images of Link and the surreal middle-American landscapes of Lopez and Medina, thru 4/1.

***Rokuo Kawakami**–Herons and other winged creatures in the classical Japanese tradition, thru 3/27. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

Jay Maisel–Dye-transfer prints, thru 4/21. The Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776). Tues 10-5.

Tom Marotta–Romanians in black-and-white, thru 4/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Elaine Mayes–First NYC solo, 3/25-4/29. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

***Nickolas Muray**–*Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair* celebrities of the 20s, thru 4/15. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Aristides Pappidas**–Soho faces, thru 4/1. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

Pfeifer–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Work in 19th century processes by contemporaries, thru 3/25.

Richard A. Roaman–Scenes from Rome to Rio, thru 3/29. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. NYC night streets by Abrahams, Egypt by Takla, manipulated color polaroids by Fritz Andre Kracht, thru 3/28.

***John Thomson**–19th century China, Cambodia, Cyprus, and England, thru 4/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Daily 10-5, Thurs till 8:30, Sun 1-5.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Personal Visions, Places, Spaces:* Works which stress the individual vision; thru 4/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Look Again:* Decorative arts from the permanent collection; thru May.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in East Hampton:* His first major museum exhibition in a decade; thru 4/23. Collages by Jiri Kolár; thru 3/26. *American Sculpture:* from the permanent collection.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue:* The architecture of a neighborhood; thru 4/30. *The Photographer at the Museum:* Color photographs of works of art in some of the world's great museums; 4/1 thru 4/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Munkacsi—Spontaneity and Style:* The first retrospective of the work of Martin Munkacsi; thru 4/30. *Future Scientific Place and Other Spaces:* Lynne Cohen's photographs of the decorated interiors of public spaces and private dwellings; 3/23 thru 4/14.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings;* thru 5/15. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30. *Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century;* thru 5/7.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. Exhibition celebrating the 500th anniversary of Oxford University Press; thru 5/7. Exhibition of French and English flower books and drawings from the 15th to the 19th century; thru 5/14.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *In Loving Memory:* New York City tombstone rubbings; thru 4/30. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *New Stained Glass:* Small-scaled glass panels. Ceramics by David Gilhooly. Jewelry from the permanent collection. Thru 4/2.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Sol LeWitt:* The first comprehensive retrospective of his work to be presented in an American museum; thru 4/4. *Steichen:* The master prints (1895-1914); thru 3/28. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26. *New Standpoints, 1940-55:* Photos by various artists taken on American streets and characterized by extreme graphic economy; thru 4/30. *Mexican Art:* Engravings, prints paintings, and drawings by Posada, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Rivera; thru 6/25.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Private Myths:* Unearthings of contemporary art; thru 5/7.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Synchronism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-25;* thru 3/26. *Duane Hanson's Sculptures;* thru 4/16. Exhibition dealing with the formal properties of color photography; thru 4/23. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

National Invitation Tournament, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). Final doubleheader 3/21 at 6 & 8.

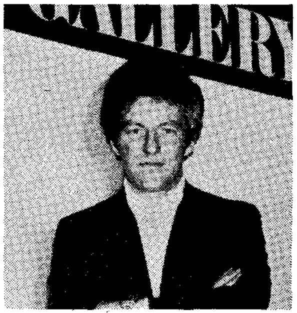
Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Denver Nuggets, 3/28 at 8:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Chicago Bulls, 3/22 at 8:05; vs. Washington Bullets, 3/24 at 8:10.

HOCKEY

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Cleveland Barons, 3/25. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. St. Louis Blues, 3/27 at 7:35.



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New York

MAUREEN LAMBRAY

First Sister

By Dotson Rader

Ruth Carter Stapleton stood in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, dressed in a long, red evening gown with a crystal necklace. Her streaked blond hair was cut short and combed back in full waves over her ears. She is 47 years old and she looked like what she is, a pretty former high school May Day queen from Plains, Georgia; a suburban housewife all dolled up and a bit nervous on a big night out.

With her was her husband, Dr. Robert Stapleton, a veterinarian from Fayetteville, North Carolina. He is tall, with black hair, a gray mustache, and glasses which emphasized the thinness of his face. He was clearly ill at ease in his black tuxedo and robin's-egg-blue dress shirt with its Versailles-lace front. But his wife loves to dance, and she loves her brother Jimmy, and Jimmy wanted her at the Waldorf, and, as usual, what Jimmy wants Jimmy gets.

In the lobby, people came up to Ruth Stapleton and asked for autographs or tried to slip her notes or bits of political advice to pass along to the president, or, more obviously, suggested their own appointment or those of their friends to various government jobs. The situation was embarrassing and annoying to both, but especially to Dr. Stapleton.

As they stood in the lobby waiting to enter the Grand Ballroom for the New York Salute to the President fund raiser, they could hear the shouts of demonstrators outside the hotel: gay-liberationists, anti-abortionists, Trotskyites, and others. The protesters' shouts and the half-drunken Democrats milling about the lobby like Vegas crap artists made the Stapletons uneasy. But they had to stay, killing time, because the president was late. They had nowhere to go. Certainly they couldn't go to the bar for a quick shot. Ruth Stapleton didn't want it reported in the press that Jimmy Carter's preacher sister had been drinking.

Hearing the demonstrators for gay rights, Mrs. Stapleton remarked that she understood their anger.

"What's the president think of Anita Bryant?" I asked.

She laughed. She wouldn't answer directly. *"Anita Bryant? . . .* Do you know the joke about the Baptist lady that goes to the deacon of the church and says, 'Deacon, I hear you been drinking wine!' And the deacon says, 'Yes, sister, I reckon I have. But you know in the Bible where it says that Jesus Himself drank wine, and that He was called a winebibber?' 'Yes,' the sister says, 'I *do* know that passage of Scripture, an' ever since I read it I ain't thought as much of Jesus.' "

She smiled. And then, perhaps because she knew that the Fundamentalist press wouldn't like her dancing tonight at her brother's gala, not even with *him* (like Betty Ford, Ruth Stapleton loves to dance; until she married she had trained to be a dancer and at one time had hoped that maybe, God willing, she might dance with Martha Graham), perhaps because of that, she said, "I'm so tired of people condemning and judging. Lord, what terrible things many Christians do in Jesus's name. Sometimes I'm ashamed to call myself a Christian because of the things Christians do in the name of Jesus that are wrong. They won't agree at Plains Baptist Church, but I *know* you won't go to hell for *dancing!*"

An hour later Ruth Stapleton danced in her brother Jimmy's arms as Peter Duchin's band played "I hear music and there's no one there."

Two weeks later, Ruth Stapleton flew to California from Fayetteville. On the West Coast she held public meetings and workshops on Inner Healing, a psychotherapy based on Christian principles and psychoanalytic techniques, employing prayer and "faith imagination" to heal psychic and emotional trauma. It is her own therapy, which she developed and has taught and practiced for nineteen years. She has held Inner Healing workshops and meetings in Europe, Australia, and the Far East and throughout the Americas. She has published two books and produced tapes and workbooks to explain her ministry and teach her techniques. She is president of Behold, Inc., a nondenominational, nonprofit religious healing foundation based in Fayetteville through which her ministry is spread.

She spoke at an Assembly of God church in Los Angeles. The church was new, decorated in a kind of San Juan–hotel style, occupying what was, until three years ago, a large restaurant and cocktail lounge in a shopping center off a freeway. Its theology was Full Gospel.

The Full Gospel teaches that beyond the confession of personal salvation and the sacraments celebrated by traditional Christianity lies a fuller spiritual world, a new Pentecost alive with miracle, divine enthusiasm, and wonder. In the context of twentieth-century Christianity, the Full Gospel is a decidedly radical movement, claiming to have rediscovered and made accessible to us the Gifts of the Holy Spirit given at Pentecost two millenia ago. The most dramatic of these mysteries, these Gifts or Fruits of the Spirit, are speaking in unknown tongues, physical healing, prophecy, and the casting out of demons.

In the last three decades, this charismatic gospel, of which Ruth Carter Stapleton is a leading advocate, has ad-

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Dotson Rader is the author of the novel Miracle.

"…'God speaks to my thoughts. Sometimes I don't know whether I'm thinking it or He's thinking it. Often it couldn't be me'…"

ADAM SCULL/BLACK STAR

vanced far beyond its historical origins in southern camp meetings and backwoods healing revivals to influence the established churches, communions that have till now resisted Pentecostal enthusiasm. Any Christian denominationalist can adhere to the Full Gospel. Thus you'll find Catholic nuns and priests, Anglican canons, Lutherans, and Presbyterians as well as Baptists and Methodists at Stapleton's meetings speaking together in unknown tongues. Today, Full Gospel (Pentecostal) Christianity is the fastest-growing segment of the church.

Ruth Stapleton's original and seminal contribution to the Full Gospel movement remains her shift of emphasis from the physical healing of the body to the inner healing of the mind: Until recently most Fundamentalists still suspected that emotional suffering or mental illness was either a result of sin or demon possession, and that psychiatry was a communist plot.

The initial appeal of the Full Gospel was its ability to heal paralysis, cancers, goiters, and other physical afflictions at the drop of a prayer. Ruth Stapleton, after going through a nervous breakdown in her late twenties and then entering into three years of psychotherapy, while taking more than 50 hours of graduate credits in psychology, has finally brought the charismatic movement to the understanding that mental suffering can be as terrible as physical pain, and that through love and forgiveness it can be healed. At the moment, Ruth Stapleton is the hottest thing on the evangelical circuit.

She is, also, more than any other member of the Carter family, responsible for Jimmy Carter's election as president. As governor of Georgia, when he declared for the Democratic nomination for president, he had no national organization and few political contacts outside the Deep South. His quest for the Oval Office was seen in most political circles as a joke. But Sister Ruth, through her national mailing list and tens of thousands of contacts in Christian churches, gave Jimmy Carter access to his original and most loyal network of supporters: Born Again Christians throughout the country.

In Los Angeles, 1,800 people filled the former restaurant and bar to hear her speak. More than a thousand others were outside the sanctuary, crowded into Sunday-school rooms to watch the service over closed-circuit television. Many had come great distances. She appeared on the platform after the collection was taken, the church's pastor having repeatedly reminded the congregation to make their checks payable to the church and *not* to Mrs. Stapleton. (*Mrs.* Stapleton, not Reverend: She has never been ordained as a minister.) She would not be paid a fee tonight, nor would her expenses be reimbursed. The only money she would receive would be a small royalty on the 25 copies of her book, *The Gift of Inner Healing,* to be sold after the service. Why only 25? She brings the books with her, and it's all she can carry.

Ruth Stapleton sat alone on the orange-carpeted platform to the left of the orange pulpit in front of the choir loft. She clapped her hands in time to the music as the congregation and the choir, accompanied by four trumpets and an organ, sang "Oh Lord My God, How Great Thou Art." As she listened, she smiled the famous Carter-family smile.

Ten minutes after the song service began, the pastor asked everyone to stand and prayerfully sing "Let's Forget About Ourselves, and Concentrate on Him." They did, and with this mournful, repetitive tune the character of the service began to change. For 30 minutes the singing and praying continued, the congregation moving from one hymn to another without any apparent direction from the service leader, raising their arms above their heads, waving them back and forth with the hymns' slow rhythm. Over the sound of the music murmured the muffled clamor of unknown tongues. It was a curious scene: Middle-class whites dressed like guests at a spring wedding in neat poly-knit suits and pastel dresses, in white summer shoes and gloves, these respectable souls stood swaying against each other, jabbering meaningless speech, some crying, some howling out the name of Jesus before an orange Formica pulpit near which the sister of the president of the United States stood, staring down at her white open-toed shoes.

As quickly as it began, it stopped. The crowd seated itself. There was silence. Ruth Stapleton came to the pulpit. She stared a moment at the crowd, and then she smiled.

"Tonight I want to talk about the healing of the mind and the emotions. It's the desire of the Father that we be healed, that we be transformed into the image of His Son, that expression of perfect love. . . . We have to forgive and forgive, until that forgiveness of the other person reaches our own heart, until our anger and unforgiveness is healed in love. When you forgive you begin the process of inner healing." She paused, touching her hand to her chest. Her gold bracelet and watch glittered in the light.

When Ruth Stapleton speaks, she smiles almost constantly. President Carter's smile often seems defensive, a nervous reaction to tension, like a facial tic, something that bursts forth with his handshake and immediately dies when he turns his head, like the grin of a Florida land salesman working a roomful of potential buyers. But Ruth Stapleton's smile is generously reassuring. Her gestures are subdued and relaxed, her voice breathy and intimate, its southern drawl mild, giving her speech modesty and warmth. She doesn't preach. She *chats.* Moments after she begins to speak, you feel that she is talking only to you, that you're alone in the room with her, and, yes, that she's about to whisper in your ear some wonderful secret. It's flattering and intensely compelling, creating a sense of intimacy in the largest crowd. People willingly receive the impression that she cares deeply about them on first meeting, the conviction that she's really just like them, just folks, as weak and ordinary and once troubled as they. It gives her public speaking extraordinary effect.

"God speaks to my thoughts. That's how He talks to me. Sometimes I don't know whether I'm thinking it or He's thinking it. But often I know it couldn't be me. You know what Jesus came for? *To set us free.* Free from hatred and bigotry. When I found out that not all I was taught at Plains Baptist Church was right, I was *shocked.* When I found out that Jesus wanted me to love Catholics and Jews, I was *shocked.* When I found out that love was to be unconditional, I was *shocked.* People ask me if I'm against communists. I say no. And *they're* shocked. . . ."

This last seemed to shock some of those in the congregation. A handful of people noisily got up and left.

"People criticize me for speaking to people they don't approve of. Let me tell you this: Jesus went to where the need was. Unlike most Baptists and most other Christians, Jesus was comfortable with sinners. Did you know that? He was comfortable with difference. If He came back tonight, I don't think it likely He'd go into the churches. He'd go down the block to the bars and massage parlors. He'd go where He was needed most, where forgiving, unconditional love was needed.

"I have found that Jesus loves a rapist, an exhibitionist, a drug addict, a communist. I have found that no one wants to be bad. You go to prisons and jails and you'll find that everyone there is like you. Everyone wants to be nice and kind. But there have been so many people scarred by life, so many people with that small child inside them hurting. Something deep within them makes them react un-

"…'Even when we were children, we competed. Jimmy felt he just *had* to win'…"

KEYSTONE

controllably, causes them to be obsessed, to be violent or perverse, to suffer psychological pain so great that it compels them to lash out at others to relieve that intolerable anguish. I also had hostilities and resentments, feelings of inadequacy and worthlessness so great that I couldn't be loving. Until Jesus came to heal me with love, I could have been an addict. But I found healing love before I found drugs. . . . I know that the emotional blocks inside each of us prevent us from loving or being able to receive love, make us incapable of feeling self-worth, make us desperate, overcritical, cruel. . . . Forgiveness and love can heal those emotional blocks inside of us. Love can set us free."

She paused again. She looked out over the congregation. She shook her head. "The United States won't be healed until it admits it's sick. We're so sick, and we think we can heal the world."

She went on about Inner Healing, illustrating her message with stories about her married life, her children, her own desperate years back in Plains and Americus, Georgia, where she met the handsome Bobby Stapleton when she was in college, bored, where all she wanted to do was dance, and instead she fell in love with him and married him and too quickly had one baby and then another, until there were four in all, two on the bottle and two in diapers, until she could not handle it, could not take it anymore, and she fell to pieces. What healed her, what made her well? Love, of course. His love. Jesus. Forgiveness. Finally, painfully, she came to forgive her father and mother and the rest of the family, all the significant people in her life, to go back and remember, to live it over again in her imagination and to forgive each in turn and ask their forgiveness until she could forgive herself and be whole. That was her message.

She asked the audience to close their eyes and to engage in "faith imagination" with her. To go back, back to that child you were, far away where it all begins and festers, still blocked inside you.

"Now visualize the front door of the house you lived in as a child. Take your time . . . some room in the house . . . don't worry if you don't get the room, if everything doesn't click just like I'm saying. There's time. Don't feel rushed. . . . Now you're sitting in some place in that house as that little child, that four- or five-year-old child, the child that still hurts inside you, that still feels rejection, that feels unloved and inadequate and fearful, that child who must forgive if you are to be healed . . ."

She continued in her patient way, asking them to imagine a mother or father coming into that lost room, and then Jesus entering to put His arms around them lovingly.

People in the church began to weep. The speaking in tongues grew louder, the atmosphere electric as she went on describing this benign scene, this tableau of Jesus, mother, father, and child forgiving one another in that imaginary room, forgiving and finally loving because, don't you see, they *all* did their best. They all *meant* to do good. It is intentions that count. The bad, the hurts and rejection, the terror and confusion felt by that little child, by *you*, it was unintentional, a terrible, regrettable, lamentable mistake that has scarred the child you are, denying to him his capacity to love and be healed, even now, as she speaks, holding him needlessly captive to a past wrongly conceived, to what now must be forgiven and forgotten, invented anew if love's healing is to come. That child inside you, at this very moment, hurting, needing love.

As she spoke—her voice never rising above a conversational level, its tenor soft and comforting, intimate, but soothingly so—her eyes looked intently over the crowd, alert to every nuance of response, as if judging how far she could take them into inner healing. As she stood, leaning against the pulpit, one foot behind the other, her toe rubbing the carpet, there was a moment when she glanced down at her watch. In that gesture, she betrayed that she knew exactly what she was doing, and that she could, on schedule, move this congregation to exactly where she wanted them to be.

Fayetteville, North Carolina, is a lovely town of 90,000 people about three hours from the ocean. Its economy is based on light industry and on support services for the huge military base nearby, at Fort Bragg. It is a deeply conservative, heavily churched, and largely middle-class place, and it is here that Ruth and Robert Stapleton live in a pleasant four-bedroom house, in one of Fayetteville's better areas. Their oldest son, Scotty, is a medical student at Chapel Hill, only a few hours' drive away. Their two daughters are married and live in town. Their youngest son, Michael, who is eighteen, lives at home, although he will be off to college in the fall.

When I arrived at the Stapleton house, Ruth Stapleton was in the living room being interviewed and filmed by French television. She waved at me when I entered. Although the air conditioning was on, the room was hot under the television lights. She was sweating and her makeup was a mess.

When the filming was finished, we all drove twelve miles out of town, through the piny woods to a small lake. A hundred feet from its shore, in a grove of pine and cedar, is Ruth Stapleton's cottage. This is where she goes to be alone. The cottage is informal contemporary—a large, open living room and dining area under a beamed ceiling, stairs leading up to balconies which overlook the downstairs and off of which are bedrooms. It is a bright and welcoming place.

"How long have you owned the cabin?"

"Pardon?" She hadn't been listening. "I'm sorry. I've got so much to handle all the time, my work, and then Bobby and the children. Sometimes you just . . ." She didn't complete the thought.

"Why do you do it? Why travel about the world speaking? You could make more money doing something else."

"I know I don't have to go around the country speaking." She held a glass of iced tea against her forehead, feeling its cold against her skin. She was wearing a white pantsuit and gold jewelry, and the wet from the glass dripped on her slacks. "I don't need the money or want it. I don't enjoy big crowds of people. But I do speak all the time. Because we've got to do something to help this screwed-up world. That's why. But I need to be alone a lot. That's when I come here. In my early years of marriage, it seemed as necessary as life to have a place of my own. I persuaded Bobby to let me build this. In the summer, when the children were little, I would retreat here." She looked around the place. "I'm sorry it's such a mess. I didn't want you to see it this way. I've been away, that's why it isn't clean."

It looked clean to me.

She sipped the last of her iced tea. "It sure is *hot*. Let's go swimming at the club."

We walked outside and talked in the shade until the television crew was finally ready to leave.

I asked her what it was like growing up in the South.

"A girl in the South? Why, don't y'all know we were just supposed to be *pretty*, that's all, although I never did consider myself pretty. I never really fancied my face. I went some years of my life blaming Daddy because he loved and pampered me so much that I never did learn to do a damn thing. I came in later life to resent that, that constant protection, not letting me take responsibility because he loved me so much. I think more people are hurt by people being *too* good than being bad. Daddy was that way with my mother and my sister too. He was definitely the dominant one in the family. He did all the punishing. He didn't go to church much because he didn't like the preacher at Plains Baptist. I didn't either. But he let us go to church.

"Daddy was built very much like Billy is. Billy looks just like him. He was a heavy man, heavy and short. When Daddy was five years old, his father, my grandfather, was shot dead in the street. And before that my Daddy's grandfather had been shot dead too, murdered with a gun. But my Daddy's father was a poet and a traveling salesman, and there was no reason for it happening, an argument or something. So I guess that's why Daddy was careful with his anger, like Jimmy is now. He never spanked us until a certain period of time had passed and his anger was gone. He always made us cut our own switch, which was very traumatic. I think he did that so he wouldn't act out of emotion. When he was angry he'd give you a *look*. Both Jimmy and Daddy have glaring eyes."

"Do you think it's healthy to repress your emotions, like Jimmy, to keep everything tightly inside?"

"I couldn't say. I think it's because Jimmy and Daddy spent a lifetime of discipline and self-control. Neither one of them ever made a snap decision. Jimmy and I have this competitive thing between us. Even when we were children we competed. Jimmy always felt he just *had* to *win*."

We left the cabin and drove over to the country club to swim. Michael, the youngest son, was at the pool, where he works as a lifeguard.

That night we went to a fish house for dinner, and afterward we returned to the Stapleton house for wine. And there she spoke again of her childhood and of Billy.

After Jimmy had gone off to Annapolis, Billy stayed behind in Plains with his father, helping with the business. Billy believed that Jimmy would make his career in the navy and that he himself would stay on the land and manage the business, that the business would be his. But his father died before Billy was out of high school. The death had a terrible effect on Miss Lillian, his mother. And so Jimmy came home again and took control. He ran everything. Billy, who thought in time he would have the business for himself, found on Jimmy's return that he had become an employee of his older brother's. Jimmy always won.

Later, when Jimmy Carter entered politics, Billy freed him to do it by running the peanut business and running it well, as his father had taught him to do. Billy may have expected, when Jimmy won the governorship and, even more, the presidency, that the business would be his.

"Why doesn't the president just give the business to Billy?" I asked. "He certainly doesn't need it anymore."

"I know," she said. "And I can't tell you why. It's held in a blind trust, and it's going to be sold. I think he should just hand it over to Billy and say, Thanks for making it possible."

But that, from what I know through White House sources, would be impossible. Jimmy Carter has tremendous difficulty saying thanks to anyone, most especially to his family, all of whom campaigned for years to help him to power. And perhaps the president's apparent ingratitude goes back to his childhood and youth, to the competitiveness and jealousies born then and not silenced now.

"Jimmy's just like Daddy," Ruth said. "And that's just what he wanted to be."

I saw Mrs. Stapleton several months later when she flew to Great Britain to speak at Westminster Abbey and at York Minster. She stayed at the Inn on the Park in London, and the night before she left for Scandinavia for more speaking engagements I met her for a drink at the hotel. She had a glass of white wine, and I a vodka.

"Tonight when I came in," she said, "there were all these reporters and photographers outside yelling at me, 'What do you think of the events in Washington?' I hadn't heard anything about events in Washington. I thought, Oh God, did Mama die? Have they bombed the White House? It was like a dream. I hadn't expected any reporters. I was very alarmed. 'What happened?' I kept asking. 'Bert Lance resigned!' they said. Well, after thinking all those terrible things, I just blurted out, 'What a *relief!*'" She laughed. "And I love Bert Lance, and I don't think he should have resigned. I wonder if they'll quote that in the papers? I didn't mean what it sounded like."

"They'll probably quote you."

She nodded. "You think? You know, I gave this long, very serious interview to one of the dailies here. I thought, It's going to be very important because finally I've got a reporter who is seriously interested in my ministry and respects what I'm doing, someone who won't talk only about my being Jimmy's sister. Did you see it?" She giggled.

I said no.

"Well, it came out today, this *very serious* interview. It showed a huge

"…'If Jesus loves Larry, and Larry's doing his best, who am I to turn my back?'…"

UPI/SYGMA

picture of me with my mouth wide open, and above it was a huge headline that read: HER MOUTH AND TEETH ARE AS BIG AS JIMMY'S! And that was all there was!"

Several weeks ago Ruth Stapleton came to New York to visit friends and do some shopping. We had dinner at Jim McMullen's restaurant, and we talked late into the night. She had been on a speaking tour for months, holding meetings in churches and auditoriums around the country. She took to the meetings a request from the president asking for prayer. The prayer request had been her idea. The first family's honeymoon with the press is now ended and everywhere she goes she is confronted with questions about Bert Lance or publisher Larry Flynt or, most recently, Hamilton Jordan. It has become tedious.

We talked about her son Scotty's wedding, which I had attended.

"Did you know that at the dance the night before the wedding at least ten people asked me if I was Larry Flynt?" I asked. "I couldn't understand it. I kept looking to see if my fly was open!"

"People seemed to be expecting him to come. He wasn't invited."

"How did you meet him?"

"Through a friend, a producer on *60 Minutes*. He urged me to talk with Larry. Larry flew to Fayetteville. Bobby and I took him to the country club for dinner. We started talking about Jesus. Then Bobby left us alone in the restaurant, and for three hours Larry poured out his heart to me. He was troubled, emotionally and spiritually, and he needed inner healing. He needed Jesus. I told him how to find Him. He started to weep. He said that I was the first person except Althea [his wife] who cared about him just as he was. I told him no, Jesus was the first. Later, Bobby and I went to Columbus and talked to him some more. Then we saw him in San Antonio. That's when the change took place. He committed himself to Jesus."

"Had you seen *Hustler* before you met him?"

"No. It doesn't make any difference. People think I shouldn't know him because he puts out pornography. Or did. That he doesn't live right, meaning live as *they* do. He's a sinner. But Jesus loves him. He loves all of us. And if Jesus loves Larry, and if Larry tells me he's a Christian and trying to do the best he can, who am I to turn my back on him? Who are we to judge his heart?"

"But it'll hurt your ministry!" I thought it already had.

"I don't care. Finally, I do not care. I won't turn my back on a friend, someone trying to change and heal his life; I won't do it just to please the press and other people. If everyone's throwing stones, I'm not going to bend down and throw them too. Jesus wouldn't. I'm sure of that."

"What about the president and your family?"

"Jimmy never talks to me about what I do. And my family understands. I must do what I think's right."

I remembered Dr. Stapleton telling me that in nineteen years he had never known his wife to turn aside a request for help.

About 2 A.M. we stood on Third Avenue in the snow waiting for a taxi. It was cold. The snow fell on her blond hair, sparkling in the light.

"Where do you go after New York, Ruth?"

"More meetings. And then to Holovita." Holovita is the 30-acre Inner Healing retreat center she's established in Argyle, Texas, near Dallas. "Then I'll be back when my book [about Billy] is published. I wish I could stay here longer. I don't mind the snow. I like New York. You're left alone."

I thought she meant the press. "Is the press getting to you and the family? Does it bother the president?"

She thought a moment. "No. I don't think so. Jimmy's got a pretty tough skin. We're used to it. Do you remember just before the inauguration when Reverend King tried to get membership in Plains Baptist Church? I was so *ashamed* of the church. It was shameful, what they did. But we understood it because King's been around Plains for years. He's a nut. When Jimmy ran for governor, his opponent paid King to heckle and curse Jimmy. They [the Republicans] also tried to depict me as a crazy Holy Roller faith healer in the press to hurt Jimmy. And then they went after poor Bert . . . and now? But we Carters just go on. We go *on!*"

She got into the taxi and smiled at me. And on she went.

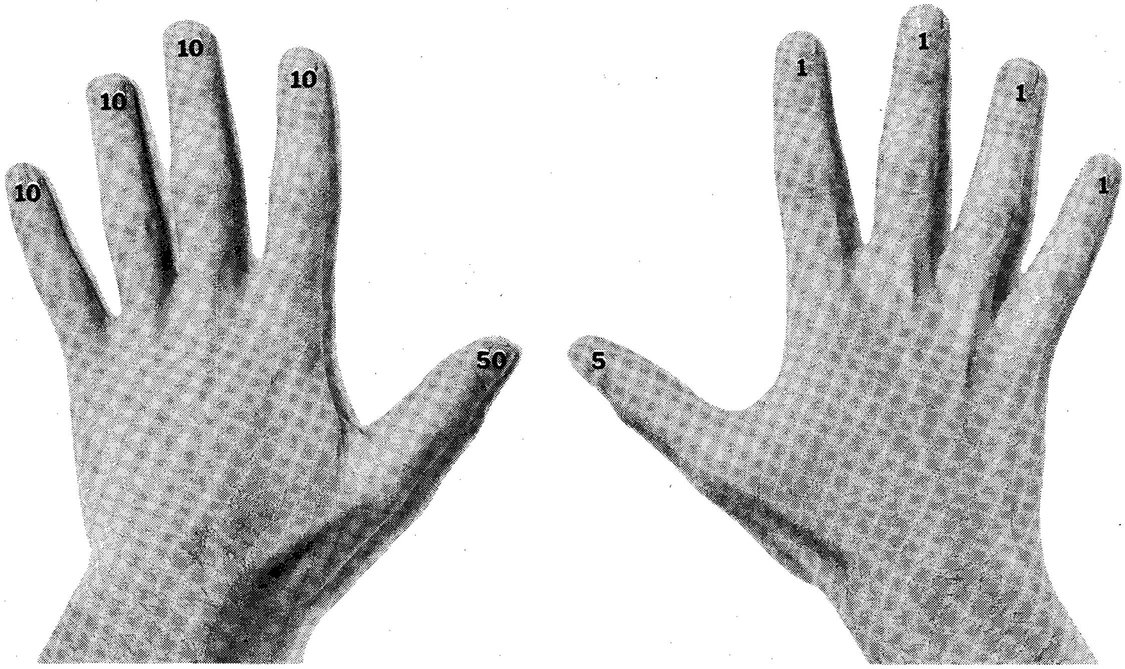
Two weeks later, Larry Flynt was shot in Georgia. As soon as she was told about it, Ruth Stapleton flew in from Fayetteville to visit him. "I was very frightened. I thought he was dead. I'd been told Larry had been shot eight times. I thought, Is this the beginning of the shootings? Will there be others next?"

I think she meant the family.

"It was only Althea and me there. Larry was unconscious. I prayed for Larry. And I know he'll live."

The report is that Mr. Flynt is paralyzed. Will he ever walk again?

"I don't know, but it'll be all right. You'll see. He'll go on. He'll surprise you. Larry will be all right." ■



ARMEN KACHATURIAN

Ten-finger exercise: *The fingers here are marked with the value they are assigned in the Chisanbop calculation system.*

Reading and Writing and Chisanbop

By Elaine Fein

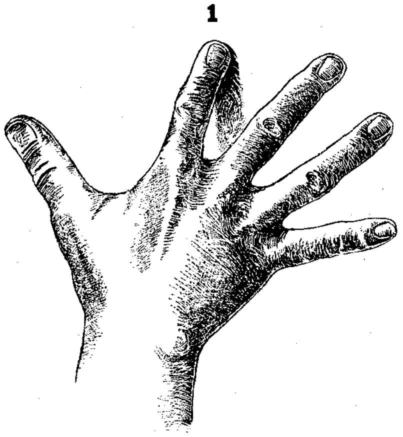
In a country (ours) where a high percentage of adults have difficulty performing the four basic mathematical functions, a method of teaching that has kindergarten children doing these things proficiently deserves not only our attention but our awe.

It exists and it is called Chisanbop, a transliteration of the Korean for "finger calculation method." It has some connection, but not much, with the universal phenomenon of counting on one's fingers. Chisanbop is really a human extension of the abacus, structured on the decimal system. The hands perform as a calculator in which the fingers, *not the mind*, accumulate, compute, and clear arithmetical data. With Chisanbop, children can do any form of addition, multiplication, division, or subtraction; later, they are able to go on to algebra, fractions, and decimals.

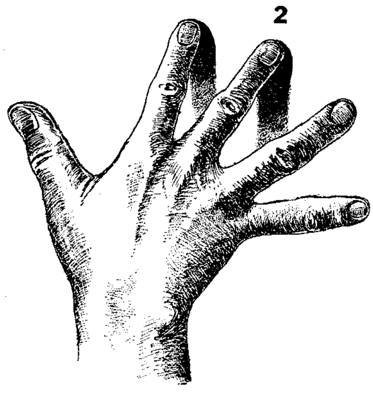
Chisanbop was invented about twenty years ago by Sung Jin Pai, an expert Korean mathematician whose son Hang Young Pai lives and teaches in America. Pai conceived the idea of adapting his father's advanced form of finger calculation into a course in

HOW TO ADD 3 + 8 . . .

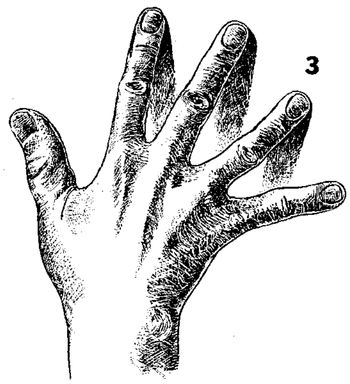
What the right hand is doing: *The "one" fingers count up to three. Then, on Step 4, they begin adding eight.*



ONE

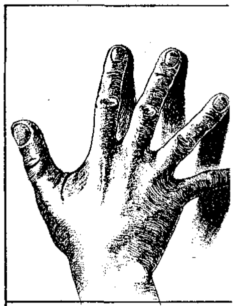


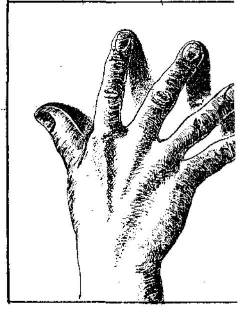
TWO



THREE

FOUR





EIGHT

"...The hands perform as a calculator in which the fingers, *not the mind*, accumulate, compute, and clear arithmetical data..."

which the essence of the system would remain intact but would be refined enough to be comprehended by a child. He did this, but his efforts to gain widespread interest in Chisanbop were unavailing until he met a man named Edwin Liebertha1.

Ed Liebertha1 and his wife, Bernadette, have two adopted daughters from Korea—Joy, seven, and Aimee, six. Both girls participated in a cultural program for Korean-Americans which is given at John F. Kennedy High School in Riverdale. Here the two men met. "I saw in this something that was dynamic enough to move the world," says Liebertha1. "It's a very powerful system, but its essence is in its simplicity and accuracy and not in the speed, which tends to overpower the viewer. The level of comprehension is remarkable . . . years beyond what is expected at various grade levels."

Liebertha1 points out that Chisanbop instills in youngsters a real sense of the *meaning* of numbers, something an electronic calculator cannot do. Pocket calculators are being used more and more in the lower grades; it's a game for kids—press the buttons and come up with the right answer. Edward Esty, of the National Institute of Education, has pointed out the danger of this game: "The fear is that children will have to rely on a calculator to add five and two."

Little Aimee Liebertha1 has been on the *Today* show demonstrating her proficiency, and the response was terrific. Liebertha1 now receives an average of 10,000 letters a day—all of them, he says, approving. The New York City Board of Education has gotten involved and the response of math teachers was overwhelmingly favorable. Liebertha1 has formed a company, Chisanbop Enterprises, Inc., which sells the program and the necessary literature to school districts and is assembling a network of instructors that will hold workshops throughout the country. (He has also written the *Chisanbop Home Study Book—Addition,* available at bookstores or, for $10.75, from Chisanbop Home Study, P.O. Box 99, Mount Vernon, New York 10551.) So far, in every experimental test situation in which Chisanbop kids were measured against other kids, the Chisanboppers have won.

Whether Chisanbop will be of any help to grown men and women is another question. In the offices of this magazine, little Aimee Liebertha1, an adorable child, tried to teach two highly sophisticated editors to add eight and seven by the new method. One grasped the principle involved rather quickly and gave the answer —"fourteen"—in lightning time. The other editor had poor eye-hand coordination. It is a terrible thing to see a child's innocent face transfigured by disgust.

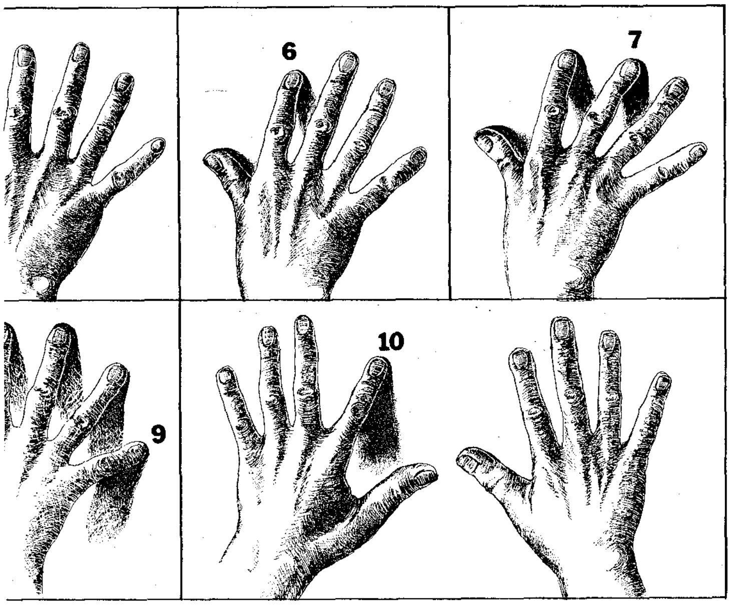
How to Add

In Chisanbop each of the right-hand fingers receives a value of one, and the right thumb a value of five. Each of the left-hand fingers is given a value of 10, and the left thumb a value of 50. You count off by pressing the "one" fingers down, working from the index finger outward, one to four. When you reach five, press down the right thumb and lift the four-finger accumulation, thus "clearing" those four fingers. You can then press those fingers down to add more numbers, and, when you get to ten, clear the entire right hand by pressing the index finger of the left hand, which represents ten. Twenty can be represented by pressing the left index and middle fingers, and so on, so the hands can represent numbers up to 99.

To add two numbers, press down the fingers representing the first number. (Think of the left hand as the "tens" digit of a two-digit number, and the right hand as the "ones" digit.) Then count off the second number, beginning with the first free finger on the right hand, moving outward. Exchange the four "one" fingers for the right thumb when you get to a multiple of five; exchange the entire right hand for a "ten" finger when you get to a multiple of ten. When you've finished counting, your hands will spell out the sum. ■

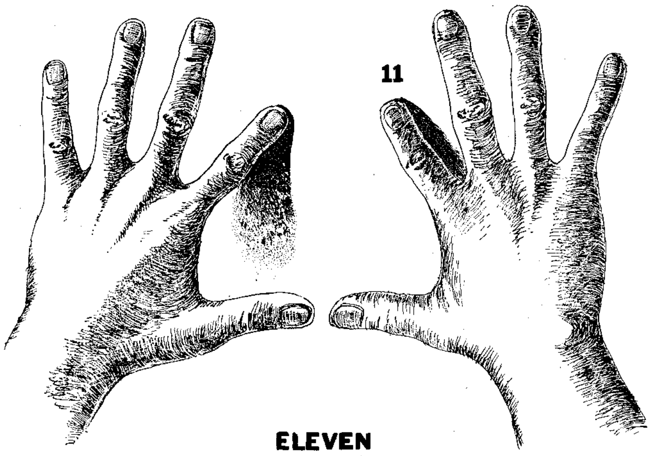
. . . AND GET 11

FIVE **SIX** **SEVEN**



NINE **TEN**

The sum of the parts: *When eight has been added on, the hands spell out eleven (a "ten" finger and a "one" finger).*



ELEVEN

Illustrated by Randall Enos

The Movie-House Game

By Stuart Byron

"...*Fingers* could have opened anywhere in the city months ago. Or it could have waited for Cinema II. The wait seemed worth it..."

It is called "the Block" in the film industry, and nobody ever asks which block. The east side of Third Avenue between 59th and 60th streets is the location of four movie theaters, and together they add up to the most prestigious address in New York—some say the world—for a new film to open, or, as the trade puts it, have its "first-run engagement." The dream, sometimes obsessive, of the producer, the director, the distributor of almost every film is that it open in New York at Cinema I or Cinema II or the Coronet or the Baronet.

Most, of course, don't make it. But many—maybe most—finally don't even try. The theaters on the Block are what used to be called, and sometimes still are called, "art theaters"—houses of under 1,000 seats. Big-budget spectacles like *Star Wars* opt for size over prestige and go into larger venues on Times Square or East 86th Street. The policies of the Block, the "images" of the four houses, dictate against most thrillers and action films.

But that still leaves all the rest—all of the foreign flicks and all of the American comedies and "serious" dramas—the films which make it on quality rather than hype. The list of hit movies which began their careers on the Block is formidable: *Tom Jones, The Exorcist, The Graduate, Five Easy Pieces, Cries and Whispers, The Story of Adèle H., M*A*S*H, Rocky, Julia, The Turning Point,* and dozens more. Publicist Arthur Rubine says, "Seat for seat, those four theaters are the most profitable in the country."

The city's two most important chains of art theaters share this bounty. Cinema 5, Ltd., headed by Donald S. Rugoff and called "the Rugoff theaters" or just "Rugoff" by everybody in the industry, owns Cinemas I and II. The Walter Reade Organization, now headed by Sheldon Gunsberg, runs the Baronet and Coronet. Rugoff, Gunsberg, and Gunsberg's aide, William J. Quigley, are the three men who decide whether dreams will come true—what will, and will not, play the Block.

To achieve that opportunity, grave sacrifices are sometimes made. *Fingers,* the arty gangster film now playing at Cinema II, was actually ready to open somewhere five months ago. Distributor Brut Productions showed it to Reade's Bill Quigley, who didn't care for it, and to Rugoff, who did. But Rugoff offered Brut a choice: *Fingers* could open within a few weeks at the Plaza, the circuit's house at 58th Street and Madison Avenue, or it could go "into a sequence" at Cinema II. This meant that *Fingers* would have to wait first for *Outrageous!,* then for *Padre Padrone.*

Brut chose to wait for the better theater. "I respect this decision," says James Toback, the film's director. "Brut is a division of Fabergé, but it's still a small company compared to the major studios, and to hold up getting any return from the entire nation on a $1.2-million film just to open at the right New York theater took a lot of guts."

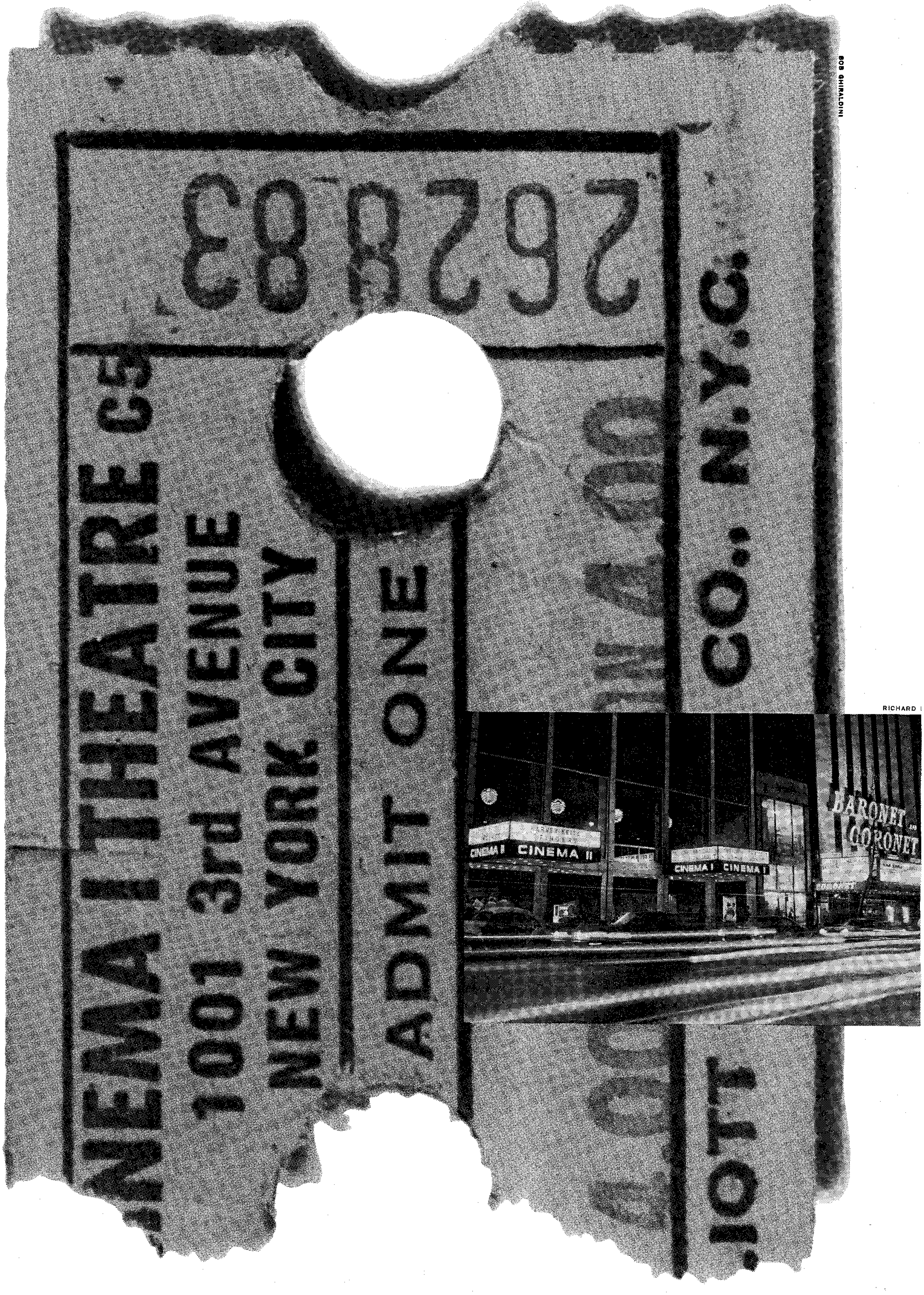
The efforts of powerful producers or studios to muscle their way onto the Block are frequent. Last summer, producer Frank Yablans determined that only the Coronet was good enough for *The Other Side of Midnight,* and pressured 20th Century–Fox to get the booking. Fox had its work cut out for it. For one thing, the trashy *Other Side* was hardly the type of critic-approved film which normally plays the Coronet. More serious, though, was the fact that if it booked the picture, the Coronet (along with a Times Square theater, the National) would be playing *Other Side* exclusively in the metropolitan area for only eight days; at that point, a neighborhood-theater run would commence, while the Coronet would be expected to continue playing the picture simultaneously with 30 to 40 theaters in the outer boroughs and the suburbs.

It was the type of juicy eyeball-to-eyeball exhibitor-distributor conflict that fans the flames of industry gossip for weeks. The Reade circuit screamed that it was being asked to abandon the policies which made the Coronet so desirable in the first place. Fox made it clear, over and over, that, as it was gleefully put in scores of industry kaffeeklatsches, "Frank *ha-a-a-a-a-a-s* to have the Coronet."

I asked Sheldon Gunsberg whether it was true, as I had heard from many sources within the film industry, that such fierce arm-twisting had occurred during the negotiations. The circuit president denied this strenuously, but conceded that the chain was asked to make an exception to usual policy.

Julian Schlossberg, who used to work for the Reade chain, says, "A decade ago, there was always one major distributor you were fighting with, not doing business with, at any given time. Nowadays, it's completely a seller's market. Circuits like Rugoff or Reade just can't afford to offend any of the six major distributors."

In the end, a compromise was reached between Fox and Reade. *The Other Side of Midnight* was booked to open at the Coronet eight days before it was to play the nabes, but Fox agreed to guarantee the theater against any losses it might incur anytime during the run of the film. Everyone then

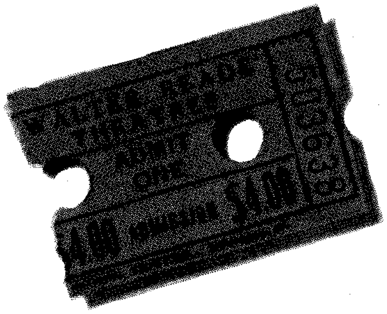

NEMA I THEATRE C5
1001 3rd AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
ADMIT ONE
262883
CO., N.Y.C.
CINEMA I
CINEMA II
BARONET
CORONET

BOB GHIRALDINI

RICHARD I

Hottest ticket in town: *Every producer and distributor dreams of opening his movie on the Block, that stretch of four theaters on Third Avenue across from Bloomingdale's. Even among these four there's a pecking order, and currently Cinema I is tops.*

"...The list of hit movies which began their careers on the Block is formidable: *Tom Jones, The Exorcist, Five Easy Pieces, Rocky...*"



made sure that the arrangement became industry scuttlebutt so that the Coronet's reputation would be safe.

But how did the Block become the Block? This is a matter of dispute. The simple proximity of the four theaters to one another is the usual explanation. Don Rugoff himself notes: "In 1960, the Baronet was the only theater at that location—and it wasn't that hot a house." Press agent Rubine says that people go to another movie on the Block if the line is too long for the one they've come for.

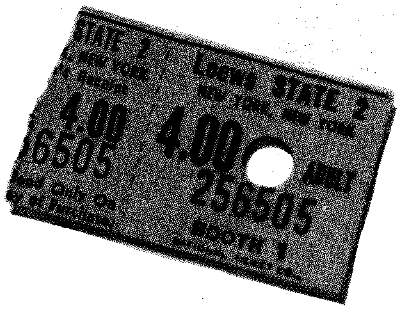
Others credit the street traffic in the area generated by Bloomingdale's and Alexander's. This was Frank Yablans's reason for insisting on the Block for *The Other Side of Midnight*. "This was the first real 'woman's picture' out of Hollywood in a long, long time," he explains. "And Bloomingdale's is a mecca for women."

Exhibitor Meyer Ackerman, whose 68th St. Playhouse is close enough to be in direct competition with the Block, thinks it's all hogwash. "Location doesn't mean a thing. Any theater can become successful if it's programmed correctly. What's the chicken and what's the egg? A theater has good pictures. So people come to it. Because people come to it, they get good pictures." Theaters which have reached a position where the chicken-and-egg question can be posed are said to have a "mystique." Besides the houses on the Block, only three or four Manhattan theaters have one: Rugoff's Sutton, Loews State I and II, and Reade's Ziegfeld.

But "mystique" is a relatively new word to describe a top movie theater. Thirty years ago, the word was "character," because the best houses were each associated with different kinds of movies. Nowadays probably no more than two Manhattan theaters occupy niches that are unique: the Paris, which has played the top French films since 1948, and the Ziegfeld, which is the first choice for musicals or other aural-visual spectaculars.

"Two generations ago, every New York theater had a character," says Meyer Ackerman. This was largely because major studios were allowed to own theaters until the 1948 consent decrees. Each had one or two houses on Broadway, and the policies of the various theaters necessarily reflected individual studios. If the Capitol and the State stood for all-star glamour, that was because the Loews theater chain was the parent company of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. If lowbrow comedies with Bob Hope, Dean Martin, and Jerry Lewis were associated with the Paramount Theater, that was because Paramount Pictures made them.

The art theaters followed suit. "In those days," Ackerman reports, "you thought the only way to run a theater was to specialize in something." The Sutton, for example, opened the J. Arthur Rank productions and Ealing (Alec Guinness) comedies, and was thought of as an English-language art house. The World (now a sex house) specialized in the earthy Italian neorealist films like *Bitter Rice*. The Paris and, earlier, the 55th St. Playhouse showed such classics of the French golden age as *Carnival in Flanders* and *Symphonie Pastorale.*



Many theaters had followings—hard cores of fans who went to every new show. Even by the mid-sixties, a film's first week at the Paris almost never grossed less than $8,000, because, the Paris's Duncan McGregor Jr. told me then, "there are a lot of little old ladies on Park Avenue who see everything that plays the Paris—even the flops."

It is doubtful that any theater—even the Paris—has that sort of guaranteed audience today. Now that the Hollywood studios have lost their individual characters, the theaters have too. Instead, the good ones claim to have standards—to show good films, of whatever character. And they hope that some subliminal recognition factor operates in the public consciousness—that people will tend to go to a movie in a theater which has played lots of good ones before.

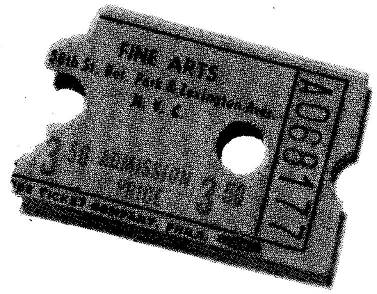
And so the film industry persists in obsessively ranking theaters—who's up, who's down, what's "tops," what's a "doghouse," what's a "graveyard." But nobody really knows if it makes the slightest bit of difference. "Have you ever heard anyone say, 'I'm going to that movie because it's playing at Cinema I' or 'That must be a good picture because it's at the State'?" asks a general sales manager of a major studio.

If most of this comparative ranking is subjective, there exists one objective test of a theater's cachet: Does it have to advance money to get a good film? Only theaters in the doldrums have to do it—though guaranteeing a minimum return to a distributor is a sign that a theater is trying to build up its reputation rather than accept its fate.

Sometimes it works. When the Ziegfeld, on 54th Street near Sixth Avenue, was new, the major distributors snickeringly referred to it as "the white elephant" and were skeptical that so geographically isolated a theater, on neither Broadway nor the East Side and in a business district with little nighttime street traffic, could succeed. But the Walter Reade Organization had built the Ziegfeld thinking that this isolation could be advantageous, could lend an "event" aura to certain classy Hollywood movies. The only way even to begin to establish a track record, though, was to put up a bundle for some movie.

Cabaret, in early 1972, was the movie, and it was, of course, spectacularly successful. Now the Ziegfeld is a much fought-over venue, the best house in town for musicals *(Tommy, A Star Is Born, That's Entertainment!)*, for films with a special aural *(Earthquake)* or visual *(Close Encounters of the Third Kind)* "sell," for any films, says Arthur Rubine, "which you plan to see as you would a Broadway show."

Right now, at least two midtown theaters are trying to duplicate the Ziegfeld's feat. Columbia I and II, on Second Avenue near 64th Street, seem to be trying it five years too late, however. Opened in 1971, the Columbias have been constant reminders that running an art house on New York's East Side is something of a specialty and that a big chain—United Artists



Theatre Circuit, operators of the Columbias, is the country's second largest—can't hack it. Now the circuit is trying to make up in money what it clearly lacks in taste. It put up big bucks for *That Obscure Object of Desire*, for the just opened *A Little Night Music*, and for a French comedy, *The First Time*, booked for April. Few in the film industry think that the theaters' image will be permanently changed.

The case of Buñuel's *Obscure Object* is a clear object lesson in how a booking decision is made. Frank Moreno, sales manager for distributor First Artists Releasing, says that his first priority was to open *Object* soon after the New York Film Festival, "so as not to lose the Festival bloom." But the best he could get on such short notice from houses on the Block and other top theaters was a so-called "locked-in date," an engagement with a definite termination date because of a previous booking. "In other words," Moreno says, "the film would have to be transferred to another theater after a certain number of weeks, and it always puts a stigma on a picture when it does that." The fact that Columbia I was able to offer an immediate open-end date plus a $125,000 guarantee was deciding, and so *Obscure Object* went into a very obscure theater. Moreno admits that the film would be grossing 20 percent more at the Coronet or the Paris.

Across town, the RKO Cinerama is spending money like crazy to pull itself up from very near the bottom of the Broadway barrel. "Our mistake," explains RKO–Stanley Warner chief film buyer Ralph E. Donnelly, "was in not realizing that the 'blaxploitation' film fad wouldn't last. We did so well with the black films during their heyday that when the bottom fell out of the blaxploitation market our image was shot for anything else." Like the Columbias, the Cinerama is a twin theater, and now RKO has guaranteed United Artists $200,000 to play Norman Jewison's *F.I.S.T.*, an action film about unioneering in the thirties, starring Sylvester Stallone and Rod Steiger, for twelve weeks on one side of the Cinerama and eight weeks on the other, beginning in April. And then, in June, in exchange for a $100,000 guarantee to Universal, *Jaws 2* will play one side of the theater. The point, of course, is to succeed so well with these two biggies that the Cinerama might thereafter be able to get films of this caliber without putting up any money.

One theater that didn't make the Cinerama's mistake was the Loews State. During the height of blaxploitation, it played some of the huge black pictures, including *Superfly* and *Mahogany*, but it made sure to alternate them with such "white" winners as *The Godfather* and *The Great Gatsby*. As a result, the State entered 1978 with a reputation as the best and classiest house in the Broadway area. It's a bit of an irrational situation. The State is in the raunchiest part of Times Square, on the side of the street where there are few legitimate theaters, and the area in front is often cluttered with crowds observing three-card monte. The twin theaters are no great examples of construction, with poor acoustics and sight lines which somehow make the screen seem a thousand miles away.

So how did the State achieve its status? Some credit the superior foresight and taste of Loews Theatres head Bernard Myerson. But others note that the State's ability to play the expensive "white" films during the blaxploitation era was largely because of the solicitude of one major distributor, Paramount Pictures. And Paramount, industry people tell you darkly, has a "close relationship" with Loews wherever Loews has theaters. The reason this is said darkly is because this sort of tie between a major distributor and a major chain is only a step away from the common ownership banned in 1948, and thus brushes illegality.

BEEKMAN THEATRE
1254 2nd Avenue
NEW YORK CITY
ADM. PRICE
$3.00 $3.00
ADMIT ONE
145984
45984

After Norman Weitman, who died a year ago, became Paramount's general sales manager in the early seventies, he bought a house in Great Neck which just happened to adjoin Myerson's. Weitman had the tennis court, Myerson the swimming pool. There exists a Paramount executive who used to break up industry gatherings by announcing, loudly and emphatically, "Puh-leese pass *me* the towel and I'll pass *you* the tennis racket!"

The people who tell you this usually add that they wish the best of luck to the Cinerama in its effort to wrest Broadway dominance from the State.

But whether or not the Cinerama succeeds in this endeavor, there's little doubt but that the pecking order of theaters will change. It's inevitable. One has only to observe the fate of the Radio City Music Hall, once unquestionably the most prestigious first-run house in the world, to sense the volatility of the situation.

Even the sainted Block could be in trouble. Some already see the seeds of decay. After all, the appeal of the East Side was that it allowed you to see a first-run film in an atmosphere free from the tawdriness of Broadway. "But," worries Meyer Ackerman, "as the East Side becomes more and more successful, it becomes more and more like Broadway." The area around the Block is already rife with fast-food outlets and pretzel vendors, and customers have been heard to complain that when there are a couple of hit movies at the four theaters, standing in line is akin to attending a carnival. The Baronet, in particular, has begun to respond to this situation by booking action films like *Semi-Tough* and *Casey's Shadow*—films, some charge, which go against the sedate standards of the Block.

Partly for this reason, more isolated theaters like the Sutton and Paris are making a comeback. The Sutton in particular is now sometimes preferred by powerful producers and directors who have a say in the New York bookings of their films. Despite what appears to have been an excellent engagement of *Silent Movie* at Cinema I, Mel Brooks insisted on a return to the Sutton (where *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* opened) for *High Anxiety*.

And when Twentieth Century–Fox vice-president Ashley Boone sought Robert Altman's thoughts on the New York opening of Altman's latest, *A Wedding*, he might have expected that the director would prefer a Block location; *M*A*S*H*, *Nashville*, and *3 Women* had all opened there. But Altman said, "Let's get away from the Block this time. Let's give the picture an exclusive air. Let's try for the Sutton."

They got it. *A Wedding* opens at the Sutton on April 30. And yet it was only eight years ago, film people will tell you, that the Sutton was doing so poorly that it had to advance money to get good pictures—in particular *Catch-22*. Times change.

A BOOKER'S GUIDE TO FIRST-RUN THEATERS

★★★★: POWER HOUSES

CINEMA I

(Cinema 5)
Third Avenue near 60th Street
(700 seats)

From *Tom Jones* in 1963 to the current *Coming Home,* with stops in between for *A Clockwork Orange, The Exorcist,* and many others, the most prestigious house in New York, perhaps in the country. An institution. Must open exclusively and can be joined only by another Cinema 5 house.

CINEMA II

(Cinema 5)
Third Avenue near 60th Street
(290 seats)

Elvira Madigan, Trash—the best theater in the world for any movie with a "sleeper" hype. Even if it grows into a superhit like *Rocky,* it couldn't do better than to start here. No smoking allowed anywhere in the theater.

CORONET

(Walter Reade)
Third Avenue near 59th Street
(600 seats)

Built to compete with Cinema I, the Coronet has never quite shaken off an also-ran image. But it's hard to fault the room where *The Graduate, Five Easy Pieces, Taxi Driver,* and *The Turning Point* began their careers. A first-class venue.

LOEWS STATE I and II

Broadway at 45th Street
(1,172 and 1,217 seats)

Informal "relationship" with Paramount Pictures *(Love Story, Gatsby, Goodbar,* et al.) helped ensure variety during blaxploitation era for the Loews flagship houses; perfect geographical situation (just near enough to, and just far enough away from, the 42nd Street sleaze) didn't hurt either. The classiest Broadway house.

SUTTON

(Cinema 5)
57th Street near Third Avenue
(549 seats)

Preferred by Mel Brooks and, lately, Robert Altman even to Cinema I and Coronet because its singular position lends an exclusive air. From *Gigi* in mid-fifties to *Cuckoo's Nest* in 1975, a dynamite house.

ZIEGFELD

(Walter Reade)
141 West 54th Street
(1,150 seats)

This onetime white elephant has turned all its liabilities (size, location) into assets and has become the city's "special event" theater. Superb sound system. You haven't really heard *Tommy, Earthquake,* or *Close Encounters* unless you've heard them at this venue.

★★★: CLASS JOINTS

BARONET

(Walter Reade)
Third Avenue at 59th Street
(430 seats)

With its perfect location on the Block, why does the Baronet confuse its image by following a French romantic comedy like *Pardon Mon Affaire* with a middlebrow Hollywood romp like *Semi-Tough*? Yet some film-industry experts hotly argue that location alone earns the Baronet one star more than grace the title of one of its biggest hits, *M*A*S*H.*

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA

Broadway at 44th Street
(1,500 seats)

After *All the President's Men* and *Star Wars,* which were the biggest hits nationally of their respective years and would have gone like gangbusters anywhere, this house needs a few more hits to reach the top rung. Still, some argue for four-star status now. Awfully close to the 42nd Street jungle.

LOEWS ORPHEUM

86th Street at Third Avenue
(994 seats)

Because of its size, plus Loews muscle in New York, the Orpheum has become far and away the best of the Yorkville houses, all of which play films nonexclusively with Broadway. Gets the big ones *(Godfather, Star Wars)* more often than do others on 86th Street.

LOEWS TOWER EAST

Third Avenue near 71st Street
(588 seats)

After a long exclusive run with *Deliverance* in 1972, the Tower East seemed poised to challenge Cinema I and Coronet for dominance, but has played it relatively safe by instead becoming the city's best regular "day-and-date house," providing East Side accompaniment to a Broadway opening. Oddly shaped balcony is divided in two by the projection booth.

NATIONAL

(Mann)
Broadway at 44th Street
(1,445 seats)

Newness, plus relationship with 20th Century–Fox that ensures it first choice of Broadway-bound Fox product, accounts for the National's superiority over most Times Square competitors. Circuit head Ted Mann is said to have kicked himself a thousand times for having chosen (sight unseen) *The Other Side of Midnight* over *Star Wars* when both were released by Fox last summer.

PARIS

(Pathé/Cinema 5)
4 West 58th Street
(568 seats)

From *Devil in the Flesh* through *A Man and a Woman* to *Cousin, Cousine,* the aptly named Paris has been for three decades New York's premier showcase for French films. Its record on features from other flags is more uneven, though often excellent. A house with a clear character.

68th ST. PLAYHOUSE

(Ackerman)
At Third Avenue
(346 seats)

The city's most astonishing exhibition success story. Little guy Meyer Ackerman, via sheer taste, has more than held his own against the powerhouse chains. One secret of success: low weekly house expense, permitting runs for offbeat items like Woody Allen's first, *Take the Money and Run,* Losey's *The Go-Between,* and Tavernier's *Let Joy Reign Supreme.*

★★: EFFICIENCY UNITS

BEEKMAN

(Cinema 5)
Second Avenue near 65th Street
(538 seats)

Still New York's most comfortable house, the only theater going with rows spread so far apart you don't have to get up to let someone pass by. Early in the decade, the Beekman was a four-star unit, featuring the exclusive first-run engagements of *Easy Rider, Z,* and *Diary of a Mad Housewife.* What happened? Major attention from Cinema 5 president Don Rugoff seems called for.

CRITERION

(Moss)
Broadway at 45th Street
(1,540 seats)

Went through the roof with pictures such as *Mandingo,* then had to close for weeks at a time following the collapse of blaxploitation. Now seems to be making a comeback attempt with the help of United Artists, which will show a number of promising pictures there, including Peckinpah's *Convoy,* in coming months. A fluid situation.

86th STREET EAST

(Town and Country)
86th Street near Third Avenue
(600 seats)

Excellently run house which generally pitches action and black films to an audience uptown in East Harlem, where there are no theaters. Shows them at the same time as Broadway, and gets good crowds.

LITTLE CARNEGIE
(Walter Reade)
57th Street near Seventh
(500 seats)

Still the best art-size theater on the West Side, with superb location near Carnegie Hall, but needs a few exclusive hits to bring back the good old days of *Fellini Satyricon* and *The Conformist*. Holes in rugs and seats call for help.

LOEWS CINE
Third Avenue near 86th Street
(713 seats)

The Orpheum balcony before theater was "twinned" by Loews in 1968. Orpheum proximity and Loews ownership still account for good day-and-date success.

MURRAY HILL
(Cinema 5)
34th Street near Third Avenue
(568 seats)

Now that 34th Street is dead as an area for first-run exclusives, the Murray Hill is probably the better of the two houses on the street to chime in on a run when prime theater is uptown.

PLAZA
(Cinema 5)
58th Street East of Madison
(510 seats)

Along with the Little Carnegie, probably the best choice for a foreign or art film if Third Avenue is out. No real negatives here, but its great days are in the past and hits too few and far between.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
(Rockefellers)
Sixth Avenue at 50th Street
(6,000 seats)

One could write a book, replete with ironies. Even now, there exists no better booking for pictures pitched at audiences younger (Disney films) or older (*The Sunshine Boys*) than the usual 16-to-35 movie crowd. There weren't enough such movies for the Hall to survive—but where will those left open now?

RIVOLI
(United Artists Theatres)
Broadway at 49th Street
(1,629 seats)

A schizophrenic situation. Either plays biggies (*Jaws*, upcoming *Superman*) or the worst action-oriented junk. In the days of *The Sound of Music*, a top house. Where are the glories of yesteryear?

TRANS-LUX EAST
Third Avenue at 58th Street
(516 seats)

Only its Third Avenue location between the Sutton and the Block keeps this atrociously programmed situation viable. Cavalierly, this spot follows serious films with action-adventure product, displaying no concern with continuity of image and character. It's absurd that a theater around the corner from the Sutton should not be able to earn at least three stars.

★: PROBLEM AREAS

BAY CINEMA
(Walter Reade)
Second Avenue near 32nd
(520 seats)

Newly opened by the Reade chain, this site must start at the bottom and establish a first-run track record. It deserves to succeed, being an exceptionally comfortable house. The only "art theater" in town equipped to show 70-mm. movies.

CINEMA 3
(Cinema 5)
59th Street at the Plaza Hotel
(204 seats)

This lovely bandbox cinema, latest in the Cinema 5 circuit, stumbled along for a year before hitting on "guaranteed seating" plan; *Julia* and *High Anxiety* played at other Cinema 5 theaters, but here you could reserve by telephone: Policy has started out well; time will tell.

CINEMA STUDIO
(Danto)
Broadway and 66th Street
(586 seats)

In short order (and with a $50,000 refurbishment budget), Dan Talbot has turned the Studio into the city's best outlet for esoteric foreign movies like those of the German New Wave. But the theater has yet to prove it can succeed with anything else.

FINE ARTS
(Walter Reade)
58th Street near Lexington
(460 seats)

A case of architectural determinism. Location and/or programming will never compensate for cramped seats and poorly graded balcony. Upstairs, subtitles unreadable beyond first row.

FORUM
(Guild)
Broadway and 47th Street
(813 seats)

During holiday periods, when every other Broadway house is booked, the Forum can sometimes fall heir to a top film like *Serpico* or *Rollercoaster*. Otherwise, it's one of the last choices on the street and often has to make do with second-run bookings.

GUILD
(Guild)
33 West 50th Street
(450 seats)

In the same building as Radio City Music Hall, the Guild's first-run successes have been with kiddie delights like *Benji* and *Summerdog*, when it benefited from Hall spillover. Will it now get the pictures which used to play the Hall? Or is the Guild now isolated from its audience? Stay tuned.

NEW EMBASSY I
(Guild)
Broadway near 46th Street
(549 seats)

An East Side–size venue in the heart of Times Square, this theater has largely functioned of late as a "move-over house." A film which has opened elsewhere continues its first run here before hitting nabes.

PARAMOUNT
(Cinema 5)
2 Gulf & Western Plaza
(533 seats)

A West Side day-and-date house for pictures whose primary location is across town. Would need an exclusive hit or two to rate higher here.

RKO CINERAMA I AND II
Broadway at 47th Street
(1,127 and 978 seats)

House caught in post-blaxploitation doldrums begins long climb upward by guaranteeing huge sums to play *F.I.S.T.* and *Jaws 2* in coming months. Has been on top before and could do it again.

RKO 86th I AND II
At Lexington Avenue
(450 seats each)

Another Yorkville day-and-date situation, perhaps with greater emphasis on black pictures than most. *Jaws 2* in June could change image.

34th STREET EAST
(Walter Reade)
Near Second Avenue
(430 seats)

It may be only about a block east of the Murray Hill, but this far east a block may mean everything; the industry deems this venue a block less centrally located, a block less desirable.

●: GRAVEYARDS

COLUMBIA I AND II
(United Artists Theatres)
Second Avenue at 64th Street
(519 and 510 seats)

To expect the country's second-largest chain to know how to run an East Side art house is like expecting Sears Roebuck to know how to run Bergdorf's. After seven years, why don't they give up? It's a specialized kind of expertise, and UATC ain't got it.

D. W. GRIFFITH
(Arista)
59th Street West of Second
(300 seats)

The opening of the Cinema Studio across town was probably the final nail in the coffin of this theater's attempt to become the New York outlet for esoteric foreign films.

FESTIVAL
(Walter Reade)
57th Street near Fifth Avenue
(546 seats)

Nobody has been able to explain quite why being at Fifth and 57th at night is so eerily scary, like being lost on the Great Plains. It says here that the recently reopened Festival—not the most comfortable of theaters—will close again before very long.

VICTORIA
(Guild)
Broadway at 46th Street
(1,103 seats)

In homage to its past, the Victoria is still considered a first-run situation by the industry, though it almost never plays a first-run film anymore. ■

Dirty Pool and How to Play It

An interview with Matthew Troy

"...I said, 'I want $10,000 if you're going to get a supreme-court nomination; $5,000 will make you a civil-court judge..."

Even if you subscribe to the notion that all, or most, politicians are crooks, the fall of one particular politician, Matty Troy, might well have surprised you. A shrewd, lovable rogue, Troy seemed invincible as he kicked and clawed and connived his way to the top of New York politics. From 1971 to 1974, as the Democratic boss of Queens, Troy was one of the men to see if you wanted . . . well, if you wanted just about any job from judge to asphalt worker. He and his fellow county leaders didn't just play the game of politics, they were *the game.*

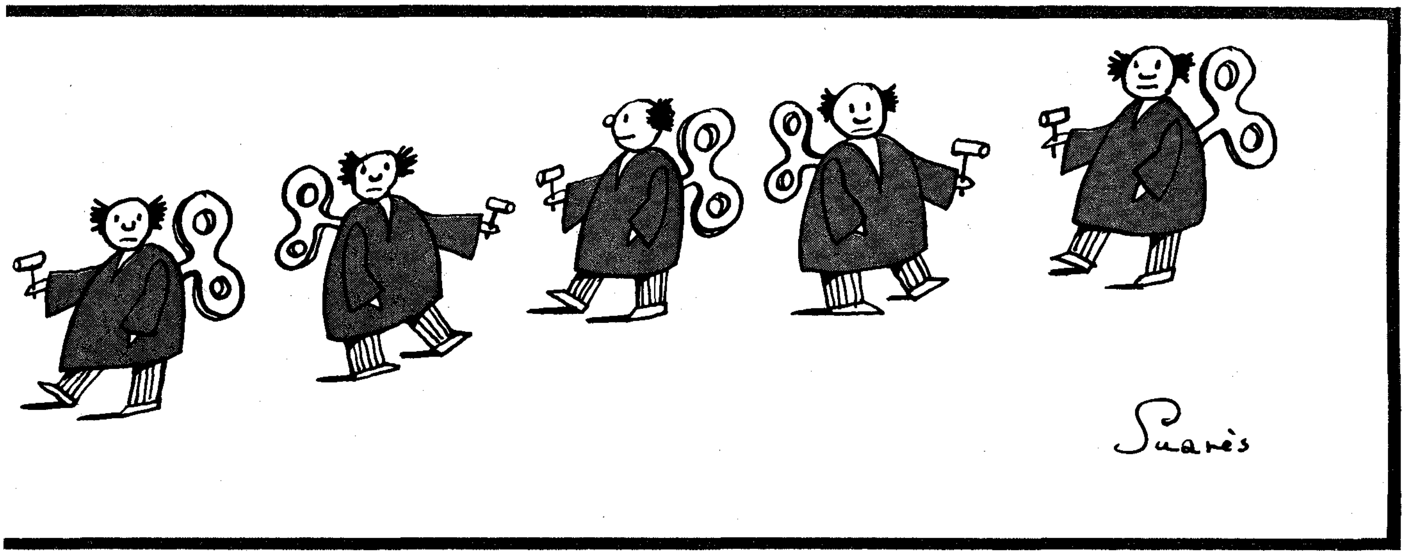
Matty Troy made the deals—small ones, big ones, hundreds of them. And he broke them, too, whenever it suited his political interest as he perceived it at any given moment. And he was quotable. You could always get him to say anything—provided, of course, you were prepared to have him deny it the next day, no matter what you had in your notes, or even on your tape.

Then, almost as soon as he had gotten to the top, he was gone. He had backed Mario Biaggi, the wrong horse in the 1973 mayoralty, and the winner of that race, Abe Beame, retaliated by engineering Troy's fall as Queens leader. Beame's agent in the fall of Troy was none other than Matty's old friend and hell-raising buddy, Queens Borough President Donald Manes. Typically, Matty says of Donnie: "I guess I would have done the same to him."

Hard as it was to lose his leadership, Troy was still the powerful chairman of the City Council's finance committee—until he ran into trouble of a different kind. His law firm had done estate work. Some money was allegedly misappropriated. The federal government charged him with tax evasion. He was convicted. He served 55 days in jail. A state charge for grand larceny is still pending. Last fall, in an attempt to keep going, he again ran for the City Council. He lost. Said Matty at the time: "Without really knowing me, without knowing that I'm a good guy, I guess even I wouldn't have voted for me."

Over the years, Matty has talked politics with anyone who would listen, most notably in the March 5, 1973, issue of New York *Magazine. So it came as no real surprise when Troy, now 48 and a public-relations adviser for a firm of insurance adjusters, agreed to reminisce with* New York's *Michael Kramer and Channel 5's Gabe Pressman. The resulting conversation,* The Last Hurrah of Matthew Troy, *will air on Channel 5 Wednesday, March 22, at 11 p.m. Herewith, some Troyisms adapted from that interview.*

A caveat: Troy once said that "lying is an essential part of politics. You do it to feel out the other guy's strengths and weaknesses." We asked Matty how we could know, for sure, that he was telling us the truth this time around. He said: "You can't."



On Politics

I'd love to get up in front of kids and be lofty and tell them politics is pure and clean. I'd like to be able to say that when a person comes to you who wants to be a judge, you just send him over to a screening panel.

But that would not be true. If you want to know what's really happening you have to know about the deals. The deals that are still going on, not only in Queens County but in Des Moines, Iowa, and Wherever, California. I'll tell you something. I don't know if Jerry Brown is involved in making deals out there. But if he isn't, then he's crazy, because that's where it's at.

The Power of Jobs

My power as county leader came from dispensing jobs. I had job titles available that I could fill in the offices of state senators and assemblymen. But the real power came with a job like a provisional chauffeur or with a tax-inspector provisional. These were the fellas who were going to be in the clubhouses doing the work night after night. I guess I gave out a couple of hundred of them. With a judge, for example, you put him on the bench and he's there for, like, fourteen years. He's gone. He's safe. He can ignore you. But then you get other jobs that you can hand out in judges' offices. A law secretary to a judge or court officers or marshals. Now, all of these people, of course, were expected to buy tickets to my dinners so we could get money for the party. But it was hard to keep track of. A lot of them didn't.

The best jobs were commissionerships and deputy commissionerships. Judges had terms and security. Commissioners had to keep coming back for support. And they had to keep buying tickets to the dinners to get it.

Judges and Judgeships

My philosophy on judges was that I liked to boost lower-court judges so I could create more jobs. Not because I had a high-mindedness about the bench. For example, if I had two supreme-court vacancies I raised up two civil or criminal judges. That's two more jobs right there, with them owing me. Then I put two assemblymen or senators into those civil- or criminal-court judgeships. That's two more jobs. Then I put two people into the Assembly or Senate. Hell, out of the two vacancies I'd create twenty jobs.

There's a story that happened to me. I told this guy, "All I want from you is $10,000 as a purchase of tickets for the county affair if you're going to get a supreme-court nomination; $5,000 will make you a civil-court judge, but I want you to give me a check to the Queens Democratic party." When Maurice Nadjari subpoenaed my books he found that out of the 23 judges I made while I was county leader only 5 of them had ever given the money. So eighteen of them got a free ride without paying anything. So much for the system.

There are all kinds of stories about people paying or being willing to pay for judgeships. One time a former ranking New York City police officer—he's dead now—came to me with a valise with $75,000 in it. He wanted to be a supreme-court judge and he said, "This is for you if I can get it." He was a lawyer, but he'd never tried a case, so I said, "You're crazy; how do you think I could get you through the Bar Association even if I wanted to?" And he said, "Don't worry about that. I can get that too." I guess he had another $75,000. He was going to buy the Bar Association. He never made it.

Then there was the time a guy died after getting a civil-court nomination—probably from the shock of getting the nomination. His wife noticed that there had been a recent bank withdrawal of $39,000. She wanted it back, assuming he had used it to get the nomination. She never did, but she got a city job where she was drawing a salary, so I guess that's how she got it back.

Of course, I found out that after you make a judge, as FDR once said, all you have is one ingrate and ten people who are mad at you for not making them. Still, most of the judges I made are still friendly to me, although not as much as when they were kissing my back to become a judge in the first place. Like the guy who right now is a federal judge. He wanted to be chief judge of the State Court of Appeals. He practically lived with me for two weeks to get my support, and the minute I told him that I wouldn't back him, he attacked me in public as being a political hack. I couldn't believe the guy. He told me he was the only man on earth who could be chief judge, that he had a mission in life to become it. I told him he was a madman.

Making Money in Politics

There's not really a lot of money in politics—legitimate that is. I'll never forget the day I became county leader. I got a call from one of the biggest developers in the

"...'When Lindsay campaigned in Florida, we fouled his scuba gear and damn near killed him. But that's part of the game'..."

world, saying that he wanted to retain my law firm to handle all his real-estate developments in Queens. I said to him, "I'm a criminal lawyer. I don't know what the hell you're talking about." He says you must have a partner. And I say, "He is only a young kid," and he said, "Don't worry about it; we'll show him how to do it." I said, "What do you need me for?" I'm a jerk. There and then it dawned on me, and I said okay. So we got a $5,000 retainer. I figured I was going to have to do something for it. So I call him up and, like a jerk, I say I'm still around, and he says, "Don't worry about it. Is it enough?" I say, "Is what enough?" And he says,"The retainer." So I say, "Sure it's enough. You didn't even ask me to write your will out!" So we ended up doing nothing for the $5,000, and the next year we get a check on January 3 for another $5,000, and I said to him, "I'm sorry; I don't mind getting the money, believe me I could use it with all the kids, but I can't take it," and I sent it back to him. And I meet him at a dinner two or three nights later and he says to me, "I don't believe it. You have to be the dumbest guy." The day after I lost the county leadership I called him up to get my son a job and, you know what, the guy he didn't even take my call.

On Losing

I went for Biaggi for mayor in '73 for the same reason I went for McGovern for president in '72. To be top dog. All the other leaders were for Muskie or someone else or for Beame for mayor. So I went the other way, hoping to win. Biaggi promised I'd be the chief patronage dispenser. All during the time before I went with Biaggi I told Beame, "Don't worry about it, Abe." That's the kiss of death in politics. When someone says, "Don't worry about it," then you know you're in trouble. When I told Abe I was going with Biaggi, I called him up and he said, "Oh, my god." Then he said, and this is the exact quote: "You're going to live to regret this till the day you die."

And then Beame knocked me out. Actually, the part I missed most was the ego satisfaction. When I lost the county leadership it was like I had developed a communicable disease. I couldn't believe people didn't love me for being Matty Troy. But I didn't see the same guys hanging around me anymore or judges and senators and governors running up to me in restaurants to whisper in my ear. I miss it.

Nelson Rockefeller

I think Nelson was probably the best politician that ever lived. He took situations that were absolutely hopeless and worked compromises. He could make deals with the best of them. He created judgeships in order to give them to Queens County in order to get votes in the Assembly.

He would push a judgeship bill for Queens and I'd suggest that legislators vote a certain way. They always took my suggestions except once. And when that guy recovered he realized the best advice would have been to go my way.

When the FBI was investigating Nelson to be vice-president, they came to me to ask what I thought. I said I thought he was an honorable man. They asked why, so I said that he delivered on a judgeship deal. Then I realized what I had said. The FBI asked, "What judgeship deal is that?" I said I didn't remember. The FBI guy said he had a clip from a Newburgh paper saying that I gave Nelson ten votes in the Assembly for his proposal for a fourth jetport in the Newburgh area and that he'd given me five supreme-court judgeships for that. I said, "No, there's no truth to it. Whoever said that is lying." And then he said that it was my quote. So I said, "Well, I must have been lying."

John Lindsay

I didn't think Lindsay was a good mayor. I think he was helpless. He didn't know what he was doing. And it wasn't his fault. He just wasn't ready for the job of mayor. He couldn't sit behind a desk and make a decision. He wanted to make speeches. The city was going down the tubes and he'd be talking about Rhodesia. But I got a lot of patronage out of him.

When he announced for president and I was for McGovern, we followed him down to Florida for the primary. We flew a plane across Miami with its heavy Jewish voting population and the plane trailed a banner that said LINDSAY MEANS TSURIS. He had a heart attack when he saw that.

Then, when he started his campaign, he went into the water with scuba gear to dramatize how he'd clean it up once he was elected. So we fouled his air tanks and when he went in he started to cough. We damn near killed him. But that's part of the game.

I'd support Lindsay for the Senate now. Or I would oppose him. Whichever would help more.

Pat Cunningham and Meade Esposito

What can I say about Pat Cunningham [the Democratic boss of the Bronx]. I loved the guy. He epitomized everything I loved about politics. When Pat told you it was raining outside you couldn't believe it until you put your hand out the window. Pat was a real conniver—like me.

Meade Esposito [the Democratic boss of Brooklyn] is still the most powerful of all the county leaders. Of course Meade's best friend was Nelson Rockefeller. Nelson loved him and Meade would always get a lot of patronage from the governor. And he got a lot more, including a Picasso. Meade of course didn't know anything about art, so he didn't realize that actually Nelson only gave him a print.

Meade is one helluva politician. He's survived all these years doing nothing.

Hugh Carey

Hughie has the ability to run with the hares and the hounds. He's a reformer to the reformed and a regular to the regulars. He's evidently taking advice from the people who taught the Kennedys how to do it.

Ed Koch

I personally like Ed. I think, since he has no other interest in life other than being mayor, he'll be a good one. If he failed, it would be like wooing a woman and not making it. This is his love. If you or I wooed a woman and wanted to love her and failed, we would be crushed. I think that's the way Ed Koch feels about the city. His lady love is the city of New York. ▬

Blood Stewart's End

By Mark Schorr

"...Jennifer sat down and began to cry. In between sobs, she told a story of kidnapping and three days of rape and beatings..."

The outside door to the Hilton's ladies' room was pushed open, and Jennifer* stiffened. For three hours the fourteen-year-old girl had been standing on a toilet, awkwardly bent over, praying that neither her head nor her legs were visible outside the partition.

She waited until the person left before massaging her numbed legs and shifting to ease her aching back. Jennifer breathed deeply. The pulse pounding in her temple slowed.

Jennifer thought about the man and what he'd do if he caught her. She checked the latch again. Any second he might tear the door open and drag her out. She froze as the outer door opened again. Another false alarm.

It was after 7 P.M. when she ventured out of the lower-promenade bathroom. She looked up and down the hallway, then hurried to the escalator. When she saw a cop across the lobby, she ran up to him and tried to tell him what had happened.

The man in the blue uniform wasn't a cop; he was a Hilton security guard assigned to protect the 2,135-room complex on Sixth Avenue and 54th Street. He would later describe the girl as "tense and timorous." Her speech was barely coherent. Something about rape and kidnapping.

"Are you a guest here?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, you better come with me."

He took her to the main-floor security office, a cramped room next to the cashier's office in the lobby.

Jennifer sat down and began to cry. Between sobs, she told a story of kidnapping and three days of rape, forced sodomy, and beatings. To the Hilton guards it was an unbelievable tale, but the New York cops who responded to their call weren't surprised.

The hotel: Clarence "Blood" Stewart (inset) lured the fourteen-year-old to his third-floor room in the Cort Hotel.

Jennifer's pathetic story was far from unique—if anything, it was typical of the situation of many runaways who flee to New York. Unlike most, however, Jennifer was able to escape from her ordeal and recount the details with enough accuracy to give police and the prosecutor a convincing case.

There are no exact figures on the number of runaways in New York—phony identification, transience, and hiding from authorities are a part of their life—but officials estimate that between 20,000 and 50,000 runaway youngsters are in the city at any given time. Some return home. Some are placed in institutions or with foster parents. A few actually get jobs, housing, and make it on their own. Most wind up as victims of adults who see them as sources of pleasure—and profit. Over 60 percent of the first 3,000 runaways who stayed at the Under 21 youth shelter on Eighth Avenue in the past nine months admit to having had sex for money. They've either been forced into prostitution or into appearing in pornographic movies and shows. The sex market is bullish on young bodies.

The market is centered on the seven blocks of sleazy hotels, massage parlors, and sex-related businesses that stretch north on Eighth Avenue from 42nd Street. This is the home of a motley collection of junkies, muggers, petty thieves, drunk-rollers, small-time con men, and hustlers. The Eighth Avenue hustler is always on the lookout for the right kind of woman. Then he can move up in the hierarchy and call himself a "player," the insider's name for a pimp. But even his peers on the bottom of the subculture recognize him for what he is, a "macaroni," a violent, no-class pimp who'll never have more than one woman, and who more often than not has to hustle himself to support a heroin habit.

The macaroni's woman is usually either severely emotionally disturbed, mentally retarded, or a stone-cold junkie as strung out as her macaroni. The only other female who'd hand her money over to a macaroni is a young runaway.

On the morning of December 6, 1976, Jennifer left her Long Island home with $5 in her pocket. She was

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Because of "Jennifer"'s age and the nature of the crimes against her, her real name has been withheld.

"...The more insecure a pimp is, the harsher he has to be to control his woman. Blood Stewart was clearly not a secure pimp..."

wearing a blue snorkel jacket, blue corduroy pants, a blue sweatshirt; she was not carrying a suitcase. In the note she wrote to her parents, she vowed not to call them until she had established herself in the city. Still, she bought a round-trip railroad ticket. In the back of her mind, she didn't really believe she was leaving home.

Forty minutes later, she was in New York. Almost as soon as she left Penn Station, the city began to overwhelm her. It was lunch hour and hundreds of people moved about the cold streets. Everyone was in too much of a hurry to pay any attention to a fourteen-year-old wandering around 34th Street.

Soon, though, a friendly, dapper man walked up and began talking to her. He was handsome and had a soft voice. He wanted to know what was troubling her. Could he help? Maybe if they just had a meal together and talked she'd feel better.

He introduced himself as Ralph Moss. She said her name was Cynthia Long. Both were lying.

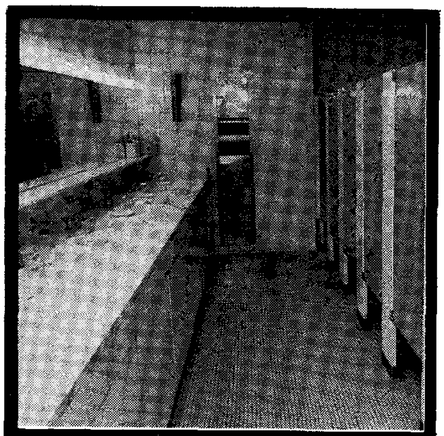
He was black, which scared her a little, but she considered herself a liberal, and besides, wouldn't her parents be shocked if they knew. "Moss" would later explain that there are "a lot of white women who feel that their foreparents and parents have treated the black man kind of rough, and out of a psychological yearning they feel guilt."

During the two hours they sat in a coffee shop, nursing hamburgers, corn muffins, and coffee, she blurted out her problems. The man listened intently.

Jennifer was born in 1962 and raised in a middle-class community in Nassau County. Her father was a civil servant, her mother a housewife. She had two older sisters; one was married, one was living at home. She said she was a good student, with an active social life, and several close friends. It was one of her friends, a girl her age, who had precipitated her running away.

The girl friend had told a school guidance counselor that Jennifer's father had made a pass at her. Jennifer was called to the counselor's office, where she confided that her father had tried to have sex with a friend of her sister's too. She also said that her father had made a pass at *her*, police say.

Jennifer cried and begged the guidance counselor not to do anything, but the counselor insisted that it was her job to confront the father. Jennifer decided she couldn't return home.



The hideout: Jennifer hid in the Hilton lower-promenade ladies' room, terrified that Blood would burst in.

With the emotionally troubled runaway, it's often hard to differentiate between fact and fiction. Only Jennifer's father really knows if the allegations are true, and he denied them when questioned by the counselor.

"Runaways have a long history of psychological deprivation, and there has been child abuse in the vast majority of cases," says Margaret Welch, director of the Northeastern Family Institute's residential program for severely disturbed runaways. "After the father molests or rapes the girl, she begins to see sex as a way to get attention, to compete with the mother and share a secret with Daddy."

Ralph Moss was very sympathetic to Jennifer's plight. She decided to trust him, so she told him her real name and age. Then she showed him the letter she was sending her father. "I know you tried stuff with her [Jennifer's girl friend] . . . and she told me where you touched her." Still, the note was apologetic: "Daddy, I'm really sorry. I feel like dying for what I've done to you."

Ralph Moss offered to help. He would act as a go-between, speak to Jennifer's father man to man, and straighten out the problem. Jennifer could sleep over in his hotel room that night, and the next day they'd return to Long Island to work things out.

The man Jennifer knew as Ralph Moss, whose real name was Clarence Stewart—and who was known on the street as "Youngblood," "Saladene," or "Blood"—was born in Wilmington, Delaware, in November 1944. Stewart came to New York as a teenager. He was an intelligent kid and did earn a degree in psychology at a community college. He soon discovered that an associate degree in psychology didn't open many doors, though, so he settled for a job in a Harlem beauty parlor. There, Stewart learned more about feminine psychology than he'd ever been taught in college.

"A pimp has to be an ace psychologist, probably better than some guy you'd pay $50 an hour for, who'd sit with his feet up and puff a pipe," says Detective Warren McGinniss of the NYPD Runaway Squad. "These girls are marshmallows. They're looking for someone to give them structure, discipline, love. And the pimp steps in.

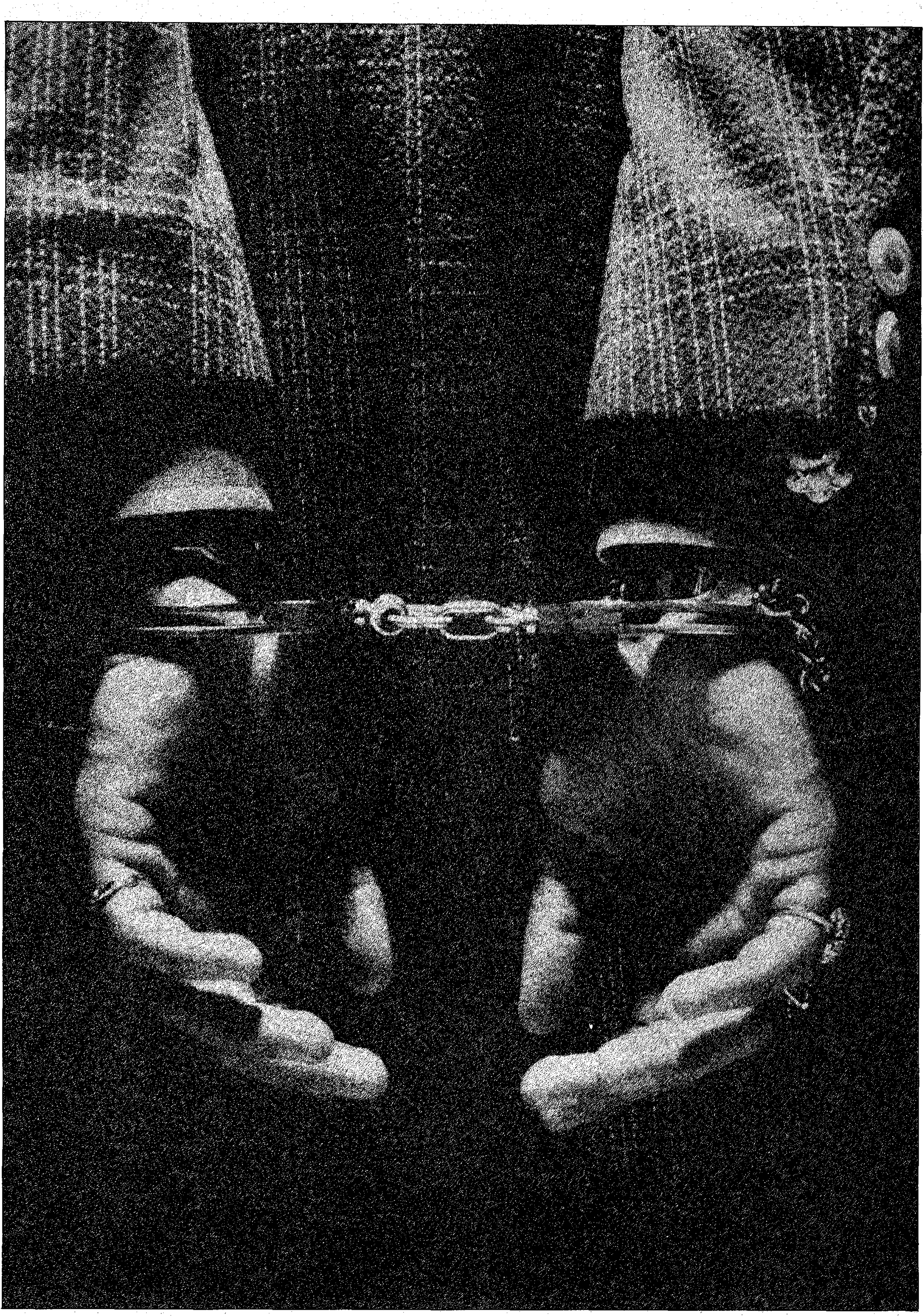
"They learn to live by rigid rules: They can be punished for being arrested, for holding out money, for talking to another pimp. They'll take the beating, then work extra hours to make up for the lost money. They talk about their love for the pimp, for 'daddy.' The girls live in a fantasy world; they use fantasy as an anesthetic."

The more insecure a pimp is, the harsher he has to be to control his woman. And Blood Stewart was clearly not a secure, big-time pimp. At no time did he ever work more than one prostitute, and his annual income never exceeded $15,000, police say.

Blood Stewart was shown in a photo in the January 15, 1978, *Daily News*, captioned "a 'player' or 'mack.' " This is like calling a writer of pornographic books William Shakespeare. The article also claimed that Jennifer was a "girl who had been visiting the city." Pimps don't just grab innocent tourists off the street; they look for the young, disoriented runaway.

While big-time "macks" really worry only about IRS prosecution, macaronis like Blood have long rap sheets. Blood's sheet lists arrests for assault, disorderly conduct, possession of a weapon, possession of a dangerous drug, unlawful dealing with fireworks, and robbery. He was arrested for loitering, reportedly after spending a night sleeping in the subway. His petty-larceny arrest came after he allegedly stole a bag of potato chips from a grocery.

"Blood's early pattern of arrests is a classic profile for the small-time pimp," says Linda Fairstein, chief of the Manhattan District Attorney's Sex Crimes Unit. "He starts out with other criminal occupations; then he finds pimping lucrative, and a lot safer as far as the law is concerned." Blood was arrested only once for promoting prostitution;



Photographed by Dan Wynn

"...Once the door to Room 17 of the Cort Hotel closed, Jennifer found out she'd made the biggest mistake of her young life..."

charges were dismissed when the prostitute failed to show up in court. In 1976, convicted pimps paid an average fine of $131; those who got jail time served an average of 82 days.

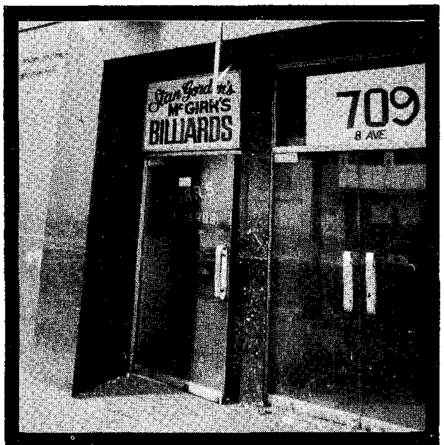
When not pimping, a macaroni will support himself with any crime he can commit. Blood reportedly specialized in hustling gays and ripping off packages from loading docks.

He had just turned 32 when he met Jennifer. Macaronis don't last much past 35, when they usually return to more demanding occupations like robbery or dealing drugs. Blood had no car, no real estate, and no savings. He owned a couple of changes of clothing, and some women's clothing reportedly left over from a previous prostitute. Blood was barely supporting himself, and police say he had an expensive taste for heroin and cocaine.

"Blood saw this innocent-looking white girl standing outside Penn Station, and he must've thought it was payday," says Richard Confort, the cop who eventually arrested Blood. "Blood took her to the Cort Hotel, to his third-floor room. And then," Confort says dramatically, "he had her."

"The idea for the low-level pimp is to get the runaway off the street and back to a private place as quickly as possible," explains Andrew Vachss, attorney and director of the Juvenile Justice Planning Project. "Then, generally, the more outrageous the promises he's made, the more severe the beating and degradation the girl is in for." Vachss adds that for some of the pimps, the beating and degradation seem to be more the attraction than the actual pimping: "They get a power rush from acting out every sicko fantasy they ever had."

The macaronis play on the girl's vanity ("You must be a model looking for work; I'm in that business myself"), the girl's fears ("You've got to be careful in New York; there's a lot of people who'd try to rip off a sweet young thing like you"), and the girl's stupidity ("Trust me; c'mon back to my suite and we'll discuss your career").



The public beating: Blood allegedly bounced Jennifer off the walls of McGirr's pool hall on Eighth Avenue.

While charming the girl, he's building up his own reputation. If the girl is straight, he'll be a respectable businessman who has "a sister the same age" as the runaway. If the girl has already turned tricks, he'll exaggerate his status as a pimp. The lowliest macaroni, who has to hustle to get a subway token, will spin tales of his fleets of Cadillacs and stables of women. It's a tribute to both the girl's gullibility and the pimp's Vaseline-slick patter that so many runaways fall for the same outrageous stories.

After the honeymoon, if the girl refuses to "turn out" for the macaroni, the romance quickly sours. The cops have files filled with horror stories. Whippings with a heated hanger are as traditional as the wide-brimmed hat. Since a pimp's business is sex, much of the abuse involves rape. The girl will be raped and sodomized; then the pimp may call a few friends and have them gang-rape and sodomize the girl.

The troubled runaway starts out with a low opinion of herself, and the days of torture break down her limited defenses. The pimp then is conciliatory, cooing in her ear that once she's his woman, nothing like this abuse will ever happen again. Marine boot camp can do it to a young soldier. Prisoner-of-war camps can do it to a captured soldier. The spirit is broken and the young recruit is reshaped by the authority figure.

As Jennifer walked under the Cort's broken neon HOTEL sign she began to question what was happening. But Blood was at her elbow, guiding her up the stairs to Room 17. Once the door closed, Jennifer found out she'd made the biggest mistake of her young life.

To demonstrate his absolute power and reduce Jennifer's defenses, Blood stripped her naked, then raped her, police say. They maintain that he terrorized her with his big "007" gravity-blade knife and told her, "If you don't do what I tell you, I'll use this on you." He rummaged through her purse and threw her clothes in a corner.

After a couple of hours of verbal and physical abuse, punctuated by moments of charm ("You're young and tender; it's nice for me to have someone like you"), Blood allegedly told the fourteen-year-old, "You're gonna work for me, walk the street, walk with me." Police say he then ordered her to get dressed in a short blue skirt, a low-cut top, platform shoes, and a long overcoat he had in the room.

Blood's statements barely registered with Jennifer. She was in shock. Later, she would recall what he had told her: Ask $15 to $40 per trick, more if the "john" looks affluent; a hotel room costs $5 more; avoid "Spanish guys," black men, and "car tricks"—all are dangerous. Blood warned her that he'd always be watching.

Since the Manhattan Sea Gardens bar is to macaronis what Elaine's is to writers, police say, before Blood put Jennifer out "on the stroll," he hurried there, to Eighth Avenue between 43rd and 44th streets, to show off his "new main woman."

Traffic in and out of the Sea Gardens is brisk: gaudily dressed black men in Mississippi-gambler hats; heavily made-up women in high boots. As the bartender wipes the long wooden bar, the regulars group at the booths in the back and slouch by the food counter opposite the bar.

For Jennifer, the bar seemed like a scene in a surrealistic movie. She had begun the day on Long Island, at home, safe and relatively sound. Now she was surrounded by strange faces, eyeing her as if she were a show horse. Jennifer kept a blank look in her eyes and a noncommittal smile on her face.

Blood then walked her up to the corner of Eighth Avenue and 45th Street and allegedly ordered her to solicit johns. He lounged in a nearby doorway, watching her closely. Blood fumed as she stood mute, ignoring the men who approached her.

It was almost 11 P.M. when Blood gave up in disgust. He took her back to the hotel. Blood's two junkie roommates had scored, and the three decided to shoot up. Blood made Jennifer tie the band around his arm for his injection. Later, Blood reportedly raped Jennifer in front of the junkies.

The junkies weren't pleased. Neither one had sex with the girl. They told Blood what he was doing was wrong, that he would draw too much heat. They were small-time junkie-robbers, but they drew the line somewhere.

There was no bathroom in the twelve-by-fifteen-foot room, and since Blood wouldn't allow Jennifer out of his sight, police say, he forced her to urinate and defecate in a metal pan, in front of the three men.

That night, Jennifer lay in bed, staring at the floral-patterned wallpaper in the dingy room. The lumpy bed was narrow, and Blood took up more than his fair share. The sun began to rise before she could fall asleep.

The next day, Blood allegedly demanded fellatio, performed cunnilingus on her, then sodomized her. The girl's screams made the junkies nervous, but no one else in the Cort Hotel seemed to hear, or care. The hotel clerk notes that Blood was not formally registered to the room; he was merely "visiting." When asked why no one responded to the girl's screams, he declined further comment.

That afternoon, after stopping at the Sea Gardens, Blood put Jennifer out "on the stroll" again. The girl stood stiff and silent, and when Blood turned away, she tried to hide in one of the stores. He found her after a frenzied search, then took her down to McGirr's pool hall.

Imagine poor Blood's frustration. Here was his prime "snow bitch," his gravy train to retirement, and all she'd done was give him grief. He figured he'd been gentle with her—she was new to "the life." But everyone in the Sea Gardens knew she was his woman, and if she got away with undisciplined behavior, Blood might be branded a "simp," a pimp who couldn't control his woman.

The characters playing at the two-dozen tables in the smoky basement pool hall watched as Blood slapped the girl and shoved her against the concrete wall, police say. Blood apparently was getting carried away. A smart pimp knows not to hit a prostitute in the face. It damages the merchandise. Before Blood could seriously injure the girl, one of his roommates, who also was hanging out in McGirr's, pulled him off the fourteen-year-old girl.

"Now Blood was really mad. He took her back to the hotel and raped her again, at knifepoint," police say. "He beat her up again, blackening both her eyes."

The next day, Jennifer, wearing the miniskirt and shoes of an Eighth Avenue hooker, with a face that had been scraped along concrete, was taken to the New York Hilton to turn tricks.

At the Hilton, Blood allegedly warned Jennifer he'd be watching her through the big windows that line the promenade and lobby. When Jennifer got her first chance, however, she slipped into a crowd and down the escalator. She ran and hid in the ladies' room for three hours, until she sneaked out and saw the security guard.

Superpimps

The driver holds the door to the Rolls-Royce open, and a black man in a full-length leather coat steps out. As he walks to the fashionable midtown disco, the crowd outside murmurs. An envious white man speculates that Leather-coat is a Motown magnate. But the man in the $800 coat knows no more about music than what he hears in the disco.

Leather-coat is a pimp, not just any pimp, but a mack. Although many players will claim to be macks, police say there are only about ten macks in New York.

"A mack may party with jet-setters, people who like cocaine," explains Ronald Waddell, a Pimp Squad cop who was undercover in the pimp brotherhood for over a year, "but you don't see him out on the street. We don't have much dealing with the real macks. They maintain a low profile."

One mack violated this cardinal rule and began boasting to reporters and other undesirables. With five girls earning as much as $300 each per night (that's over $500,000 per year), the gentleman forgot to get a good accountant. The IRS nailed him in 1974, and he recently finished serving a three-year sentence.

To be a mack's woman is the greatest honor a pimp-bound prostitute can have. In return for handing over all her money, the prostitute will get an apartment, a late-model car, an expensive wardrobe, and spending cash. A prostitute usually won't even deal directly with the mack; all dealings will be with the bottom lady, the mack's director of operations, or a young male protégé who aspires to mack status.

Most police cases against pimps begin when a prostitute is beaten so badly by her pimp that she decides to turn her man in. The smooth-talking, super-slick mack controls a dozen-woman stable with a minimum of violence and a maximum of charm. Macks, like major organized-crime figures or white-collar criminals, have insulation, complex covers, and access to the best lawyers.

"A mack has to be a good administrator, a talented businessman," says Pimp Squad Sergeant William Donahue. "They'd be good in a corporation, but why bother with that, making $50,000 to $100,000 a year, when they can make half a million a year, tax-free?" —M.S.

Jennifer was treated at St. Clare's Hospital. A doctor reported she had "multiple contusions on the forehead and nasal bridge" and a "slight fracture of the nasal bone." Gynecological and proctological exams detailed abrasions, contusions, and ruptured tissues. She was returned to her parents.

The case was referred to the NYPD Pimp Squad, the year-and-a-half-old special unit under the direction of Lieutenant Frank Damiana.

Several days later, Jennifer went to the Pimp Squad offices on West 30th Street to search for Blood's picture among the 900 photographs of pimps on file. Nearly half of the pimps on file are macaronis, police estimate, and hundreds are capable of the crimes Blood was accused of. It took an hour for Jennifer to find Blood's photo.

Police secured a search warrant and raided Room 17 in the Cort Hotel. Blood was gone, but they found narcotics paraphernalia with heroin residue and Jennifer's clothing in the cluttered room. "It looked like a pigsty," one of the cops recalls. "There were chicken bones all over. They must've been living on chicken and cocaine." Police grabbed Blood's roommates.

The roommates resented Blood's behavior. He had been responsible for their getting arrested in the room, and when police outlined the charges they faced, they agreed to cooperate. They confirmed Jennifer's story, police say.

Police Officer Richard Confort and other Pimp Squad cops had been searching for Blood, while building the case against him. On December 28, 1976, Confort, his partner, Arthur Stoecked, and Sergeant George Trapp received information that Blood had been seen at a bar on Eighth Avenue near 46th Street. It was drawing near midnight when they spotted him.

"Freeze. This is the police," Confort said, shoving his gun into Blood's ear.

"You got me," Blood reportedly answered, and he went meekly with the cops. Dressed in a gaudy green-checked suit with fake-fur trim, he had $9 in his pocket when he was arrested.

Police note that pimps are usually very polite and offer no resistance when taken into custody. One cop theorized that the pimps know that the cops would love to have an excuse to exert "necessary force" in subduing a man who might have beaten and raped a fourteen-year-old.

Assistant District Attorney Myles Malman presented the case to the grand jury, and they returned an indictment charging Blood with three counts of

"... Police say that Jennifer wanted to pursue the case, but that it was her parents' wish that the case not go to trial..."

kidnapping, two counts of rape, two counts of sodomy, two counts of promoting prostitution, one count of assault, and one count of criminal possession of a weapon. Malman was looking forward to the trial, since the case was "very significant, a case where we got a pimp, and we got him good."

It would take six and a half months of pre-trial hearings and complex plea bargaining before Blood would eventually be convicted of a reduced charge not on the original indictment.

Blood was assigned a lawyer from the 18B panel, the group of state-paid lawyers who defend indigent defendants accused of major crimes. He was arraigned on January 5, 1977, and bail was set at $25,000 cash or bond. Because he couldn't make bail, he was held at Riker's Island.

Blood pleaded not guilty on January 14, and the case began to move slowly down the corridors of justice. Pre-trial hearings to determine the acceptability of physical evidence, the propriety of identification, and the allowance of certain facts into the case were held. Blood had made a statement on tape to the police, but the sound quality was poor. The cops brought an amplifier and speakers into the courtroom, and after hearing the tape, Judge Joseph R. Marro ruled it was acceptably audible.

On the tape, Blood says Jennifer "stopped me and asked me to help her. She was cute, I must admit . . . and she said she needed money." According to Blood, he tried to get the girl to return home, but she insisted on becoming a prostitute. "I swear to you, and may my mother drop dead if I'm lying, I told her it's not necessary for you to go through all this. . . . But she was determined to really get down." Jennifer planned to solicit customers by "running up to people on the street and giving them a kiss," Blood said. "She was young, she was innocent; I didn't want her out there." Since the girl was so determined, Blood decided to "sit her down and tell her exactly what's happening."

At this point in the tape, Blood began crying. His moment of anguish passed quickly, however.

Blood said she went out of her own free will, but he "followed her to watch out and make sure nothing happened to her." He denied having sex with her, claiming, "I'm on drugs; I ain't interested in sex." When Malman questioned him about a bloodstained sheet found in the hotel room, he reversed his claim of celibacy and said that Jennifer was "not the only girl I had up there." Blood also denied he had ever been arrested for any violent crime, despite the assault arrests on his rap sheet.

The hangout: Blood showed off Jennifer, his "new main woman," at the Manhattan Sea Gardens bar.

"I only had to ask a few questions," Malman says of the 45-minue taped interview. "He just rambled on and on digging himself deeper and deeper in the hole. He didn't realize how meticulously we'd built the case against him."

Blood initially pleaded not guilty, then guilty, then not guilty again, and then guilty to attempted kidnapping, a B felony. While the penalties for all the charges, if committed individually, add up to a prison sentence of three lifetimes plus 50 years, Mary de Bourbon, a spokesperson for Manhattan D.A. Robert Morgenthau, says that "even if convicted on all the charges, a defendant will never serve consecutive time. And it's no offer to allow him to plead guilty to the top count—he might as well go to trial."

Ms. de Bourbon added that the guilty plea was accepted because Jennifer "was extremely disturbed and under care for emotional problems stemming from this incident, and subjecting her to a long trial would be damaging." Police say Jennifer wanted to pursue the case, but it was her parents' wish that the case not go to trial. Judge Marro believes there was "no way for Blood to beat the case," but "extenuating circumstances . . . the father's embarrassment, the girl's feelings," made the acceptance of a plea the most expedient solution.

Because of a grand-larceny conviction in 1972, Blood was a predicate felon, which meant he had to serve a minimum prison time of one half the maximum sentence. He was bargaining for a four-and-a-half-to-nine-year sentence; the prosecutor was asking for seven and a half to fifteen years.

On June 13, Clarence "Blood" Stewart was sentenced to six to twelve years by Judge Marro. Blood carried a Bible with him at sentencing. Judge Marro had seen defendants appear with Bibles before, and he was not impressed.

Judge Marro declines to speculate when Blood will be released, but he feels Blood deserves at least seven or eight years in prison. "Judges have no control over the parole board, and I can't speculate on what they might do several years from now. Often, judges get the brunt of criticism when it's the parole board that decides to release a prisoner."

Linda Fairstein, chief of the Sex Crimes Unit, says it was a fair sentence. "Pimps usually do not plea bargain, unless they can get the charge reduced to a misdemeanor. They are the ultimate in street-wise and nobody knows the legal system better. They're down here every day bailing out girls."

"Recognizing the seriousness of the alleged crime and all that, I still think the sentence was excessive," says Blood's appeal lawyer, Michael Asen. In his appeal, he plans to challenge the sufficiency of the search warrant that allowed the cops to find the girl's clothes, the dope, and the two witnesses in Blood's room. If he can knock down the warrant, he'll move for a new proceeding. The appeal, Asen says, probably will not be ready until the summer.

Jennifer is back with her parents, attending school and receiving counseling. Blood is serving time at the Clinton State Correctional Facility in Dannemora, New York. Like so many felons before him, he is working on an autobiography.

In December 1977, when a pimp who was accused of working a fifteen-year-old runaway was allowed to plea down to a $300 fine, D.A. Morgenthau defended himself by citing the Blood Stewart case as a positive example of his work. "The evidence in that case [Blood's] supported the sentence," Morgenthau claimed. If Blood Stewart received the maximum penalty society has to offer, then the macaronis of Eighth Avenue really have very little to fear. And they know it. ■

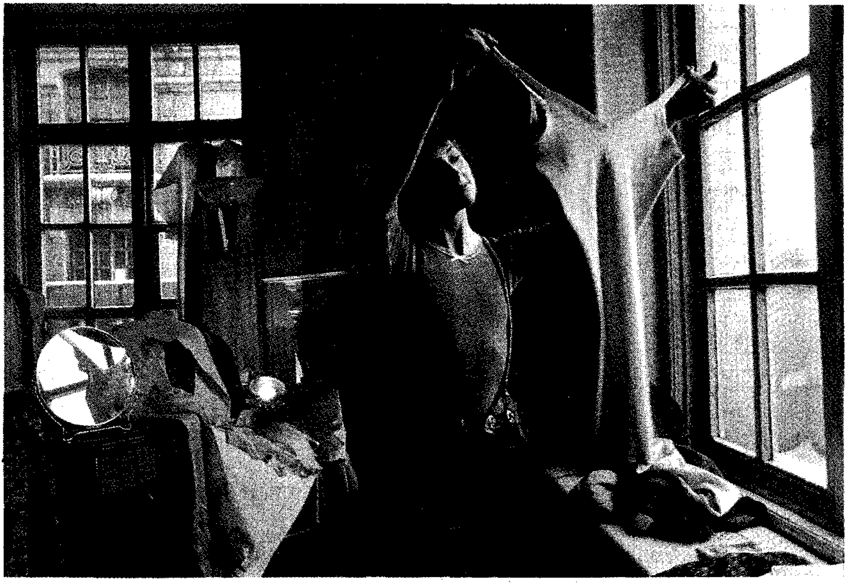
Underwear For Anywhere

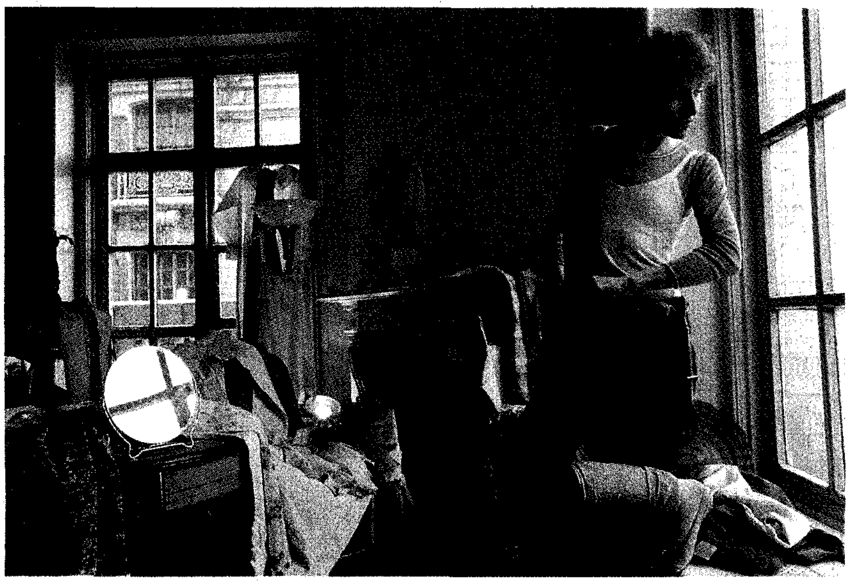
By Mary Randolph Carter

Photographed by Duane Michals

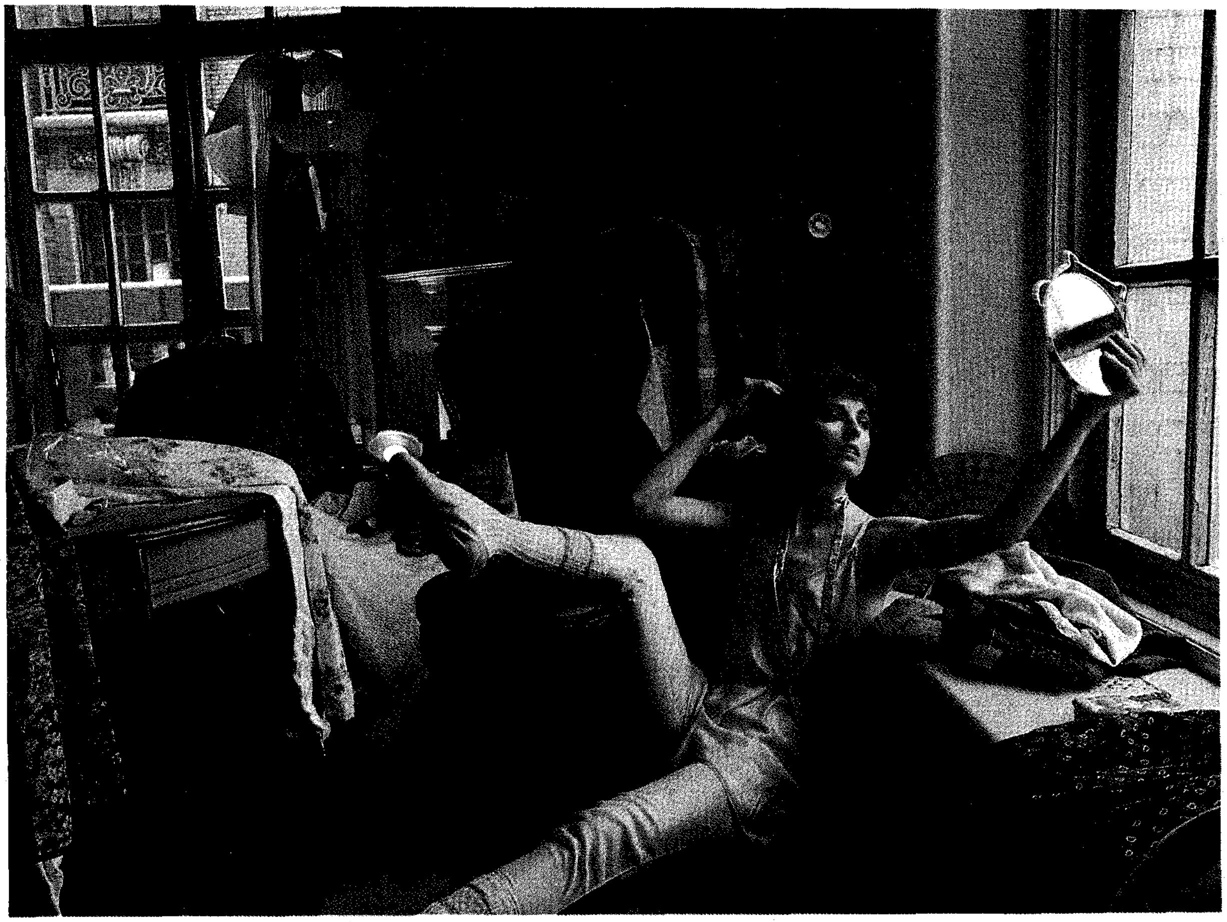
"... Long johns as leg warmers, petticoats as skirts–today's under-fashions are racy but lacy, and too good to hide ..."

It used to be that good girls wore plain white underwear and slept in flannel nightgowns, while not-so-good girls strutted around in high heels and sexy lace peignoirs. Today's under-fashions appeal to both. They're racy but lacy, and too good to hide. Yves Saint Laurent, a man with good timing, knew that, and in his spring couture collection showed a very sheer black bandeau bra with an elegant dinner jacket and tuxedo-striped pants. That legitimized what women have all been dying to do—wear their fabulous underwear as street clothing. To some degree these risqué role reversals have already begun, with old-fashioned undershirts assuming T-shirt status, ruffled and tulled petticoats worn as skirts, long johns dyed up as crazy leg warmers, nightgowns slipped into to slink out in. The next step is the daring one—the one that fulfills both the YSL look and the old brassiere-ad fantasy—"I dreamed I went jogging . . . shopping . . . dancing . . . in my ——— bra."

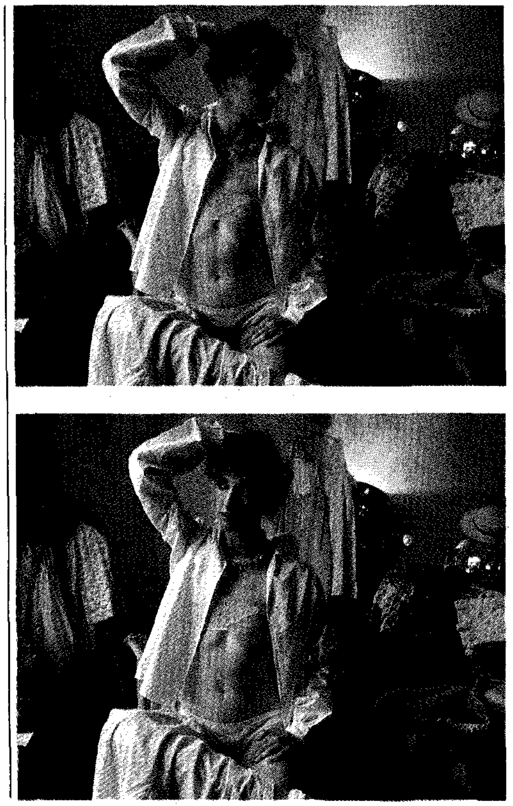




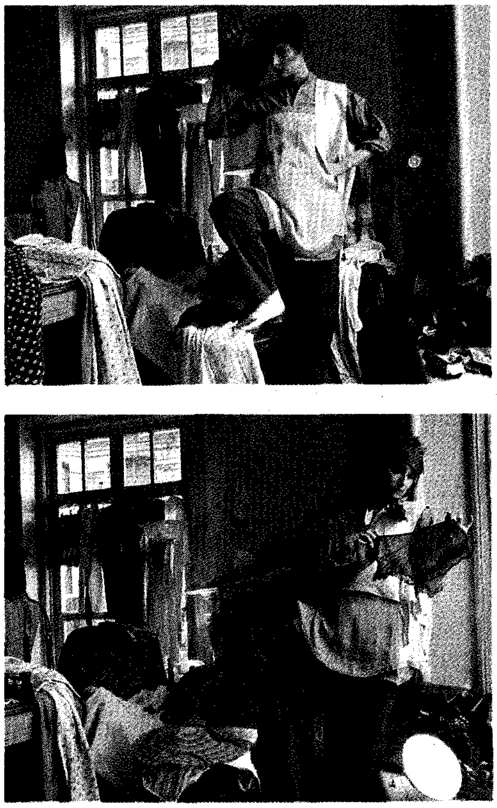
To dye over: *A pair of pastel-dyed undershirts to layer over one another, from Lamston's. The baby-bowed, long-sleeved blue goes for $3.33, the pink sleeveless for $1.87–$1.97. Antique suspenders are $8 from Early Halloween, 180 Ninth Avenue, at 21st Street. Bonnie-Doon over-the-knee socks, $3.75 at Bloomingdale's. Ballet slippers, $15 at Capezio Dance-Theatre shops. Hair on these pages by Harry King.*



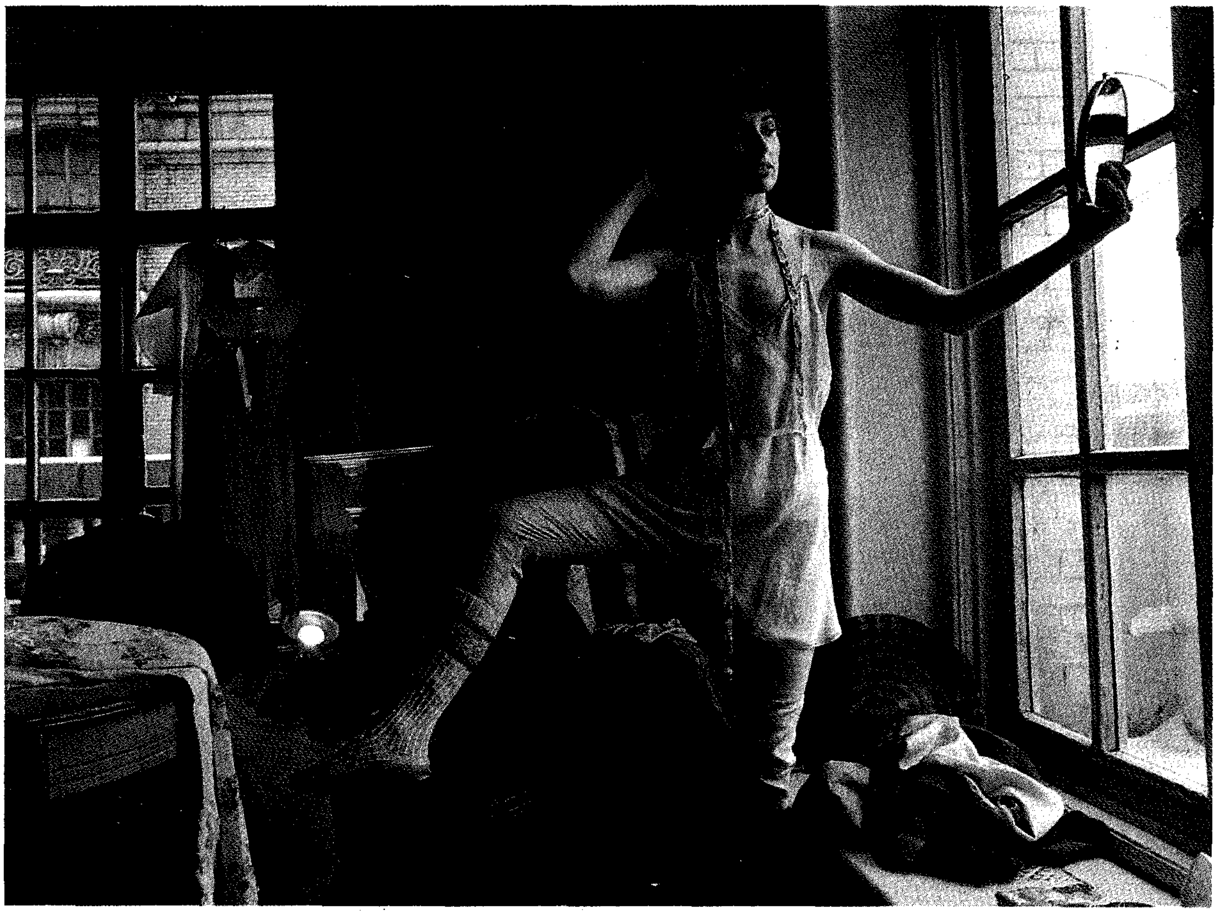
Teddy bare: Left and opposite, *a one-of-a-kind teddy, $55 at Henri Bendel, to wear over white Belgian linen leggings, $125 from the bridal department at Bergdorf Goodman.*



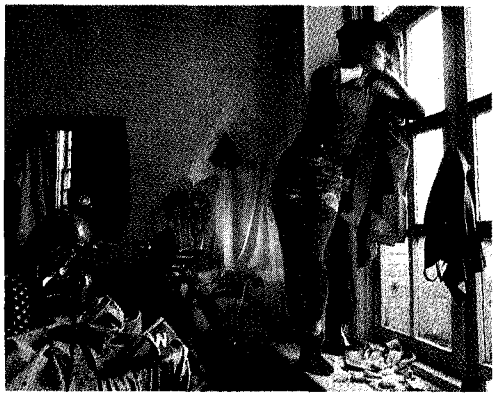
Bra none: Left, top and bottom, *wear a strapless bra as a summer bandeau. This one's by Lily of France, $6.50 at Bloomingdale's. Bed jacket, $65 at Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue, at 65th Street. Neck jewels, $25 at Reminiscence, 175 MacDougal Street.*



Camisoul: Left, top and bottom, *drab shirt and pants, $12 each, undrabbed by an antique camisole, $35; all from Reminiscence. France Andrevie linen vest, $93 at Bergdorf Goodman. Bright undies, $3.50 at Bloomingdale's.*



Finishing touches: *At the neck, an antique embroidered ribbon, $4 a yard from Cherchez. Above the mantel, a one-of-a-kind bed jacket, $28 at Henri Bendel. Bonnie-Doon socks, $3.50 at Lord & Taylor. Capezio ballet shoes, $9.*



A-jog: Left, top and bottom, *three tiny T-shirts by Dorothée Bis, $13 and $14 at Dianne B., Madison Avenue at 64th Street; shorts, $13, from Bigi at Bergdorf Goodman; long johns, $5 at Reminiscence. New Balance running shoes, $28.99 at the Athlete's Foot, Third Avenue at 46th Street.*

Petty caper: Left, top and bottom, *a petticoat by Janet Reger, $185 at Henri Bendel, becomes a fantasy poncho over Fernando Sanchez black moiré jogging pants, $46 at Bloomingdale's. Black sandals, $38, from Macy's.*

Lacy lady:
A nightgown for out on the town is this lacy number, $142, by Shu-B topped by the perfect evenin wrap, a vinyl rain poncho, $22; both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dressy sandals $38 at Macy's, Herald Square

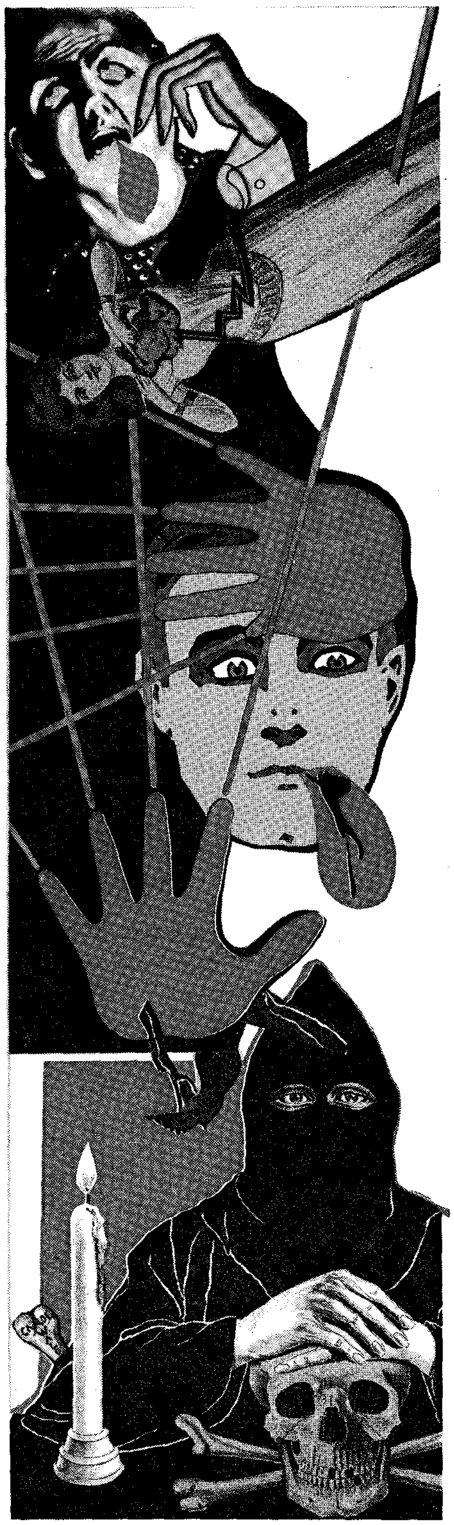
Movies / Molly Haskell

'FURY' HATH NO HELL

"... It is as hard to resist the sheer exuberance of *The Fury* as it is to decide where terror leaves off and low comedy begins ..."

In **The Fury,** Brian DePalma's new thriller about telepathic troublemakers, the director of *Carrie* once again combines B-movie sleaze with A-movie elegance and brings it off, creating the kind of outrageous, embarrassingly enjoyable film that sends critics into paroxysms of paradox when they hit the keyboard. Hyphenated accolades like "kitsch-masterpiece," "class-trash," "delirious-dreck" were practically invented for DePalma, and of all the directors who have been let off the hook—or who have let critics off the hook—with such fence-straddling epithets, DePalma has earned them. This time he will need them, for *The Fury* has few of the culturally redeeming values of *Carrie* or *Phantom of the Paradise.* Those who cling to the idea of DePalma as a radical filmmaker will have to work overtime to find any kind of politically coherent theme in this plot, or in John Farris's screenplay—about a CIA-type organization training psychics for long-distance dirty tricks—or in a posh mind-research institute, any of the mythic or social resonance of the high school in *Carrie* and the rock palladium in *Phantom.* Nor is there anything here to equal the goofy grandeur of Sissy Spacek's performance in the former film. Amy Irving, who was too brimful of goodness as Carrie's one friend (why would the school belle waste her time on a runt-of-the-litter creep like Carrie?), is again too virtuous to be interesting as the possessed heroine of *The Fury.* But she is just virtuous enough to carry the themes of innocence violated and upper-middle-class virginity menaced that are the major elements in DePalma's alternately crude and delicious travesty of the Hitchcock moral aesthetic.

There are the usual echoes of the master's visual elegance—the sweeping camera movements and seductive locales, the scrubbed, spoiled beauty of society's darlings. When the characters come apart, however, they do so with a comic-book splat that is closer to voodoo than to Freud. DePalma, more than Friedkin or any director of his generation, has instinctively gravitated to the juncture where hip meets inner-city, and there *The Fury* establishes its own nerve-shattering, fun-house rhythms. As blood gushes forth from the cuticles of a sympathetic female doctor, as a chic English M.D. levitates to her death, as the heroine's eyes turn green with the malevolent powers transmitted by her psychic "twin," it is as hard to resist the sheer exuberance of the horror as it is to decide where terror leaves off and low comedy begins. I wouldn't recommend the film as a benefit attraction for the Hemophilia Foundation, or for those made queasy by the sight of blood, or for the serious-minded. Its charm lies precisely in the unreality of its effects: a violence so extravagantly stylized and characterizations so minimal that you may find yourself sitting on the edge of your seat without believing in a single occurrence on the screen.



Kirk Douglas—as the father of the psychic boy abducted in a spectacular mock-terrorist attack on a Persian beach—looks like an ex–Pumping Iron champ as he indulges in physique-displaying leaps across Chicago rooftops. John Cassavetes, somber and compelling as his nemesis, refers to their twenty years together in "the agency," while plotting to extinguish him (for no good reason, since it becomes clear that the son has been successfully brainwashed into rejecting his dear old dad).

Characters appear and disappear, not in response to summonses from what the film refers to as the "bioplasmic universe" but because of the nature and momentum of the mechanism DePalma has created, a careening centrifugal carnival ride that, like the real carnival ride galvanized to send two Arabs to their deaths, spins characters off when it has had enough of them. In the small part of Kirk Douglas's devoted, lapdog mistress, Carrie Snodgrass is oddly affecting, possibly because she is a carrie-over from DePalma's other plain-Jane character and his most moving heroine.

If DePalma's films are rich in the surface delights that are a large part of what movies are all about, they lack psychological depth, and—more bothersome—they seem to be moving away

Illustrated by Carol Wald

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from, rather than toward, the maturity that might provide such insights. In a bid for the "kid" audience that seems every bit as calculating as the science-fiction fables of his young colleagues Lucas and Spielberg, he flatters young people by suggesting that they have some power they can't control, a "gift" that adults don't have but desperately want.

The ultimate break between the generations occurs near the ending, in a cliff-hanging allusion to *North by Northwest*. Father clutches son's hand, then, in a shocking rupture of the ties of kinship, lets him go. Is this DePalma's way of embracing decadence and repudiating the bonds of family and the classical cinema that honored them? That might be a disturbing thought if we were to take DePalma seriously, but he won't let us. We will just have to wait and see if this facetiousness is his most endearing or damning trait.

With his film version of **A Little Night Music,** Harold Prince is competing not only with the stage version of Stephen Sondheim's musical (with book and screenplay by Hugh Wheeler) but with three nonmusical movies which happen to be among the most captivating works by three of the greatest directors who ever lived. I mean not only Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night,* which inspired the Broadway musical, but Max Ophuls's *La Ronde* and Jean Renoir's *Rules of the Game,* all tales of capricious lovers uncoupling and recoupling in a roundelay that owes its basic shape (as Prince acknowledges by setting his film in turn-of-the-century Vienna) to Arthur Schnitzler's *Reigen.* Does Harold Prince belong in this august company? No, but then not many people do. And his audience is not likely to be hampered by memories of the earlier films, which have been slighted even as art-house classics. The blind spot, I think, has to do with native American puritanism; it is also the reason that *A Little Night Music* never quite captures the full pathos beneath the folly of human desire. It is not given to even so ingenious a creative intelligence as Sondheim's to encompass the special blend of sophistication and innocence, of outraged idealism and worldly compassion, that propels the European merry-go-round, and with it the underlying awareness of the limitations imposed by class and time. As Renoir said, in the famous phrase that defined not only a world but a *mise-en-scène,* in *Rules of the Game,* "Everyone has his reasons."

If everyone has his reasons in *A Little Night Music,* these reasons are never represented with any force to the

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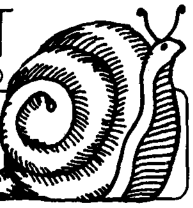

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audience. Among the sparring partners for whom Sondheim has devised his wickedly witty lyrics, only the older woman—the actress played by Glynis Johns on the stage and by Elizabeth Taylor here—has reason and sympathy on her side, while the position of everyone else looks faintly absurd. The aging Lothario played by Len Cariou is not yearning for youth, but frankly tired—maybe even relieved to escape sexual duties to his virginal wife; Lesley-Anne Down looks much too ripe as a blushing bride of eight months; the divinity-student son is not appealingly idealistic but an oafish fool; the hot-blooded hussar in love with the actress is merely a buffoon; Diana Rigg as his jealous wife is the only one to pronounce the dialogue with any style, but her verbal resources are undercut by the maiden-aunt dowdiness with which she has been outfitted to minimize her competition with Miss Taylor.

The greater parts of the costume and lighting budgets have been devoted to camouflaging Miss Taylor's weaknesses by shadows under the chin, judiciously placed tulle on the gowns, and she herself seems not in the least worried about the figure she may cut, which I suppose is half the battle. Taylor is, if nothing else, a professional, and as such she acquits herself of the acting and singing chores, the latter made easier by the showstopper, "Send in the Clowns," which of all songs ever written is the most singer-proof. The problems posed by Taylor are of another, more metaphysical sort. The woman is incapable of aging, of suggesting the pathos and the wisdom and the accumulated experience of growing old. She is perhaps a wonder of American technology and the star system, but she is not the woman to convey an awareness of the passing of time, or the gallantry of a woman confronting that truth.

Instead of becoming the pivotal figure in the proceedings, Taylor's Désirée is but another ride on a carousel that refuses to budge. Each character has his say, but the lives and the musical motifs never mesh. Prince's frenetic crosscutting aborts the sense of simultaneity and convergence created by Sondheim's elegantly pseudo-Mozartean score, and the production is never more alive than in the *tableaux vivants* that begin and end the film. The theatrical theme is essential to the story, but whereas Bergman, Ophuls, and Renoir used the stage conceit to suggest the artifice present in the games of their overcivilized characters, Prince's proscenium is a cage from which his characters are never released into cinematic —or even musical—life. ■

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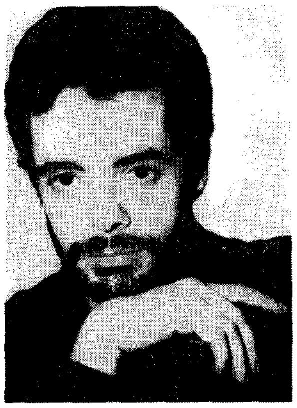

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NEW YORK

Dance/Marcia B. Siegel

UNIDENTICAL TWINS

"... Looking at a dance by Jenkins or Farber, you have to take movement into account as a system with its own integrity ..."

Both Margaret Jenkins and Viola Farber belong to the large family of dancers spawned by Merce Cunningham, but their choreographic styles aren't much like his, or like each other's. Which is probably as much a tribute to Cunningham as it is to Jenkins and Farber.

Cunningham has imparted to all his disciples an attitude of openness toward form, and a trust in the power of movement to make its own impression on the viewer. When you look at a dance by Jenkins or Farber, whatever else may be going on in the way of decoration, sounds, words, manipulating of props, the putting on or taking off of more or less relevant costumes, you ultimately have to take the movement into account as a system with its own integrity, its own "meaning."

This was quite a remarkable assertion in the face of the programmatic, psychologically oriented modern dance that prevailed in the fifties when Cunningham's style was developing, and it's perhaps an even more revealing and demanding gift now, when modern dance leads us so often to numb little escape hatches.

Viola Farber's dance has never been especially comfortable or ingratiating to watch. In her program at the Dance Umbrella I felt a bleakness, a resignation, that was harder to take than the hard-driving, existential disengagement of her past work.

At one time Farber's dancers would often seem to become possessed by the movement's energy and try to dance themselves into exhaustion. Jenkins's dance runs away with itself too sometimes—something in the Cunningham mystique seems to encourage this total expenditure of physical resources. It's eventually painful to watch, but exhilarating too.

In Farber's company the energy level seems lower now. The spirits, too. I'm not saying her new dance, *Turf*, is a direct expression of the fact that she and the company were forced by a greedy landlord to give up the studio they lovingly built, but its messages seem to be issuing from a particularly barren, spiritless place. Even though—or maybe because—there are moments when the dance leans toward a ballet parody.

Action: *Margaret Jenkins's dancers at work.*

Turf, for Farber, Larry Clark, Ande Peck, and Jeff Slayton in track suits, is accompanied by the Poulenc Organ Concerto, and takes place in a nowhere of gorgeous light designed by Beverly Emmons. As the music strides vaingloriously in the background, the dancers lurch and fling themselves around, as if their own weight were an insurmountable encumbrance.

Rooted to one spot, they strain and pull until one leg comes off the ground, or use all their might to dislodge an arm. But having initiated movement so laboriously, they seem to lose interest, or will, and the limb drops heavily back to its place. They jump doggedly, almost aimlessly, land like sandbags on both feet. Encountering each other, they start some corporate action, then drop it dully as the impulse runs out.

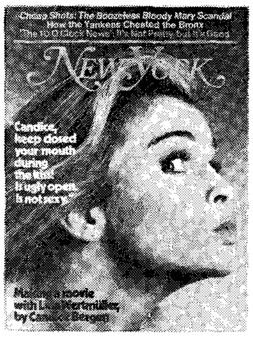
At certain points in the dance, they face the audience and seem to set themselves for giving a more sparkly display, but their effort conveys irony, not self-confidence. After the music ends, they line up and haul themselves, footstep after sodden footstep, toward the footlights.

Margaret Jenkins brought her eleven member San Francisco–based company to New York for the first time, and gave four performances at the Cunningham studio in Westbeth. I find it harder to catch the feeling/tone of Jenkins's work than Farber's. Maybe there's less feeling invested. The dancers seldom initiate movement from the center of the body, they don't put their weight behind what they do. They seem to regard dancing as a more casual thing, with effects that are easier to shake off.

Jenkins surrounds her dance with unrelated, possibly even frivolous, stimuli, like the convoluted, evocative language of poet Michael Palmer, exclamatory remarks by the dancers, a taped reading of Wittgenstein's biography. This conforms to Cunningham orthodoxy about all elements of the dance being autonomous, but Jenkins's movements often don't imprint themselves on my imagination with equal insistence.

She's more compositionally-minded than most Cunningham descendants. It pleases me to see movement I recognize in a dance—people shadowing other people's gestures, a game of tag where the tagger continues what the taggee was doing (*Copy*), a hard, angular dance in sophisticated clothes that's done again in shiny unitards, only quieter, blurred, as if half-forgotten (*About the Space in Between*). But her movement seems distracted to me. People are constantly launching into gestures or traveling steps that only progress a little distance before they double back on themselves or switch to another idea. Her dancers' energies don't really build up or subside, except in small increments that cancel each other out.

Maybe you can only be this spendthrift with space when you're really confident about it. Once, in *Copy*, a dance lit partly by the gray glow of several television monitors, the dancers mill around quite close together. Moving quickly and continuing to make the big, florid arm gestures that are characteristic of Jenkins movement, they don't shrink in or exhibit any particular caution about bumping into each other. I thought, people in New York never move that way in the dark. ■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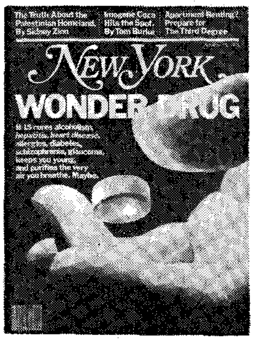
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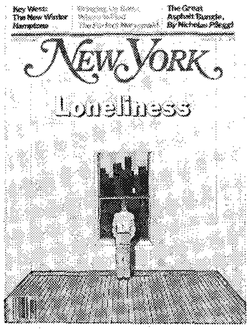
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Theater/John Simon

URBAN SCRAWL

"...*Runaways* is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly..."

Let's pretend that nobody has overused the word "nice." It is, therefore, still fresh and available to describe a show that is decent, appealing, enjoyable without being extraordinary. Such a nice show is **Runaways,** by Elizabeth Swados, at the Public Theater, the latest in a growing series of works allowed to ripen slowly and juicily under Joe Papp's firm but sympathetic supervision. The 27-year-old Miss Swados, who has already contributed background music or songs to a number of Andrei Serban productions, and who previously wrote, directed, and appeared in *Nightclub Cantata* (where, however, many of the texts were by other writers), has done almost everything herself here, including lengthy research into the lives of runaway children and a very long period of rehearsing, revising, and sometimes recasting the show, whose performers include a number of authentic runaways.

Yet the most authentic runaway is Liz Swados herself. Not so much because she occasionally did take French leave from her childhood home in Buffalo; and not so much because, with Serban and Peter Brook productions, she has roamed the globe. The true runaway quality about her is mental; her invention races freely between the near-classical and the quasi-popular styles of composition, much of it in a special, somewhat fey, faraway province of the imagination. Miss Swados, who actually looks like a slightly older, more gaunt and hippiefied Tenniel Alice, writes tunes and words about a wonderland often as bizarre and menacing as Lewis Carroll's and, unfortunately, real.

Here the subject is, of course, runaway children from eleven to their early twenties, and the sequence of unconnected but strategically ordered songs concerns, sometimes, the brighter moments of being young and streetwise or -foolish, and, more frequently, the pains of being alone, alienated, and in the process of becoming one of the metropolis's victims or victimizers. There are, however, glimpses of home life as well, so that the show (to a certain extent improvised by the cast) is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly.

The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. Swados, like most composers with genuine theatrical facility, is sometimes a bit too facile, and there are passages of merely serviceable *Gebrauchsmusik* here, verging on latter-day versions of the old oom-pahpah. But, suddenly, the composer will pull herself up by her guitar strings (she plays that instrument with the small orchestra, which also employs a number of more exotic, mostly percussive, instruments), and out comes a sinuously cajoling melody like "Where Do People Go?" Still, in the area of melodic invention, Swados, as of now, has her intermittencies.

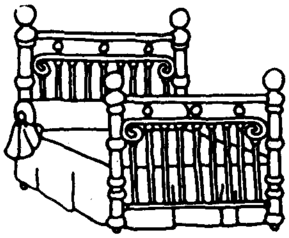
Her lyrics, not infrequently delivered in a parlando style, have their raw beauty. Not your customary, disciplined rhymes, they rove in both form and meaning. But they are apt to be moving in a quirkily defiant, unpoignant, harshly affecting way; they can also be funny with the untrammeled, irreverent fantasy of children (from whom age has not yet detached Miss Swados fully) who bring a prodigality of gifts to a world that, at best, accepts them ungraciously. Oddly enough, Miss Swados's words often sound as genuine as, but less sentimental than, the charming and deeply involving ones in *The Me Nobody Knows,* the fine show that was based almost entirely on children's writings.

The performances, both by the four professionals and by the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. I'd rather single out no one, but I cannot refrain from pointing to Diane Lane, a very young, poetically pretty, and apparently most gifted actress—the loveliest and most haunting waif since Shelley Plimpton. I only wish she would not look at the floor quite so much. Miss Swados has directed with a mobility and plasticity kept in admirable control, and the Douglas W. Schmidt-Woods Mackintosh setting—a stylized playground with an added pigeon cage—is suitably lit by Jennifer Tipton. Hilary Rosenfeld's costumes are properly inconspicuous.

Another Papp production, Sam Shepard's **Curse of the Starving Class,** is not quite so felicitous. This is a sort of fancier, more literary version of all those earnest middle-class plays about the decay of the family in Middle America, here treated in an absurdist, faintly surreal fashion. Father is a besotted layabout, mother gets involved in more ways than one with a corrupt real-estate agent, and both parents get gulled—into either buying worthless land or selling the very house they live in. Sister tries to be a conscientious student but gets understandably rattled when brother urinates on some posters she made for school. Brother does very little of anything, except work on a new door to replace the one daddy kicked to pieces when mom tried to lock him out—so crudely carpentered it would be spurned by a self-respecting chicken coop.

The cynosure of the shabby, near-vacant living room is a battered and highly metonymical refrigerator, more often empty or filled with preposterous comestibles like artichokes than properly stocked. When that is the case, however, the result is an orgy of eating the like of which you haven't seen since Marco Ferreri's *La Grande Bouffe* of unhappy memory. There is also a sweet little lamb, sometimes in

Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast



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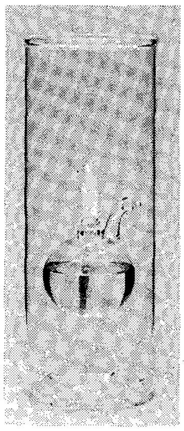

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a makeshift pen in the living room for no good reason, that comes to a sticky end like all the principal characters—indeed the play itself.

The trouble with the clearly gifted Shepard, as with most of our young playwrights, is a lack of discipline. In this case, the tone is uncertain, shuttling as it does between bestiality and symbolism (as in a particularly awful symbolic eagle), and the characters are too weird to engage our interest more than glancingly. The production, though, is generally accomplished, with Olympia Dukakis and Pamela Reed particularly good under Robert Woodruff's direction.

I remember with great fondness the Off Broadway production, eight years ago, of Paul Zindel's **The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds.** Of this fetching play, the quite unnecessary Broadway revival makes a most depressing shambles. Under A. J. Antoon's astoundingly obvious and leaden direction, two of New York's worst actresses, Shelley Winters and Carol Kane, reduce the troublingly beautiful principal roles to inanity. This mismatched mother and daughter were humanized in all their concealed complexity by the intelligent and sensitive performances, in the original production, of Sada Thompson and Pamela Payton-Wright.

Now we get Miss Winters's whine and Miss Kane's whimper competing to see which can first shatter a glass or, failing that, destroy a human ear. (I pass over the agonies to which the human eye is subjected.) With Miss Winters it is often impossible to tell whether what she dumps on the stage is a case of forgetting one's lines, an orgy of Method acting, or simply archetypal ineptitude. Miss Kane, in turn, delivers her lines as if her throat were atrophying, stares with a stolidity that she must mistake for wistfulness, occasionally stamps a foot or two, and generally looks too old for the part of Tillie. As her sister, Lori Shelle acts frantic, and doesn't merely stamp her feet, but actually jumps up and down. As an unsavory rival science student, Lolly Boroff giggles inanely.

Some of the dialogue cannot even be heard. Peter Harvey's set and costumes can, alas, be seen. Ian Calderon's lighting is prosaic, and Richard Peaslee's music is otiose. The inexperienced young producers, in an unusual program credit, thank Ken Gaston (whoever he is) for his "immeasurable support and knowledge." I don't know about his support; but with even rudimentary knowledge he would have advised them to desist. ■

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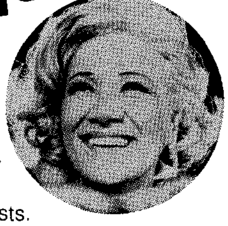

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OUT OF FAVOR

"...The mismatch of text and music in *La Favorita* is only part of the problem; the score is without form or feature..."

For an opera of so little worth, the Met's revival of **La Favorita** has encountered a remarkable range of critical reception. Most notably, it has incurred a storm of eloquent derision from the scholarly Andrew Porter of *The New Yorker,* along with some belligerent bowwow from the *Village Voice*'s Leighton Kerner. Anyone with common sense can see what's wrong with the notion of reviving an unfamiliar work in a language other than its original (Italian instead of French), in a translation that was purposely botched by its perpetrator in order to appease the Italian censors, and in a musical version not only heavily but also inconsistently cut.

Musical scholarship exists to protect the world from such outrage, and when a scholar can write with Andrew Porter's passion and wit, some good must come of it. Yet, the *Favorita* situation is another case, like the Houston *Tancredi* and the Kentucky *Macbeth* that I wrote about some time ago, where the scholar's rules must be counted against the evidence of the ears and—yes, let's say it—the heart.

To begin with, there is the matter of language. True, Donizetti composed his opera, as *La Favorite,* on commission from Paris, as he did several far worthier scores, including *La Fille du Régiment.* The latter work was not only composed in French, its style, the layout of its rhythms, the glitter of its harmonic manner would suggest the French language even if the work were sung in Bantu.

Not so *La Favorite,* though it was composed (or, more accurately, assembled) only a few months after *La Fille.* Give or take one or two episodes—the pseudo-liturgical opening, which might be an abject ancestor of the similar patch in *Thaïs,* or a couple of movements in the wretched ballet music that sink almost to the level of Adolphe Adam—the musical language of *La Favorite* is resolutely Italian. Whatever the merits of the specific translation at hand, to harp on the Frenchness of this opera is as absurd as to insist that the Paris version of *Tannhäuser* also be sung in French. Furthermore, since the score of *La Favorite* was largely a pastiche from several abandoned projects, it seems equally absurd to fuss about the Italian words not matching the sense of the original.

The fact is that *Favorite/Favorita,* slavish *Urtext* or Ricordi perversion, is an opera virtually beyond salvation. The mismatch of text and music is only part of the problem; the real problem is that the score is without form or feature, the work of a man who often touched greatness, but who, just as often, composed too prolifically and without hindsight. The opera sings prettily, to be sure, and has a couple of juicy arias for its hero and heroine. But of the soaring lyric line that makes *Roberto Devereux* breathtaking, or the prophetic daring that astounds the fortunate hearer of *Poliuto,* there is little in this workaday score.

LA FAVORITA
LA FAVORITE

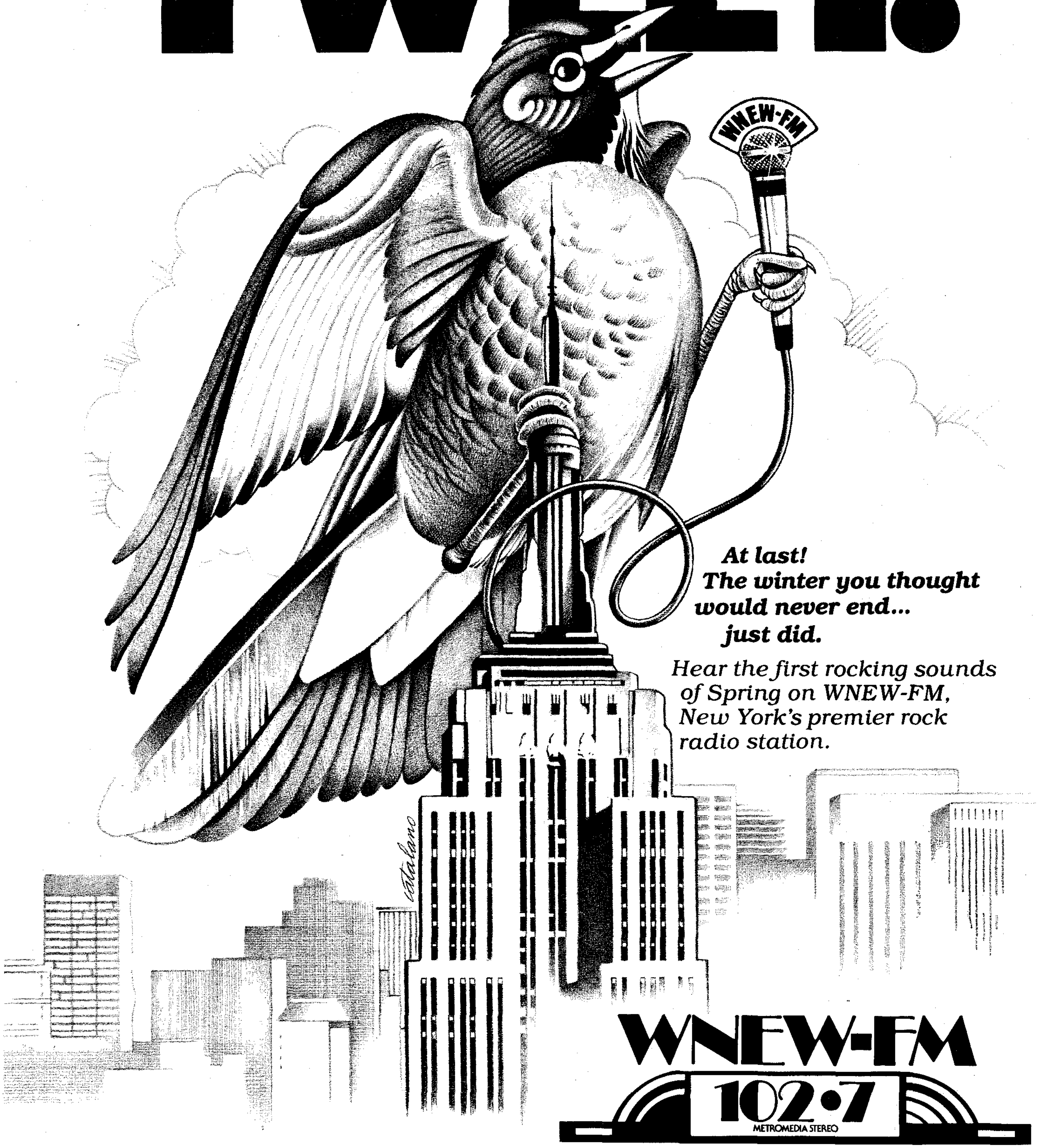
I can concede, of course, that a brilliant production might make the work at least palatable, and that the Met's current version—fortunately, merely the loan of a San Francisco production five years old—does no such thing. Luciano Pavarotti is woefully miscast, unsympathetic to watch, and with too much steel in the voice to nurture the flickers of his music. Shirley Verrett, in the name role, is a glory to watch, as is Sherrill Milnes, and their best work is in a long, slow duet in the third scene. The opera is badly staged by Patrick Tavernia, with egregious errors in blocking (e.g., an idiotic back-to-back "confrontation" between Pavarotti and Bonaldo Giaiotti in the second act). Jane Greenwood's costumes are lovely, a panoply of Pisanello, but the Ming Cho Lee sets, even allowing that they were designed for a smaller stage, have some curious elements that lead nowhere and some pieces (e.g., sacred statues up on lollipop sticks) that are the clichés of old work that he has long since surpassed. As for the conducting of Jesús López-Cobos, I find that I wrote the word "squamous" in my program. I'm not sure what it means, but it sounds right.

"Style," wrote the film critic Parker Tyler, "exists through a subtle architectonic tension: raise the voice, overstate action, press a pedal too hard and things fall apart, cease to be funny, become grotesque." Tyler was writing about a masterpiece in which these things did not happen, René Clair's glorious 1927 silent movie of Eugène Labiche's **The Italian Straw Hat**. It is difficult to believe that Nino Rota, whose operatic version of the play was introduced last week at the Manhattan School of Music, failed to realize how badly he had trespassed against the shape, the tension, the immaculate time scale of both Labiche (whose name, by some mercy, did not appear in the program) and Clair.

Aside from its style, cutesy-eclectic to a point just this side of nausea, the opera makes the unconscionable assumption that the headlong, beautifully managed impetus of the play can survive being constantly suspended for decorative musical matters. The opera is early Rota (1948), and the composer has gone on to write some rather decent film music since that time. This makes it all the more incredible that he allows this viciously anti-dramatic work to remain in circulation and will acquiesce in its employment to waste the time of talented student forces at an excellent conservatory. "Opera for people who hate opera," said the ads, and I hope that the man responsible for that line might be obliged to endure eight consecutive, uncut performances of *La Favorite,* preferably while hanging by his thumbs. ▬

Illustrated by Barry Shapiro

TWEET TWEET.



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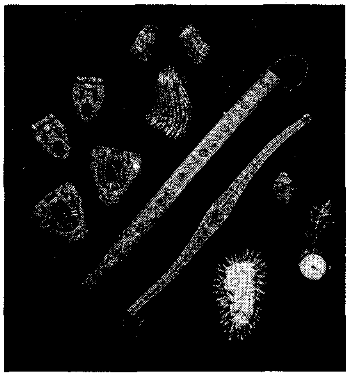

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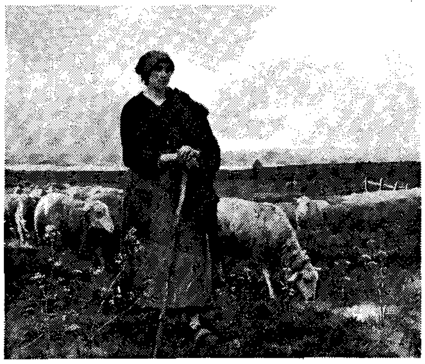

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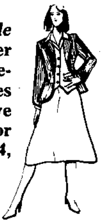

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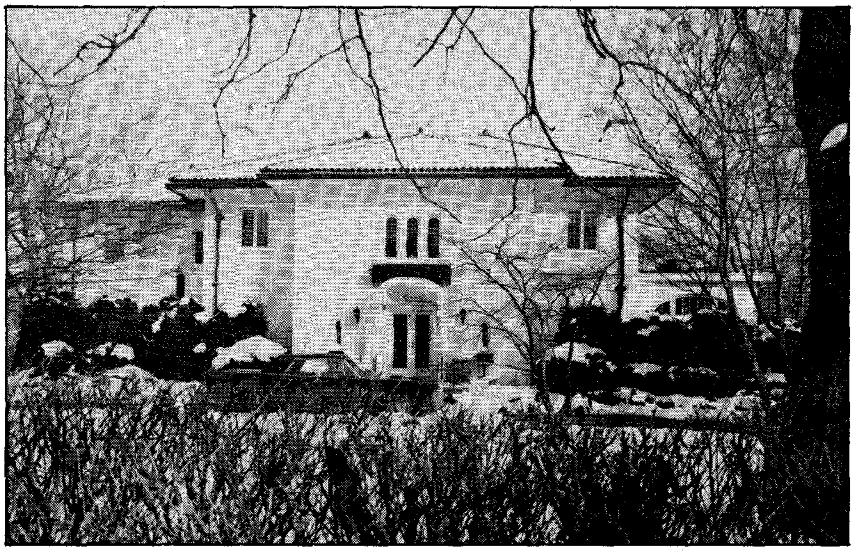

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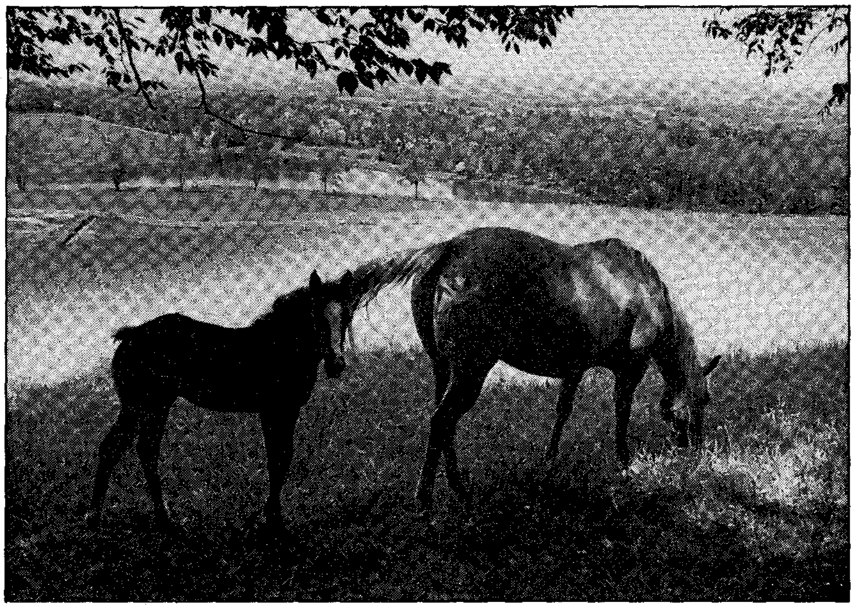

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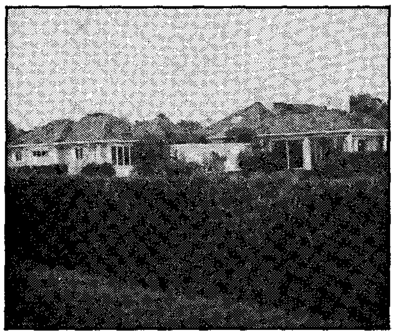

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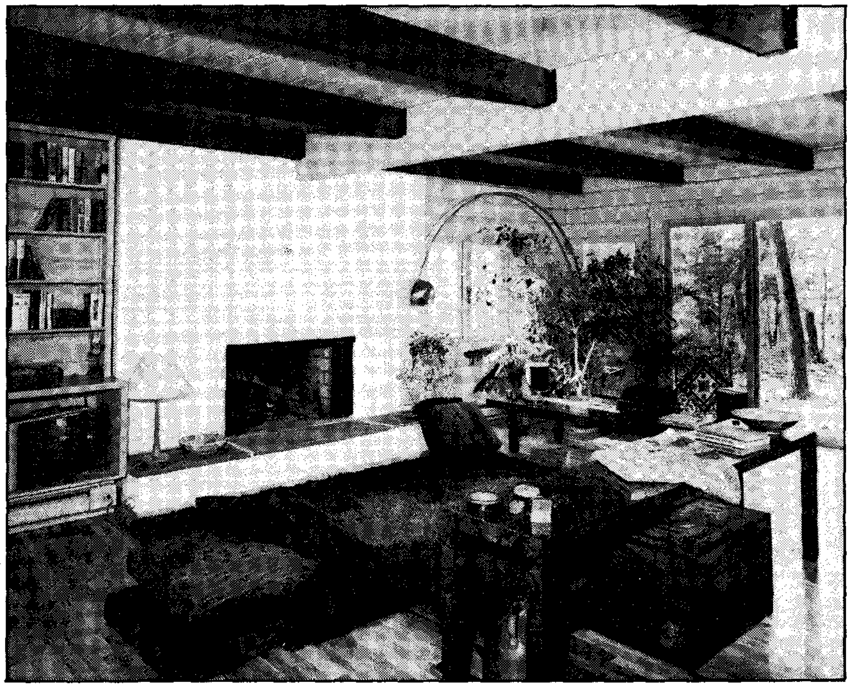

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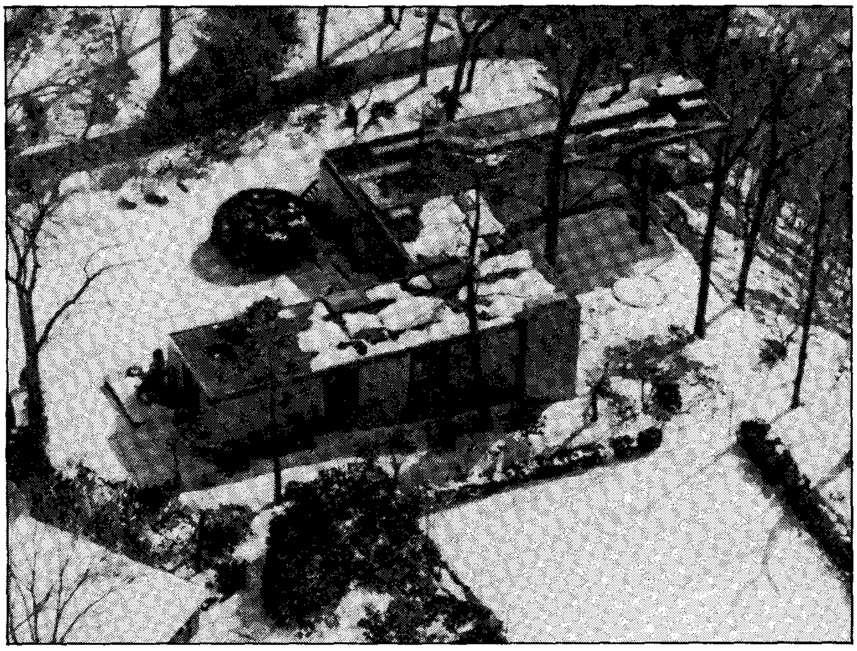

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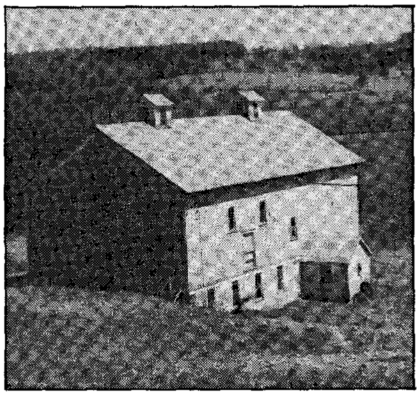

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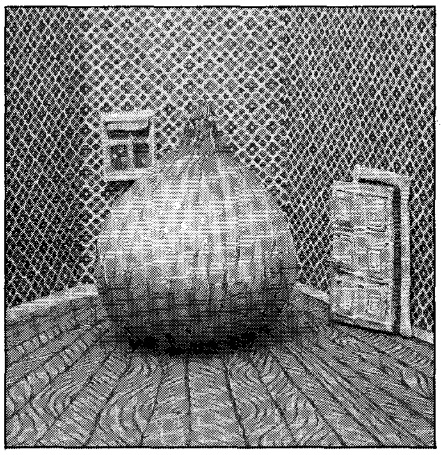
THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISE

Fed up with *nouvelle cuisine* and its credo of innovation at all costs—mousse of moose, vegetables so crisp they crack your inlays? Me too. It's about time someone gave a cheer for *la cuisine bourgeoise,* the hearty stews and savory soups that have been the marrow of French cooking for centuries. As this traditional fare gets harder to find in Paris—boeuf bourguignon is getting as scarce as homemade fudge—it's nice to know you can still get it in New York.

One of the best and most inexpensive places to find it is the **Café des Sports** (329 West 51st Street, 581-1283). This cozy restaurant, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, is the closest thing to a real bistro I've run across outside of France. You can relax here. There's not a salade folle or a truffle in sight.

The décor is *sportif,* as you can see from the trophy case by the bar. (Lucien Lozach, the affable owner, used to coach the local Breton soccer team.) Hand-painted cartoons celebrate the joys of swimming, bicycling, and football. There's a discreet reminder that "love well made". . . is also *"du sport."* The soft lighting and cheerful tablecloths make it a welcome refuge for the homesick Bretons who rendezvous here on Sunday nights after a soccer match, as well as for many of the city's French waiters and chefs. On a recent Sunday night, the maître d'hôtel of the Côte Basque turned up, and so did two waiters from the Palace and the chef of Mon Paris. One patron, "M. Louis," hasn't missed a dinner at the Café des Sports in fifteen years; he always sits at the fifth table at the left.

The rank-and-file Francophiles who constitute the regulars at the Café des Sports are attracted by its generous portions and reasonable prices. But the most endearing thing about the restaurant is its simplicity. There are no wine baskets, no pastry wagons, no sommeliers rattling cellar keys or unctuous captains immolating themselves in cherries jubilee. It's so unpretentious you'd hardly think it's French. Yet there's an attention to detail here often lacking in more elaborate places—plates remain hot twenty minutes out of the oven, crumbs are spirited away after the main course, and the butter, though it comes in pats, at least is not wrapped.



The aromas emanating from chef Maurice André's tiny kitchen in back are the same tantalizing whiffs that waft through the hallways of French apartment buildings at noon. The four or five pungent stews on the menu daily ($4.50 at lunch, under $6 at dinner) come in homey earthenware terrines and are garnished with golf-ball-size onions, nicely glaceéd. Servings are big enough so that you can skip an hors d'oeuvre. Veal Marengo ($5.50*), chunks of veal and baby carrots in a rich, terra-cotta-colored sauce, was considerably better than one I had recently at a renowned East Side French restaurant—*and* half the price. The coq au vin ($5.50) and the boeuf bourguignon ($5.50) were both good, though the latter lacked seasoning.

The soups du jour ($1) here are unremittingly wonderful—watercress, Mongol (tomato and puréed beans), and whatever else comes into chef Maurice's head. All entrées are served with a green vegetable and potato. But not just any potato—crisp, golden fries. Slivers of the sublime is what they are. Order them with everything and you won't be sorry.

The charcuterie is made right here. Pâté ($1.65) is thick and gamy and comes with seven tiny imported French pickles, to make the French customers feel at home. Lucien Lozach is justly proud of his rillettes ($1.65), a pounded-pork mixture. One of the best simple dinners we tried was a saucisse maison ($4.75), a sausage of ground pork, shallots, white wine, and cream. The mashed potatoes that come with it contain lots of butter and reassuring lumps. There's also a rich rabbit stew ($6), blood sausage ($5.25), and roast pigeon ($7) on occasion.

It's hard to go wrong with the daily specials. My fillet of bluefish ($4.75) arrived beautifully meunièred, golden and sizzling on top, flaky and moist inside. And it nearly filled the plate. The fresh sole fillet ($5.50) had a liberal sprinkling of almond slivers, was also nicely moist, and did fill the plate. I was a bit skeptical of the brochette de filet mignon ($6.75), but it turned out to be eight hunks of first-class filet, rose inside as ordered. Even the duck ($6.50) was delectable—the two large pieces came brown and crackling, neither greasy nor dry.

A friend took it upon himself to point out that the mussels in the moules vinaigrette ($1.50) are canned. But so are the artichoke hearts, the mackerel in white wine, and the beets in the assorted hors d'oeuvres. (At $2.40, the latter dish was the only thing that didn't seem worth the money.) But, as I remarked to my fastidious friend, a bistro is a bistro is a bistro. For these prices, you won't get someone pulling beards off mussels all day. The few canned items used are shortcuts any French housewife might take, and they work well enough. By the time the mussels hit the table, for example, they had been revived by a zesty vinaigrette.

The only disappointments were the green vegetables, khaki-colored and distressingly limp, and the onion soup ($1.75)—the broth was weak and the cheese came floating in it like a life preserver instead of nicely browned. Desserts here lack the luster of the other courses. But considering that the restaurant has achieved the perfect frite, we didn't really mind.

Wine prices are low. The 1976 Brouilly ($8) is so light and fruity we ended up drinking it with everything. The Sylvaner ($7.50) is also fruity, and there's a lively white Burgundy, Château de Viré, for $8.

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Artwork—Sonia Sudak is having a one-week sale on her own collection of more than 60 original pieces of art—drawings, lithographs, paintings, and sculpture—by well-known contemporary artists, at prices lower than those charged by galleries. (Ms. Sudak is a former gallery director.) Examples: Robert Goodenough framed litho, selling elsewhere for $175, $100 here; Walter Darby Bannard unframed litho, *Salmon River*, selling elsewhere for $225, $150 here; Nicholas Marsicano framed drawing, elsewhere $450, $300 here; Stanley Boxer painting, $700 here; John Ferro bronze sculpture, $1,200; two tiny David Levine drawings, $75 each; small Dorothy Heller drawings, $100; a large Edith Teitlebaum painting, $700; Peter Reginato model for sculpture, $100; Alice Baber 40 by 60-in. painting, $1,300. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Call WA 9-7069 8 a.m.–6 p.m. for an appointment; 3/22–29.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Sweaters and ponchos—Swing Low is doing it again this year, holding a sale that is indoors all week and outside in the (fingers crossed) sunshine on Sunday. All of its sweaters, ponchos, etc., come from Ecuador and Bolivia and are 100 percent wool or alpaca. There are men's and women's sizes in many things. Shawl-collar wrap sweaters, natural colors, were $75–$90, now $25; women's full-length hooded alpaca sweater coats, earth tones, were $175, now $80; shorter wrap-length sweaters, now $30; handwoven alpaca ponchos in natural colors, white blanket ponchos with green or plum stripes, and some antique Bolivian ponchos with Indian designs, were $48–$175, now $10–$75; woven alpaca poncho jackets, were $75–$125, now $25 and $30; woven alpaca vests, were $65, now $20; crocheted all-wool tweed shawls, were $55, now $15; many one-of-a-kind sweater samples, all sizes, now $5–$10; woven shoulder bags, $4; and a rack of $5 clothes including T-shirts, tunics, shirts, and drawstring pants. Silver jewelry is 50 percent off. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Swing Low, 1181 Second Ave., between 62nd and 63rd sts. (838-3314); Mon. and Thurs–Sat. 11 a.m.–10 p.m., Tues. and Wed. till 9 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; 3/25–4/15.*

Label art—Welcome spring with a sale on those wonderful original 1930s lithographed packing-crate labels that came on fruit boxes. This print shop has a large supply of colorful unused labels that were intended for orange, lemon, apple, and pear boxes. They are usually $1.50; they will be $1. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Smolin Prints, 1215 Lexington Ave., between 82nd and 83rd sts. (876-1464); Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 4/15.* ▬

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NOW
20 Filter Cigarettes
Class A
NOW
NOW
20 Menthol Cigarettes

Now. Only 1 mg tar.

This is more than just low 'tar.' This is ultra-low 'tar.' This is Now, a cigarette with only 1 mg 'tar.' If you want to be sure you're getting ultra-low 'tar,' count all the way down to Now's number 1.

The ultra-low tar cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", .1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

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BEST BETS

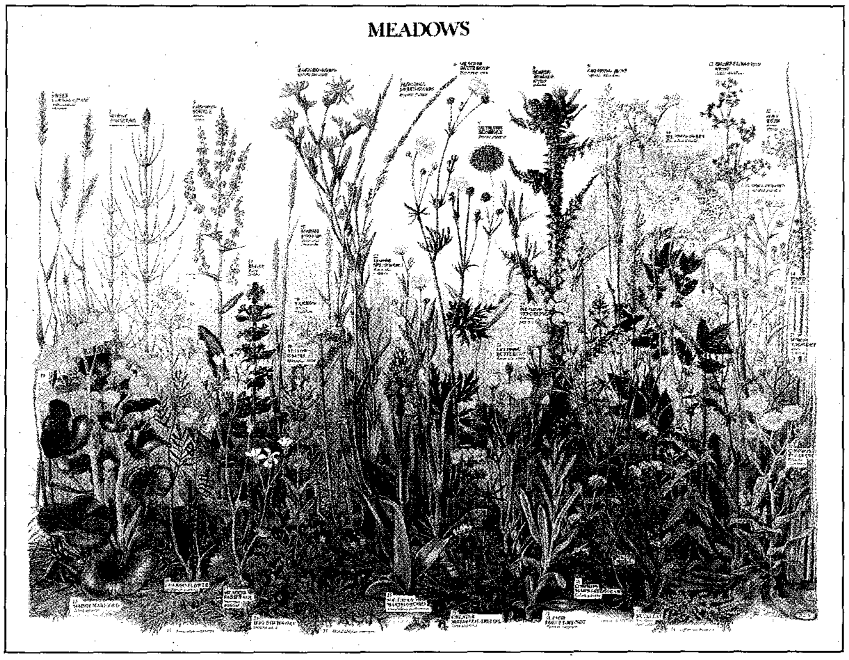
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Winnipeg o' My Heart

We welcome Canada's oldest ballet company, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, on its very first visit to New York. There will be five works by Oscar Araiz and premieres by Norbert Vesak and Brian Macdonald. Among the principals are Marina Eglevsky, talented daughter of the late great André Eglevsky, and her husband, Salvatore Aiello, a worthy partner. The company has a great reputation in its own country, and abroad. See for yourself. **—Ruth Gilbert**

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET/*March 28–April 2/City Center*



Wall Flowers

This is a plant-ecology chart ($5)—one of sixteen—from the British Museum collection. Its name is "Meadows," and it is the only one featuring the sneezewort, yellow rattle, soft rush, hard rush, and cuckooflower.

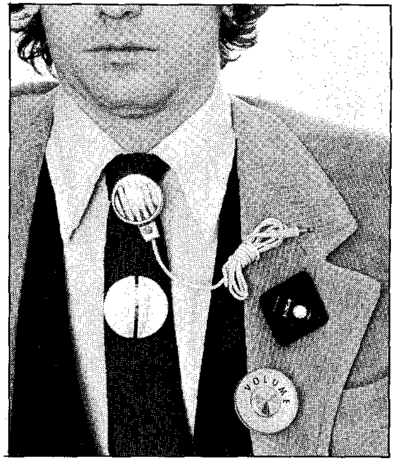
NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN/*Gift shop/Southern Boulevard, Bronx Park*

Good-for-Nothing Mimi

Erté designed the sets, King Vidor directed, and the stars were Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. The only one missing, of course, was Puccini. That was in 1926, when *La Bohème* was made as a silent. This time around, the piano accompaniment will include the score, which it did not, and afterward Miss Gish will talk, which she did not.

LA BOHEME/*March 28 at 8:30 p.m.*
Town Hall/Tickets $6 and $10
Metropolitan Opera Guild: 582-7500

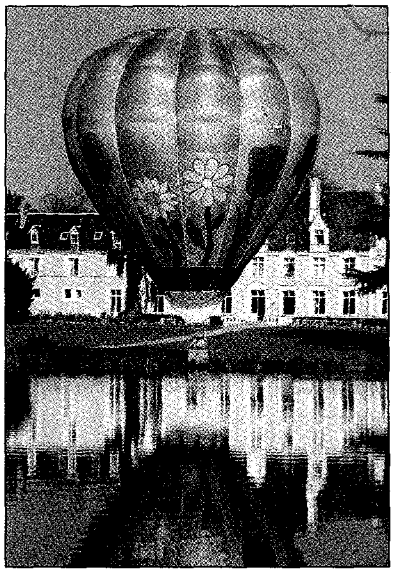
KEN SHUNG



You're Never Fully Dressed Without a Dial

Jack Messling and Robert Cossa, who call themselves designers, have put pins on the radio dial, stove knob, tape-recorder mike, and push button—which they call jewelry ($3–$5).

CAMOUFLAGE/*141 Eighth Avenue, at 17th Street/255-9838*
STEVE/*172 Spring Street/925-0585*

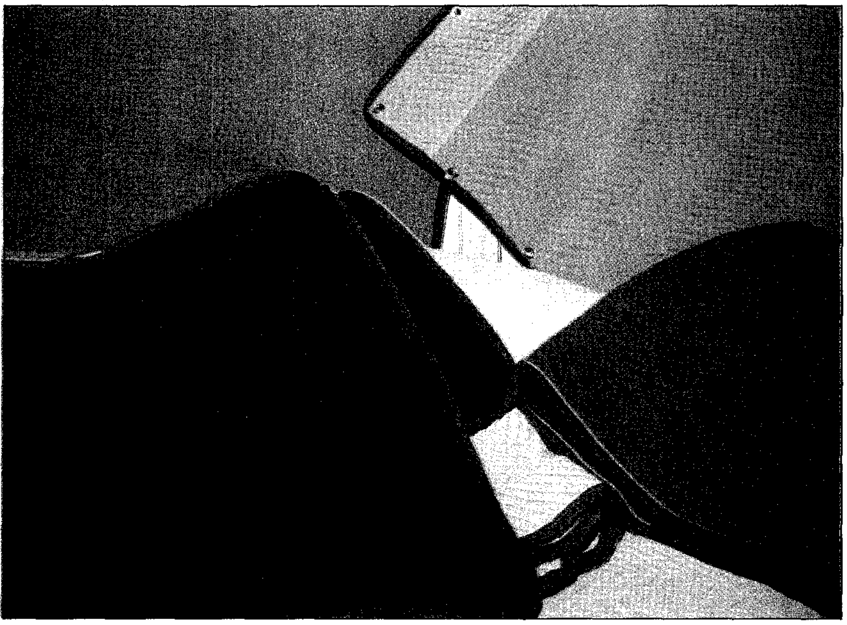


L'Air du Temps

The best moments in *Bobby Deerfield* had to do with balloons and a lot of hot air. Now comes a two-week dining-and-wining tour of France, the best moments having to do with daily balloon trips over the vineyards and châteaux of Champagne, Burgundy, and the Loire Valley. Eighteen travelers may participate . . . and pay $3,200 each.

CHAMPAGNE BALLOON TOUR OF FRANCE
Starts April 13/Air France/758-6300

KEN SHUNG

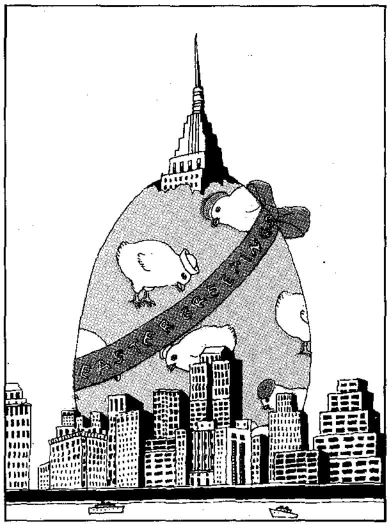


Padded Sell

Moving men hang them in the elevator and wrap them around the piano. What we're doing with these quilted furniture pads that have been dyed bright colors and are being sold for $10, $14, and $16 is to roll them up and take them to the beach.

THE VILLAGE STRIPPER/*519 Hudson Street, near 10th Street/929-4180*

STEVEN GUARNACCIA



Nearer My God to Thee

You, too, can rise on Easter Sunday—to the eighty-sixth-floor observatory of the Empire State Building, where a service will be held on the east terrace. The Reverend Frank F. Rafter (appropriately named) will officiate.

EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE/*March 26, 6–7 a.m./Empire State Building*

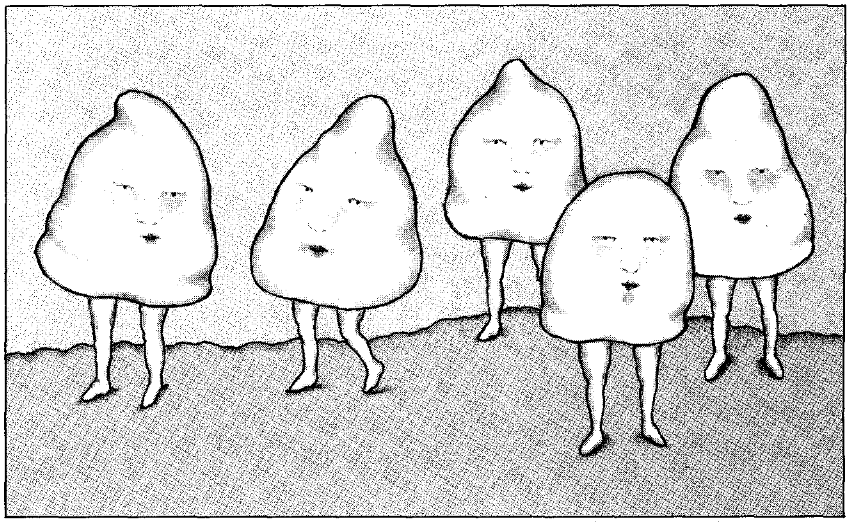
You Light Up My Face

It's hard to say just what is more enthralling: the idea of a Teresa Brewer Room at Lundy's or the caricature of Ms. Brewer (below) that was wrought by Philip Burke at Let There Be Neon to grace the place. Anyone can have a caricature, for anywhere from $200 to $2,000; the room is something else.

LET THERE BE NEON/*451 West Broadway/473-8630*

ABE REZNY

ALEXA GRACE



Blue Skies, Nice Candy

What bliss . . . I am working my way through the chocolate truffles . . . eleven immoral variations on a buttery theme. There are solid bittersweet and pure vanilla, innocent milk chocolate, dark and light nougats, walnut-perfumed bittersweet, cocoa, almond, orange, muscat, and, my favorite, champagne truffles—sugar-dusted, with a tiny melting heart. And truffles are only the beginning at Teuscher, this closet-size outpost of handmade Swiss confectionery on East 61st Street. There are bitter brittle mints, numbingly rich Florentine cookies, delicate marzipan, candied orange and pineapple in chocolate coverlets, and other whimsies to haunt those by chocolate obsessed (all chocolates: $14 a pound). Never mind one perfect rose. Give me one silken truffle in a tiny box disguised as a frog—the perfect place marker at dinner ($1.95).

—Gael Greene

TEUSCHER CHOCOLATES/*25 East 61st Street/751-8482*

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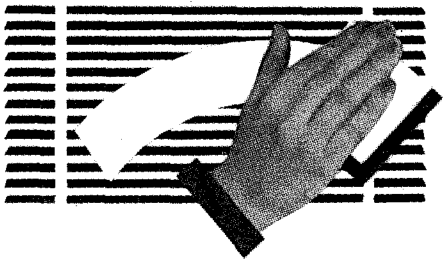
WE ARE DRIVEN.

"Hang tough, Datsun!"

The Urban Strategist / Julie Maxey

HOW CLEAN WAS MY VALLEY

"...Know that there are professional housecleaning services that are happy to do the worst of your spring-cleaning dirty work..."



True grit is part of the New York experience. You don't notice until it lightly carpets your windowsills, adds an overlay of gray to the outside of the panes, and gives your walls the look of a sepia print. Then you see the accumulation of human error, stains streaking across the rug or daintily flecking the sofa. Know that there are bonded housecleaning services that are happy to do the worst of your spring-cleaning dirty work.

Mr. Stouber at **Accurate House and Window Cleaning Company** (205 East 69th Street, RH 4-8644) will give you advice on what each cleaning project will cost and what you will get for your money. For example, should you have your carpet shampooed or steam-cleaned? Will washing and waxing make your floor almost as glossy as scraping and refinishing? General cleaning starts at $10 an hour for one man; there is a four-hour minimum and a $5 charge for equipment. Specialty jobs include carpet, upholstery, and drapery cleaning; tile- and wood-floor cleaning; and waxing or refinishing. They will also wash venetian blinds (and re-tape and re-cord them) and clean aluminum window frames and windows. The average window is $1.60, and there is an $8 minimum. The men clean in Manhattan from 14th Street to 96th Street; wash windows on the East Side only, from 48th Street to 96th Street; and do both on Roosevelt Island.

"We'll take on most housecleaning projects or we'll find someone who will," says Mr. Berkeley at **Team Clean Services** (200 East 66th Street, 752-8040). To start with, a general clean-up is $9.50 to $12.50 per hour per man, depending on the job, plus carfare. The minimum call is four hours. Heavy cleaning includes cleaning closets, removing everything from shelves and dusting completely, washing the walls, and taking apart and cleaning the stove. Team Clean also has a maid service for light cleaning at $5.50 per hour per person, plus carfare, for a minimum of three hours. For both heavy and light cleaning, you supply the equipment. The other jobs that are tackled and priced on a project basis include cleaning upholstery, shampooing rugs, washing windows and venetian blinds, and exterminating. The company provides the equipment for specialty assignments. The men will travel anywhere in Manhattan.

Mr. Paul of **American La France** (241 West 17th Street, 929-4562) says the workers in his 30-year-old company are all "interior-décor specialists." The firm no longer does general cleaning but focuses on the specialty tasks. In your home, they'll clean not only upholstered furniture but also walls that are covered with fabric or vinyl, plus cornices, valances, and carpets (for 15 cents a square foot and up). They use hand-cleaning, dry-cleaning, and steam-cleaning methods; draperies (at $1.40 a pleat) and venetian blinds are cleaned at their plants, as are some rugs. American La France will also repair and restore rugs and tapestries. Cleaning and waxing wood floors is 15 cents a square foot and up, and they will polish, refurbish, or refinish wood furniture. The minimum fee is $40, and they will travel to all five boroughs.

At **Flatiron Services, Inc.** (1142 Madison Avenue, LE 5-7000), general heavy cleaning is $40 per man for a three-and-a-half-hour day, $75 for a full seven-hour day. Cleaning materials run another 10 percent of the total, and there is a rental fee for any extra supplies and equipment needed. Flatiron also has a sister maid service for light housecleaning. The cost: $4.95 an hour with a four-hour minimum, plus carfare. The special jobs, priced individually, include stripping and waxing tile and wood floors, sanding wood floors, and washing windows and aluminum frames. They will also clean rugs and upholstered furniture in your apartment. Drapes and venetian blinds are cleaned, re-taped, and re-corded off-premises. The company serves the East Side from Gramercy Park to 96th Street; **Flatiron Window Cleaning Company** (200 West 72nd Street, EN 2-8676) serves the West Side from Washington Square to 110th Street.

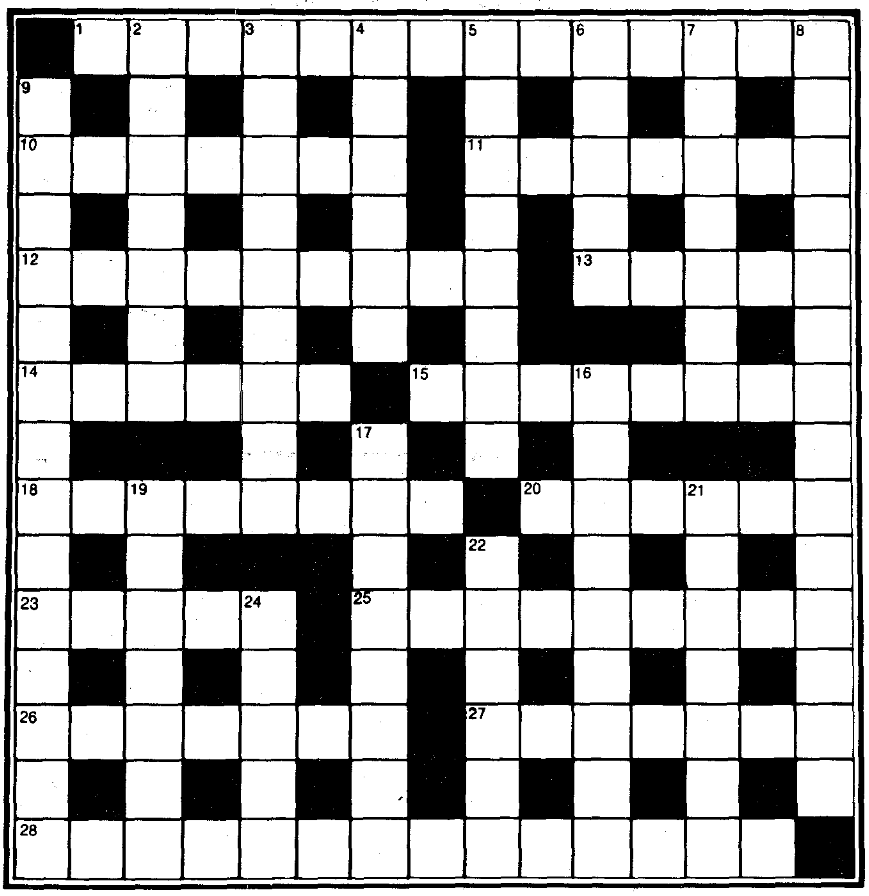
The basic rate for the all-around scrub-down at **White House Home Services, Ltd.** (29 East 64th Street, 876-2400), is $65 for one man for a six-hour day, and the price includes all equipment. The company will quote you separate prices for such jobs as cleaning upholstery and rugs in the apartment (rug cleaning costs 20 cents per square foot and up). When necessary, rugs and upholstered furniture are taken to White House's plant for cleaning. Draperies are always cleaned at the plant. The firm will scrape and refinish tile and wood floors, polish your brass, and wash your windows (average $1.50 each, with a $10 minimum). There is an affiliated maid service: $7 an hour a person for a minimum of four hours, plus transportation. The company cleans throughout Manhattan.

Mr. Werber of **Spring Cleaning** (157 West 57th Street, 765-4750) has a $50 minimum charge for four hours of cleaning. This includes one man, equipment, and supplies. The company will clean refrigerators, ovens, bathrooms, light fixtures, venetian blinds, and will wash and wax wood, tile, cork, and stenciled floors, in the normal heavy-cleaning category. The rest, priced by separate estimates, includes rug shampooing, drapery cleaning, and window washing. Spring Cleaning will travel anywhere in Manhattan. ■

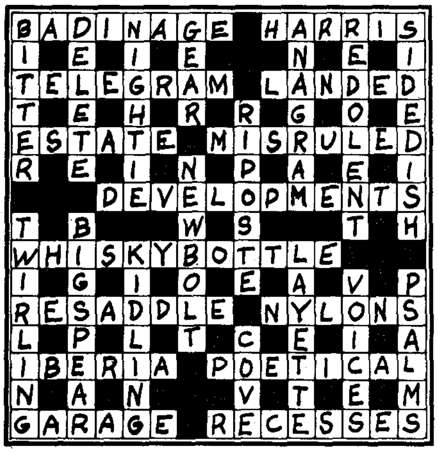
Illustrated by Jeanne Grundberg

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 Departed in first-class style, not being worried about money? (11, 3)

10 Bridge contractor's singular bid? (3, 4)

11 Can lads be involved in so disgraceful an affair? (7)

12 Leaping like a sailor into a mess. (9)

13 Eastern inn with a coarser airless interior. (5)

14 A certainty to take the family table-linen? (6)

15 Guardian of two animals or one? (8)

18 Act as a choker. (8)

20 Shoot right in the lip. (6)

23 Arrival and departure terminals for fliers. (5)

25 Suffered being short of having elapsed. (9)

26 Inventor set to disfigure coin perhaps. (7)

27 Beer possibly taken with some trouble by this bird. (7)

28 The way to cross a flower stage by stage. (8-6)

DOWN

2 Coincide in part with past circuit. (7)

3 Disturbingly, I fail to join in and form a close connection. (9)

4 Poor player keeps burrowing away! (6)

5 A bin's adapted to take the liqueur. (8)

6 Inclines to unprofitable society. (5)

7 A couple of reds arranged behind the circle as commanded. (7)

8 Complete form with note by post to get petrol here. (7, 7)

9 Guess homes inch towards fitting residential plans. (7, 7)

16 No pets are translated into this language. (9)

17 Indirect reference made by everyone to us? No, and I get upset! (8)

19 Contrary about poetry. (7)

21 Take the leading role in the theatre. (7)

22 Chooses the candidate for a party on minor points. (6)

24 Condescend to prevent nothing intruding. (5)

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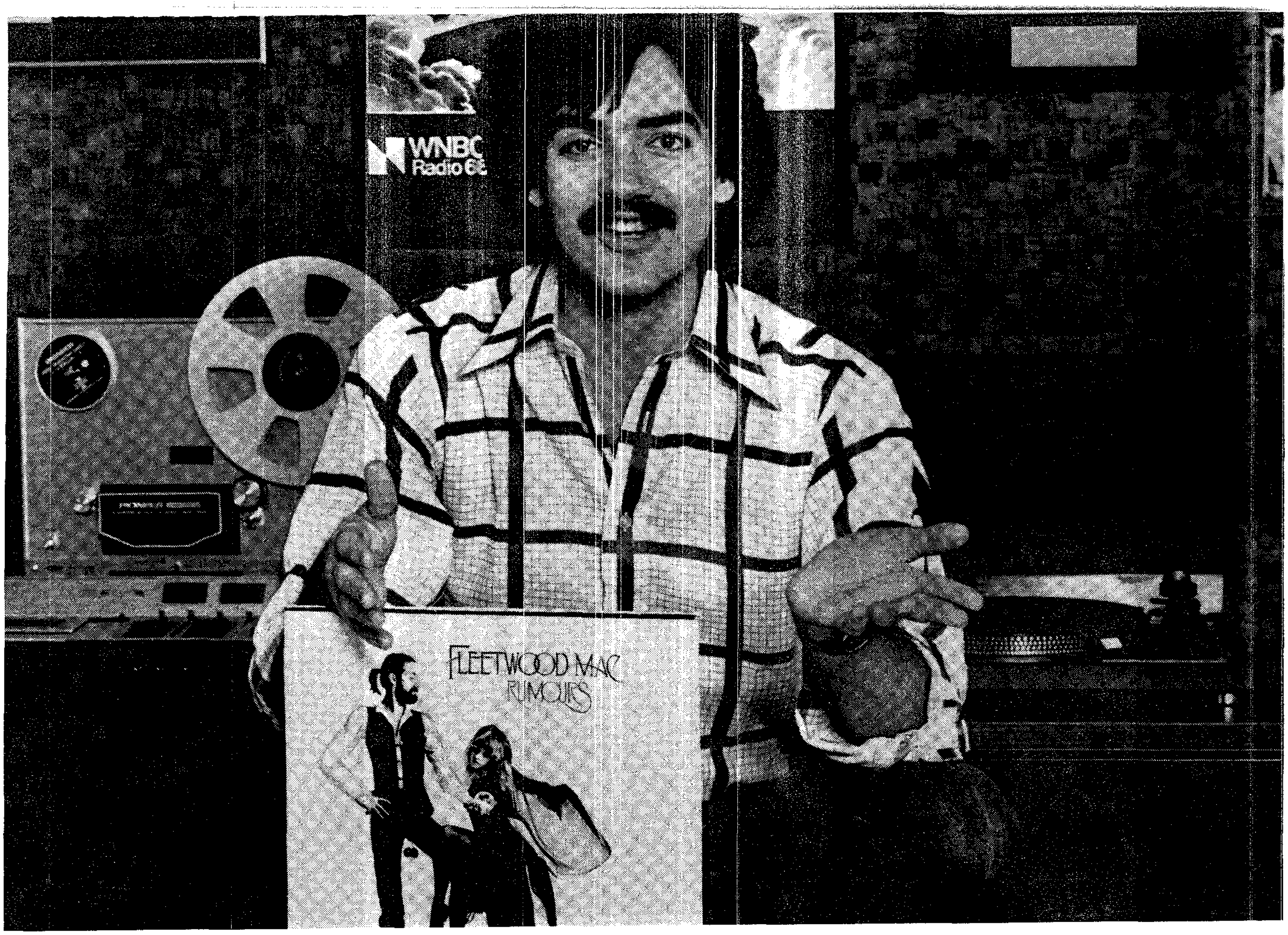

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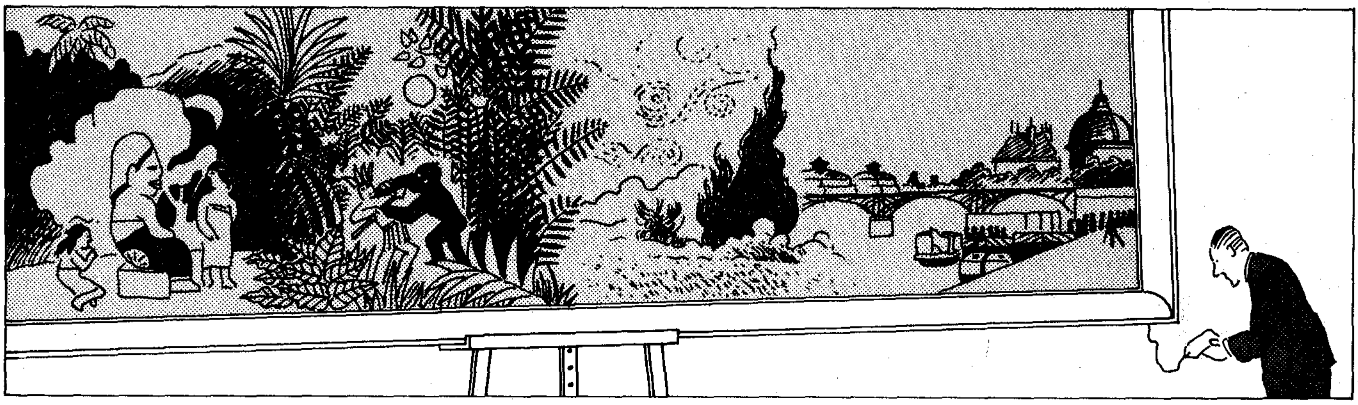
WNBC
Radio 66

Page of Lists / Terry Clifford

TOP DOLLAR AT PARKE BERNET

"...Cartier outbid Richard Burton's agent, so Burton had to pay even more than $1.05 million for his wife's 69-carat diamond..."



"Art is like baby shoes," said John Updike. "When you coat them with gold, they can no longer be worn." Well, yes. Anyone wishing to wear any of the following paintings, or the large diamond, will have to be among the few people who can spend more gold than these items fetched at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York, where they were the most expensive ever sold by that auction house.

1. Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer, by Rembrandt ($2.3 million). When the Metropolitan Museum of Art bought this work in 1961, the purchase price was the highest ever paid for a painting; it remains the highest paid for a Rembrandt. The portrait of the Greek philosopher, in seventeenth-century dress, was commissioned by Don Antonio Ruffo, a Sicilian connoisseur, and was completed in 1653, at a time when Rembrandt's finances were failing.

2. Le Pont des Arts, Paris, by Pierre Auguste Renoir ($1.55 million). This record price for an Impressionist work was paid in 1968 by Norton Simon, the West Coast industrialist and collector. The 1869 painting is one of Renoir's early landscapes, a view of a sunlit bridge over the Seine. Renoir sold it to his dealer for 200 francs.

3. Vase of Tulips, by Paul Cézanne ($1.4 million). The Wildenstein gallery, which placed its bid over the phone, purchased this painting in 1973. It was executed circa 1890–92.

4. Still Life With Japanese Print, by Paul Gauguin ($1.4-million). This painting was auctioned in 1976 from the estate of Josef Rosensaft, the Polish-American realtor and art collector who was a survivor of Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen. The sale, for the benefit of his creditors, set the world record for a Gauguin. The 1889 still life is the key transitional work between Gauguin's Brittany and Tahiti periods, and it reflects his interest in Japanese and primitive art. It includes a curious earthenware pot, intended to represent "Gauguin the savage."

5. Cypress and Flowering Tree, by Vincent Van Gogh ($1.3 million). This 1970 sale, from the estate of W. W. Crocker, an owner of banks and railroads in Northern California, set the world record for a Van Gogh. An intense and beautiful work, one of Van Gogh's best known, it was painted in 1889, when he was confined at the asylum in St. Rémy because of an attack of madness, a condition which finally drove him to shoot himself in 1890.

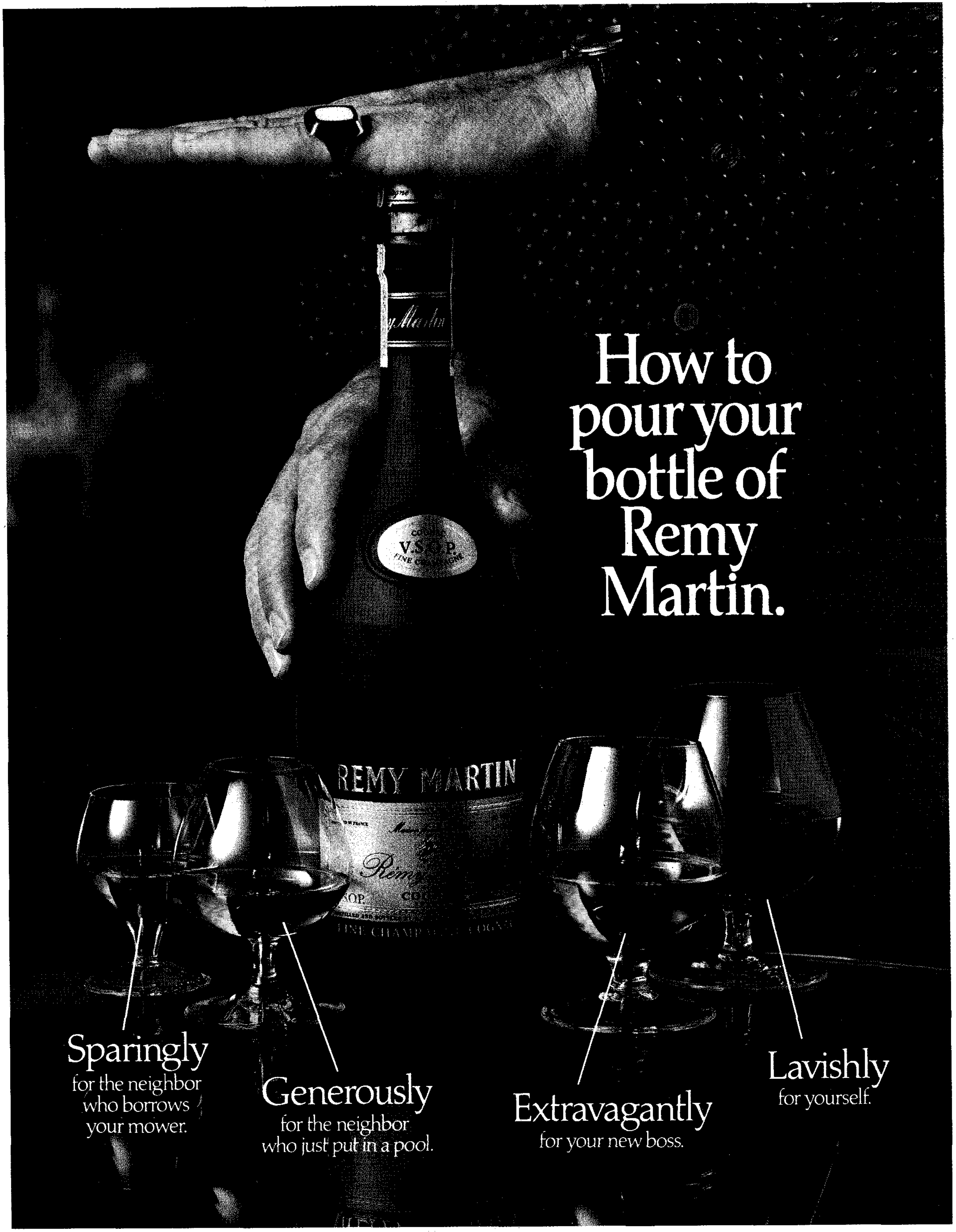
6. L'Hôpital de St. Paul à Saint Rémy, by Vincent Van Gogh ($1.2 million). Van Gogh painted this picture in 1889 while still in the hospital but preparing for an exhibition in Paris. It is a picture of the hospital and displays Van Gogh's vision of the explosive energy of nature: The trees are drawn like flames, the azure sky is ablaze, and the ground smolders like hot coals. Van Gogh said of it, "I tried to reconstruct things as they might have been, simplifying and accentuating the haughty, unchanging character of the pines and cedar clump against the blue."

7. Diamond ring ($1.05-million). This ring contains a 69.42-carat pear-shaped diamond set in a platinum mount with two half-moon diamonds weighing approximately 2.92 carats each. Cartier outbid Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's agent at the 1969 auction. So Burton had to buy the diamond from Cartier for an even higher sum. The diamond was originally owned by Mrs. Paul Ames, for whom Harry Winston, the jeweler, set the huge gem as a ring (after objecting that it was too large and therefore too vulgar to wear on the finger). Miss Taylor had it reset into a pendant.

8. Hina Maruru, by Paul Gauguin ($950,000). The moon goddess Hina Maruru and some of her native worshipers are shown in this Tahitian scene, painted in 1893. Gauguin came upon this huge stone image by chance one day when Hina Maruru's devotees were dancing around it and singing what he called a "melancholic" song. The painting remained in the possession of the artist until his death. Ten years before its 1975 sale, Parke Bernet had auctioned it off for $275,000.

9. The Laborer, by Vincent Van Gogh ($875,000). Another painting from the period in 1889 when Van Gogh was voluntarily confined at the asylum. It was auctioned off in 1970.

10. Exotic Landscape, by Henri Rousseau ($775,000). This 1971 purchase set the world record for a Rousseau. The 1910 landscape was executed with Rousseau's unorthodox technique: He painted in all the areas of the same color on the canvas before starting on the next color. ▬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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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MERIT
Kings & 100's

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